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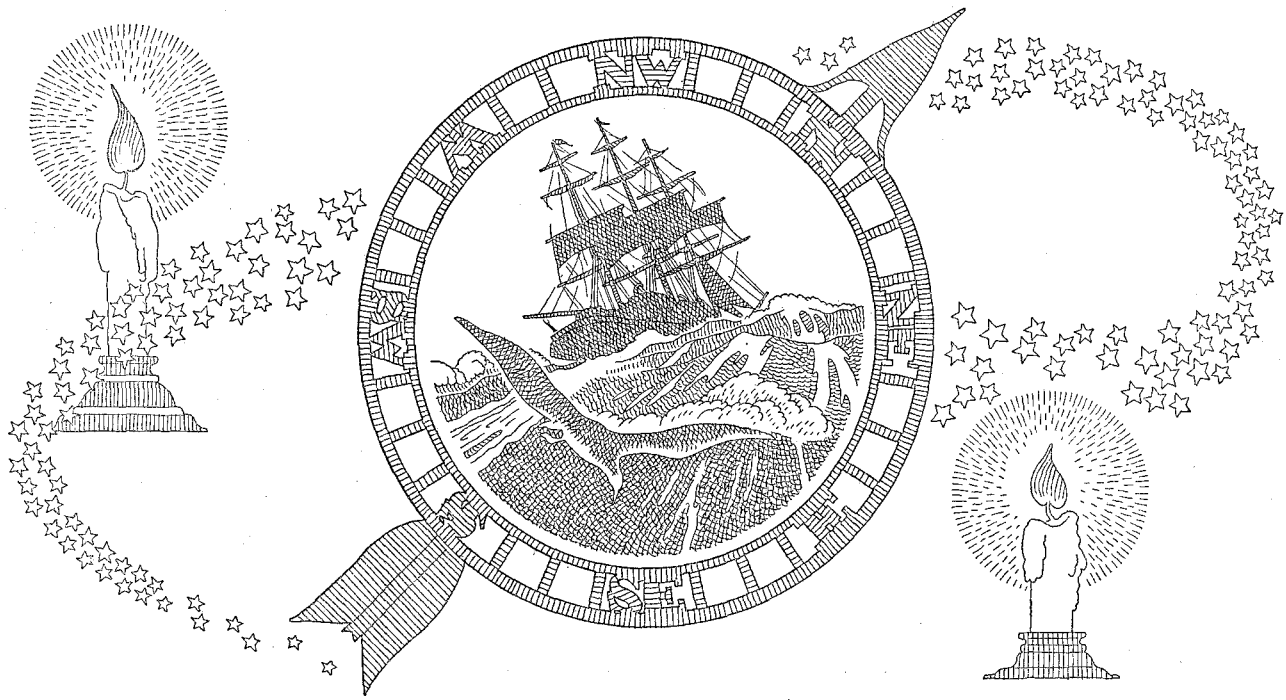

Salt in My Eyes

—*And a Look at Bali*

By Alan Villiers

The cruise of the "Joseph Conrad" on the trail of the old explorers takes Captain Villiers and his crew from Capetown across the Indian Ocean to Bali. This is the second narrative to reach us since the ship left New York a year ago. It came from Singapore

Two weeks out from Table Bay bound towards the East Indies. It is early June, and south of Forty gales are only to be expected. This one began moderately enough—from the northwest at first, thick with rain with a high, long sea and the little ship running a rolling nine, behaving very well. Then slowly the wind swung to the southwest, freshening, with the sky clearer and the sea higher. And later it quietens again, the wind at south-southwest blowing itself out for a while to rest and gather strength for a fresh onslaught. I run my easting down below the fortieth parallel since that is the easiest way to go. Easiest? Well, perhaps not exactly, in the middle of the southern winter; but the windiest certainly, and square-rigged ships need wind. There is wind enough down here! We roll along with the fume boiling, 200 miles and more a day—1500, 1600 in a week; and that is mighty good speed for a full-rigged ship only 100 feet long.

But it is worrying, at times. Always my problem is the same: shall I hold some sail and drive, or ease her down and take it gently? This is an old ship to drive, an old ship and small in these great seas; but if I hurry here I shall be the more quickly gone and the sooner come to warmer latitudes. But if I hurry here I cannot sleep. I cannot hold my sail and sleep; I cannot shorten down and speed. . . . I hold the sail. There will be time enough to sleep. And in the night the gale comes down again, with squalls and rain and sleet; I hold the main topgallant and watch these youthful helmsmen, watch how they steer. Some of them are not very brilliant at the wheel and the ship and they need constant watching. This sea is huge and dangerous, and she must be kept truly before it. I thank God always for the graying light of the cold mornings when the weather seems only the more miserable because it can be seen; but I can see the sails better then and the clouds and the advance of the squalls upon the sea. She races still in the raging gale: this will bring us along! All day she runs in the heavy wind with the sleet-squalls marching black one behind the other from hori-

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zon to horizon, overtaking us, roaring down upon us, drenching again the half-drowned ship and the thrice-drenched sails, and passing on. The hail stings and the wind roars; and I see along the lee side a mollymawk lose control in her flight and crash into the sea. And I get to thinking then that if a mollymawk born and raised down here can crash in a wind then it is not strange that now and again a man-made airplane still breaks mysteriously in the air. But I am not now concerned with motion in the air. I have a ship in the sea.

Usually these westerly gales begin in the northwest and freshen with a falling glass towards west and then swing suddenly, with a slight rise, towards the southwest freshening and clearing, and blowing themselves out from there. This region of the wild west winds is not one continuous westerly gale but a series of eastward-bound cyclonic disturbances: if you keep your ship in the right halves of these disturbances you will always have the wind shifting fair. But it is anxious work; you must take care. And sometimes you seem to rush on for days in the same disturbance, if the speed of your ship is roughly the same as that of the cyclone over the ocean: then grows a sea!

So it happens now. There comes a westerly gale which grows and grows. The sea is very high and the squalls are savage: at noon I make the main topgallant fast (the other lighter sails are long since furled) and nightfall finds her under close-reefed tops'ls. She was beginning to stagger a little and to dip her rail; I had to ease her. There is no sense in driving a ship too much; you get no more speed and you only worry her. The squalls grow both in number and in strength until the sea smokes in anger and the spume is swept from every smallest ruffle upon its tormented surface, until there are seas upon seas, crests upon crests, all breaking, all raging! The spray flies and the foam streaks and the great seas tower over us higher than the mainyard. Their crests fall viciously aboard more often than enough; but she dodges the weight of them and always avoids the heaviest ones. How they smash and snarl in short-lived triumph as they mount the rail! They break in the saloon skylight and stove in the charthouse door; there is water everywhere below. But they do no real harm—as yet.

At night it is wild, black, and hailing. As the nights come down with these yellow slender masts quickly engulfed in the blackening gloom I feel a tenseness I have not known at sea before; it is the nights that are dangerous. Yet shall I heave to, or shorten down unnecessarily? No, no! Run on: for the faster that we run the sooner shall we be gone from all these storms that we have come down here to seek, to help us on. I have come down here for the great west wind and because it is too strong, shall it be wasted? No, no! Run on! And she runs into the night with her masts standing up from the wet reeling decks as if they had grown there and no man made them: a good sailing-ship does not seem like a thing beaten out with rivet-hammers noisily from iron. Sweet ship! Brave ship, that only asks good care: run on! I stay on deck but in truth there is nothing much I can do there but watch in the blackness and gauge the strength of wind and height of sea, and watch the long procession of the helmsmen at the wheel each for an hour clinging to the bucking spokes softly lit in the binnacle's fitful glare, sou'westered head and oilskinned shoulders gleaming in the wet, and grim arms flailing at the wooden spokes. Watch her, boy! Watch her, by God, if you want your breakfast! Keep her before it! Sometimes for a while I take the wheel myself but I am no wondrous helmsman: care and alertness are all that I can offer in the service of my ship, these and a strong sense of unshared responsibility. The observations, roughly snatched from a wet and partially obscured sun, have shown that St. Paul Island is one hundred miles away right in our path.

The gale eases off a little. St. Paul Island? I would like to visit that place; what is the object of this voyage if it is not to go to strange places? Too often have I run down here in other people's ships past Amsterdam and St. Paul Islands and never seen a thing; according to the description in *The Pilot* they must be rather interesting places. I bought good charts for both of them in Cape Town. But I have lost my patent log, and my compass, ill-adjusted by an incompetent in Table Bay, is unreliable: this is no time to run for unlit islands strong as the temptation may well be. I *am* tempted. I am not likely to pass this way again. The wind has eased. I keep the course for St. Paul Island, hoping to come there in daylight on the morrow: with lessened wind our speed should just do that. But the glass drops in a few hours and the wind is increasing again, rapidly, with the sea rising and almost constant hail. I fall off, and keep the deck, hoping to God now *not* to see the Island.

Again the full gale comes down! Savage and brutal and ferocious and determined—this is the worst we have had. For the first time I look with apprehension at the gear that has been assaulted and battered and blown upon so much, and see the wooden lower yards like willow wands in the great wind waving with the strain of their pressing sails. The sea is a tortured murk of fiendish water smoking and snarling around us: now the foamy wake rears high above the stern until the ship seems to hang suspended in a sickening unnatural pose from the white wake of her own disturbance; now the long jibboom points downwards to the bottom of the sea and, holding to a backstay by the wheel-grating aft, I catch my breath for a second wondering if any ship *has* ever dived so deep she did not rise again. We do not know. If any has, nobody has told about it; and many ships are missing here. I watch the sea foam in ceaseless anger astern and feel its driven spume upon my face and the hail cutting: daylong and nightlong. Usually I can get some hurried sleep in the days but not now! There is that St. Paul Island somewhere about, unlit and waiting—no log, no reliable compass, poor observations! And the wind and sea so strong that even if the land were seen with a full mile's clearance the very scend of that great sea would drive us upon it. No time to turn! Now the gale is so fierce we *cannot* turn, only run on! Well, run it is; I hold a course that ought to take me well clear, and daylong and nightlong watch until my sou'wester from long wearing chafes the skin from my forehead and my beard grows (gray, by God!) and the sea-boots on my feet are heavy as rocks. Daylong I watch the ship and sea and all the sky, and nightlong stand looking, not seeing much. We are down now to the close-reefed fore and main

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tops'ls with a rag or two of the best storm stays'ls to help the steering; and the gale increases and increases. The sea writhes and twists and wallows in its wind-mad agony and the sea smoke drives high above the yards until the boys aloft find breathing difficult not for the sleet and rain but for the salt of the sea blown up there: and always the tumult of the wind increases and increases. . . .

Of what do I think now in these grave circumstances? Of God and eternity and things? No, no; we sail here under God, always. We live here always too closely and too simply with the Lord of Creation to need now on this wild night suddenly to call for the mercy of a Being who too often seems to shore-dwelling minds a Divine Enemy! No, no: we sail with the Lord and under God we survive: Thy will be done! Nothing can now be helped by frenzied supplications. I may gaze with wonder at the majesty of His works, and do my best to ride out the tumult. I watch and think how the sea goes, and how the wind; what they do now, those enemies, and what they may do next; of how the gear stands, and all the sails. Those braces now; their strength is important. Yet I have had every piece of gear in the ship gone over daily; the whole voyage I have the three best sailors working aloft doing nothing but looking after the rigging, a mast apiece. I have had a gang of four sewing stout sails. I have set the rigging anew in Rio Bay; I looked to everything at the Cape again. We have all done what we could—all of us for the ship, well aware that she would meet these conditions. Now she has met them: her survival rests with her, under God. It never enters my head that she may not survive, so long as I keep her from fool islands. . . .

I stand and watch and the time flies quickly: all round me the wild symphony of the tormented night continues unending with the deep bass of the gale's roar never diminished and the sea's crash and the spume flying. I listen with straining ears for discordant notes, sounds that will tell me of broken gear or maybe of the wild breakers flinging themselves upon the black rocks of St. Paul. The night is long now, though the hours fly! I stand in the one position, swaying with the ship, hanging to a backstay aft where I can see. It is open and exposed. . . . And I think of all these boys. They are my charge; none would be here if I had not set out upon this voyage. I think of them and of the splendid citizens of the yards, Finns, Britishers, Danes, German, American, my brawny professionals of the sea who, wet through and cold and tired, lead the boys on. I think of those stout fellows riding the high and reeling yards in the murk and rain, balancing up there on slender footropes working bareheaded in the hail hauling out a weather earing and shouting with their mighty lungs above the storm's ferocity, shouting O-yo-ho, once more there, come she must, come or bust! and the line of boys with their seabooted legs trailing out behind them and bloody hands clutching at the sail. And smiling too, smiling and laughing when they come down and the sail is beaten, laughing and wondering if the wind really can become any stronger. These are the citizens of the sea! Nationality means nothing here—nationality and circumstance of birth and pelf, and all such falseness. Here only are the wind and the sea and the ship under God, and all of us with our faith in her—faith and loyalty and preparedness for unending service. And splendidly faithful is she to us, faithful and steadfast. . . .

We come through the night. There is no island, though the frightened light of coming day shows patches of thick kelp floating by—kelp torn from the rocks of St. Paul Island. The gale still blows but it is going to the southwest now, clearing: the sea runs true and the gear stands. The water washes to and fro across the decks and all is wet below: the oilskinned boys are haggard-eyed and weary. I can perhaps now seize a few hours' sleep; I shuffle from the grating there and my feet feel heavy and numbed in their heavy boots; my face is coarsened with the brine of the sea and the salt is hurting in my eyes.

I go below, and there comes aft a deputation from the little boys to growl about the food.

We have survived.

BALINESE JOURNEY

Forty-nine days out from Table Bay, and now the anchor was down uncomfortably close to the hot Boeleleng beach. I had come through the Strait of Bali late the previous night. I could see, from the ship, a line of small Balinese homes facing the water's edge, reassuringly close: for I felt sure that where houses could be placed so near to the sea there never could be any very bad weather. I had anchored in an exposed place, but it was the best there was. Boeleleng roads are nothing but a coral shelf close upon the beach: beyond are the warehouses and the modern office of the KPM, and the Chinese kites flying in the sun. . . . The tourist manager from the KPM was the first on board. And now comes a large boat driven by an American outboard engine with the clerk of the harbormaster on board, bearing a document three feet long. The long voyage is safely made and all the west winds and the storms are gone, the narrow straits and the reefs defeated: and here come the officials demanding to be informed voluminously in writing of all the dimensions of the vessel in dekameters and cubic tons, and of all the firearms on board (and shall I be responsible for them?) and all the ports the ship has visited and details of all the sicknesses thereat, and epidemics, and so forth; and did any rats come on board at any of them or any member of my crew die? No, no, no rats, no deaths, no epidemics. I have the proper rubber stamps bearing these tidings, bought and paid for. The little Eurasian harbormaster, very pleasant, affixes the proper rubber stamps of his own, to be bought and paid for when the time comes. And the man from KPM is seated in the saloon giving me a sales talk on tourist trips round Bali.

Good Lord! They *want* tourists here. They have built hotels, this KPM, and three steamers come here daily. And I had thought this the last unspoiled island. "We 'ave two sousand a mont'," says the very pleasant young man from KPM with pride; and shall any of my boys like to go on round trips of the island? There is nothing here in North Bali, he says; that is spoiled. It is no longer Balinese. But the South is still unspoiled. There they may visit the sacred forest of the great nutmeg trees and see the holy monkeys and the second largest banyan tree in all the world, and dancing may be seen for ten gulden extra. Have I heard of the Bali dancing? It is beautiful, exquisite:

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and only ten gulden extra. But on Friday nights the gracious management of the KPM have dancing right at their own hotel, for the guests, and this expression of native joy may be gazed upon without charge. And the royal tombs, and the sacred springs, and the second largest banyan tree in all the world—all in South Bali: and the dancing can be arranged at any time. Bah! I have not sailed this ship 20,000 miles to set out upon a conducted excursion. Ashore I see that Boeleleng is just another Chinese town. You land at a wooden pier fenced off within a barbed-wire enclosure and tread a concrete path towards the customs shed between advertisements for Denpasar hotels and the tourist business of KPM. Beneath the shade of a warehouse verandah sit a score-odd little Balinese wives, erect and graceful, endlessly shaking big baskets of coffee beans and sorting them by hand. By the beach is a lighter laden with Dutch goods which a Balinese gang is unloading by hand, into the sea waist-deep to take their burdens, hurrying, hurrying. The street is filled with motorcars; and into a little Chinese restaurant comes an aged Malay selling postcards of Balinese breasts, and Arab boys and Chinese boys to stare. You see no breasts round here, for all the women wear trim jackets upon their upper bodies. But it is different, says the man from KPM, in South Bali. Poor Bali! I had heard so much and here it was, just a Dutch Hawaii.

I went to South Bali. I booked myself on one of the conducted tours, going in a Buick car along good Dutch roads past labelled villages and tired dogs, past the inoffensive Balinese walking gracefully along the grass, carrying on their heads always their heavy burdens, scurrying affrighted at the motor's honk out of our way. Some of them looked sullen at the rude disturbance, some indifferent, the most scared. And how they work! In a day's drive I scarcely passed a Balinese unoccupied —certainly not a girl. In the fields and the rice terraces, plowing, tilling, harvesting, sowing; along the roads, carrying, carrying, everything on their heads, from piglets in cane baskets slung from either end of a carrying-pole polished from long usage, to paving stones, and baskets of fruit and the produce of the fields, carrying into market and away from market, to the fields and from the fields. It seemed to me that carrying at that rate they must shift the whole island on their heads twice yearly. In the village compounds where the car stopped for a moment, everybody was working. Some weave, some work delicately upon silver bowls, tracing intricate patterns with small chisels and hammers made from the horns of goats, some bake bricks, repair buildings, store rice; and once we saw a dance club of girls being dressed and prepared for some ritual in a temple.

And then to the hotel at Denpasar past an array of Chinese shops, as usual, with the graceful women now carrying their burdens bare-breasted in the road (some of them, in truth, hideous enough with their betel cuds; they age quickly): and in the lobby is the usual assemblage of tourist Europeans, sophisticated, indolent, and bored. Through the whole long way I thought how incongruous was this asphalt road and the automobile, how incongruous and unnecessary; and at the hotel I saw the Balinese watching the stout Europeans descending from their cars, watching and waiting to slink soft-footed over the metalled road to sell their wares. The airy passages of the fine hotel are lined with junk, carved wooden figures, the kris, Balinese books, sarongs, the headdress for the dance, masks, and the like to be sold to tourists—made for that purpose. The demand for something to take home from Bali has been so great, I learned, that now the Balinese manufacture for it; and the native craftsmanship is suffering. A lot of the stuff exposed for sale lacked the fine finish which used to be their pride, and some was made in Germany: but it sold.

Then in the evening, after a tremendous meal, came a dance. This is Friday night and the dance is provided by the management—a grand orchestra and a man who danced superbly with his fingers, lithesome and wondrously graceful, and little girls sedate and lovely with their supple grace and quiet beauty, and two men in masks who harangued each other at great length utterly beyond my comprehension for all the detail of the typewritten hand-out provided by the management. The performance was given upon a concrete stage in front of the hotel, lit by a large solitary electric lamp. In all the best places in front of the stage were ranged the chairs for the whites—a divorcee, a thick-jowled man with beetle brows, half a dozen undistinguished tourists, a woman with a flabby face, three Dutchmen from Batavia on holiday, a pale youth with discontent heavy upon his characterless features, the man from the KPM with various social leaders of his acquaintance. These sat in state, staring, half-alive; beyond a wired enclosure the Balinese crouched upon their haunches, hundreds of them, permitted to be there by the benevolence of the management. Interested and animated they watched these performances fraught with rich meaning to them, while the heaven-bound sat scowl-faced and sullen, and afterwards lolled languidly in armchairs in the lobby of the hotel with its snob English magazines and tourist "literature," sipping drinks and discussing with an air of learned authority the rhythm of the native music. I went out and to a Balinese bazaar, and in a Chinese beer place—"ys kould Java bier"—there came a guide of sorts, speaking some English, wanting to know if I was interested in "nice Bali girls 'ores?" He seemed surprised I was not, and summoned his compatriots with the postcards of breasts. . . .

In the morning more dancing, this time in the right setting of a temple courtyard underneath the monsoon's banked-up clouds with the palm fronds and the exotic trees stirring in the breeze. Here the tourists sat in state upon chairs ranged up for them in the best places—a queer mob that included now half-a-hundred Japanese in shorts and woollen socks snapping avidly with German cameras and making notes copiously in little black books, the whole group led by a self-satisfied and paunchy Jap from whose gross and pouted lips a cheap cigar drooped eternally. Behind them and beside stood the Balinese—a democratic assemblage, quiet, ordered, solemn. Here stood a gnarled and ancient road-worker with his battered coolie hat and stunted misshapen feet from all the years of plodding and of toil. Side-bearded, stalwart, gray, he leaned upon his pike and watched the exquisite performance with interest, oblivious of the whites who crowded him from his own temple yard, oblivious of the extraneous automobiles parked along the road where always the Balinese women

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walked with their stately grace, carrying, carrying. Here in a corner of the yard a group of naked children stood in awe: by the temple's carved walls a group of uniformed sea cadets were lounging. Here and there passed a portly Chinaman collecting tribute for the dance, seventy-five Dutch cents from those who sat and twenty-five from the standers. I was glad to see the Balinese paid nothing. This was their show. The little girls—all of the dancers seem very young—danced barefoot in the dust with glorious grace, unaffected; gold-ornamented, richly clad, entranced by the deep power of the gong orchestra; long they danced, untiring, posturing now with those unbelievable hands, now with their whole bodies, now with a wild whirl advancing the courtyard's length beating up the dust with their small feet, now quiet with the thrilling music's mood —all deeply moving. Lost in the ecstasy of the legend they expressed they danced on: and in the end when the music ceased, quietly stopped and walked away down the dusty road to a stream to bathe, and so home.

Then came the adolescents, girls and boys, seated in a square, and more masked performers. Beside the road the telephone wires hummed and, on our return, the troupe of little girls marching home were covered with the motor's dust. Poor children! I saw—I see still—the expression upon the road-worker's rapt face as he stood there watching with his machete protruding from his belt; and the blasé whites drooping in their chairs staring without comprehension upon this scene of life and legend that to them was nothing but another act, another scene upon the paltry shallow round of a conducted world excursion. . . .

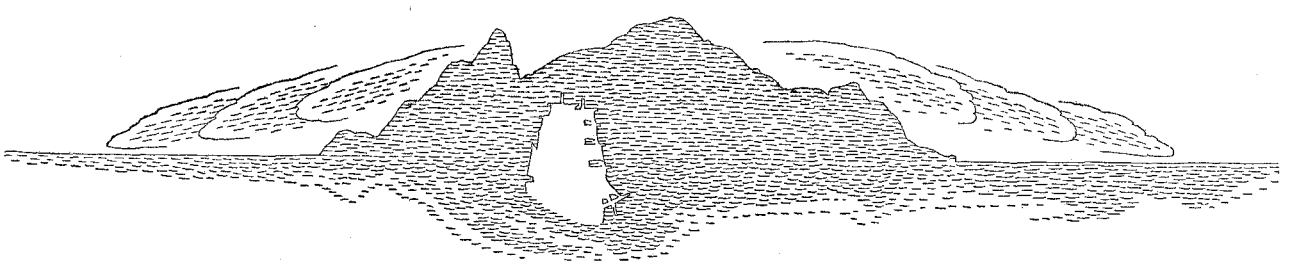
And then to the sacred forest of the holy nutmeg trees where an ancient priest's assistant from the shady temple there handed out maize for his sacred monkeys for such largesse as was bestowed upon him; and I counted 20 monkeys though the man from KPM had said there were 2000. Then to the very large banyan tree—the second largest in the world (I don't know who finds out these things, or verifies them): but here were some Balinese exercising their fighting cocks and within five minutes some sailors from my ship had them fighting with their cruel kris-like spurs three inches long. In seconds a white cock lay in the dust, heavily bleeding, and a black cock crowed weakly also wounded. No one saw the tree. And then to other scenes, always through villages labelled with their names in Dutch spelling for tourists to read and follow on their KPM maps, always past bare-breasted women walking erect and graceful with their loads. These turned away as the car passed, tired a little perhaps of avid cameras and arrogant European eyes: half the women now wear the little jackets general in the north.

We cross the mountains in the rain and cold, eating a large lunch in the KPM resthouse and coming back to Boeleleng on the Java Sea in the evening—an interesting trip, too hurried, as all such things are, but rich in its wide array of impressions. How fertile is this lovely land with its endless panorama of deep valleys and blue hills and sea! What can one say of stone figures and temple walls, of grassed shrines and Balinese hanging grimly to water buffalo as the speeding automobile honks by, of the dead dogs in the road and the illuminating discourse of the driver? He has three wives, he says: all work. And do they all agree? No, not very well, he says; but divorce is easy. There are many wives. And here they possess the great advantage of invariably dying young.

I went out to sea in the peace of breaking day, sails unfurled, going from the anchorage close upon the beach with the high Java hills so clear in the west and the crater of high Lombok dim in the eastern distance. The sky is cloudless and I must await the coming of the escaping monsoon through Bali's Strait to have a breeze; but the day is tranquil and the weather superb. The ship after 20,000 miles of windblown wandering now progresses with an upright stateliness like a Balinese walking: and the work goes on—rust-chipping, cleaning, navigation, and seamanship lessons.

The last man on board before I go is the tourist manager from KPM full of regrets at my departure. It is too bad, he says, that the ship cannot stay until the twelfth when there is to be a very fine cremation, costing many gulden. I see along the beach and all the roads the endless procession of the burden-bearers; a Dutch steamer of the KPM is in the Roads with merchandise and with tourists. Over the palm-fringed shore the Chinese kites are flying, and from a Chinese temple nearby comes the firing of crackers to scare odd devils from some celebration. Waist-deep in the sea an endless stream of coolies lands gasoline in five-gallon tins from a small oil-tanker; along the foreshore a herd of young goats meanders. Outward to the steamer comes a lighter laden with live pigs in cane baskets, hundreds of them, accepting the discomfort of their transport with torpor in the morning sun; by the wire enclosure at the small pier some tourists are landing, bound, no doubt, to see that very fine cremation, costing many gulden.

Good-bye, fair Bali, fair Balinese! Fine are you now and splendid you have been: but you will be spoiled, spoiled as Honolulu has been, and Tahiti, and all such places—spots of quiet beauty and gentle people that now are just another setting for the clubs, the golf-courses, and the exploitations of the jaded whites. I see in a few years a group of youthful Balinese, in shorts and woollen stockings, photographing avidly the cavortings of some dancing Trobriand islanders and making copious notes in little books.



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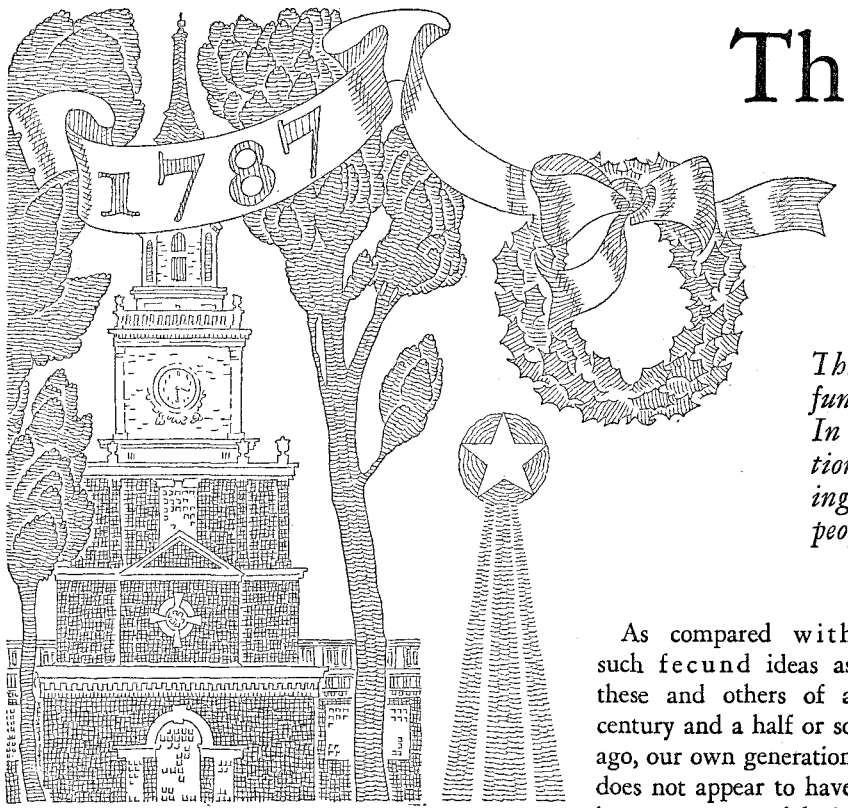

The Crisis and

By James

I. *What Is a*

This is the first of a series of important fundamentals of the American govern- In succeeding numbers, Mr. Adams tion," our changing government, and ing a thesis but rather presenting facts people will have to answer before they paramount issues

THE past two decades have witnessed almost unprecedented changes, considering the interests at stake, in the governments of the civilized world. Economic and other discontents have caused the overthrow of kingdoms, empires, and other old-established forms on all sides. One might have hoped that when old governments were being destroyed and new ones erected in a score or so of countries the field of political economy might prove unusually fertile in the production of new ideas. Unfortunately it has not been so and thus far the twentieth century would seem to be behind the eighteenth. To mention only two ideas which come to us from the latter we may note Jefferson's plan for the development of the West, and the gradual erection and incorporation in the Union of new States, with all the privileges of the old, which enabled a self-governed Republic to grow to a size which had always theretofore been considered impossible. Another idea, likewise American, was that of allowing the British colonies to become practically independent, linked to the mother country solely by the Crown, an idea which, when finally accepted produced the British Commonwealth of Nations of today, the most populous and widely-extended political unit which the world has ever seen.

As compared with such fecund ideas as these and others of a century and a half or so ago, our own generation does not appear to have been as successful in coping with the needed governmental adaptations to the economic and other demands of the present and future. Indeed, in spite of much attempted rationalizing of fascism and other "isms," it is hard, in looking around today, to find much which is genuinely both new and constructive. Mussolini, Hitler, and the host of smaller dictators scattered from Spain to Asia Minor, however able they may or may not be as individuals, are not distinguishable from the old despots, and at the best can be merely temporary stop-gaps until the peoples find more permanent and satisfactory forms of government. Thus far, those nations which had become most imbued with the eighteenth-century doctrines are those which have best weathered the storm, whether we judge by economic recovery, political stability, or individual freedom and happiness. It may be considered therefore that there is something to be said for those doctrines, provided that they fit the race which embraces them.

Our own country escaped almost all the horrors of the war, and, with the sharp but brief depression of 1920–1921, we escaped economic suffering on any large scale until well after 1929. Our political institutions thus went mostly unquestioned from the pre-war period of Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson until now. It looks, however, as though the nature and power of our Federal government might become leading issues in the next campaign. Our attempts to deal with economic and social questions may bring us squarely up against what is very loosely and often wrongly called "the Constitution." The present Roosevelt administration, in its desire and effort to achieve wholesale reforms, as they appeared to it, apparently went ahead with its mind wholly intent on what were considered desirable aims and the legislation necessary to secure them. It forgot the Constitution. The historic decision of the Supreme Court in the NRA Schechter Poultry case startled not only the administration and its advisers but the American people also. It was suddenly brought home to every one that there was something more to the American government than an optimistic, social-minded Executive and a subservient Legislature. Would that "something more" dangerously interfere with or make impossible our efforts to adjust our national life to the social and economic conditions of the new world as it is developing? Would it, as Roosevelt suggested, put us back into "the horse and buggy days"? The question is both legitimate and important. In discussing it in this series of articles I have no intention of entering upon an erudite legal examination of our government but rather to suggest certain general ideas and points of view which may be of use in trying to understand the problem in its entirety and not with reference to any one bill, reform,

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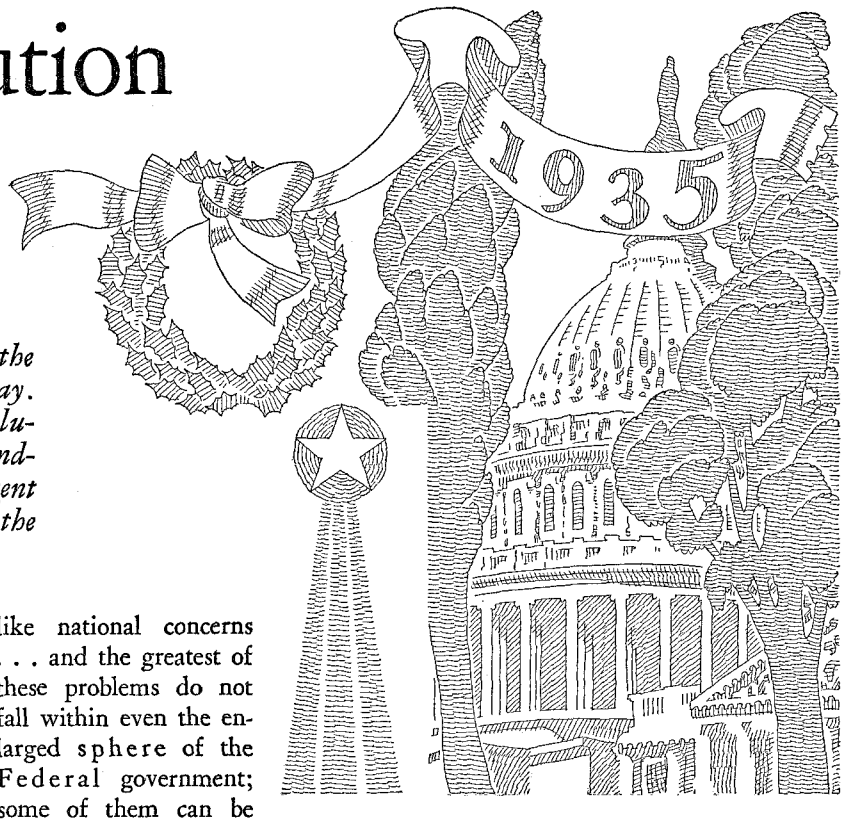
the Constitution

Truslow Adams

Constitution?

articles by an eminent historian on the ment in relation to the situation today. will discuss the "Roosevelt Revolu- the future. Mr. Adams is not expound- and posing questions which intelligent can determine their own attitude on the of the day



or program. This first article will of necessity be more general than the others.

We may note at the beginning that the question is not new, nor is the crisis, whether really grave or not, a sudden one. In a later article we shall try to show how the Constitution has developed; here, in order to get some historical perspective, we need only quote a few words from a distinguished American of the same party as Roosevelt. "There are voices in the air," he wrote, "which cannot be misunderstood. The times seem to favor a centralization of governmental functions such as could not have suggested itself as a possibility to the framers of the Constitution. Since they gave their work to the world the whole face of that world has changed. The Constitution was adopted when it was six days' hard travelling from New York to Boston; when to cross the East River was to venture a perilous voyage; when men were thankful for weekly mails; when the extent of the country's commerce was reckoned not in millions but in thousands of dollars; when the country knew few cities, and had but begun manufactures; when Indians were pressing on near frontiers; when there were no telegraph lines, and no monster corporations. Unquestionably, the pressing problems of the present moment are the regulation of our vast systems of commerce and manufacture, the control of giant corporations, the restraint of monopolies, the perfection of fiscal arrangements, the facilitating of economic exchanges, and many other like national concerns . . . and the greatest of these problems do not fall within even the enlarged sphere of the Federal government; some of them can be embraced within its jurisdiction by no possible stretch of construction, and the majority of them only by wresting the Constitution to strange and as yet unimagined uses." Those are not the words of a member of the Brain Trust in 1935 but of a brilliant young student of government in 1884, fifty-one years ago, Woodrow Wilson. Yet in spite of Wilson's forebodings, in that momentous half-century of change, including our transformation into a world-power with an over-seas empire, the Constitution, by the usual methods of amendment, interpretation, and others, has stood the strain until today.

Nor in his prediction was the youthful Wilson making the mistake so often made of considering the Constitution as only that admirably lucid and brief document drawn up in 1787, with its subsequent formal amendments. He was considering the whole Constitution as it then stood. Leaving to the next article the discussion of what specifically the American Constitution does consist of, we may here ask what is a constitution, any constitution? The answer may possibly help to clarify the whole problem.

We may say, I think, that a constitution is that entire body of fundamental laws, customs, beliefs, habits, outlooks, and so on which limit the enactment, or, if enacted, the enforcement, of laws. Webster in his dictionary defined it as "the mode of organization of a social group," and more definitely as "the fundamental, organic law or principles of government of a nation, state, society, or other organized body of men, embodied in written documents, or *implied in the institutions and customs of the country or society.*"

It is immensely important that we should bear this wide definition in mind, or we cannot understand constitutional problems, such as we may have to discuss and vote on. Constitutions are sometimes classified as written and unwritten, with the American as an example of the former and the British of the latter. In fact, however, although it is possible for an illiterate people to have a wholly unwritten constitution it is impossible for any people to have a wholly written one. Even among civilized peoples the distinction rapidly breaks down. In Great Britain, the Magna Carta and many other written documents and records are cornerstones of the constitution, and in the United States there is much which is part of the Constitution and yet which is not embodied in formal written record, all that part, for example, which Webster speaks of as "implied in the

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institutions and customs" of a country or society.

Institutions and customs spring from the character and needs of a people. The often extremely rigid *mores* of a savage tribe, by which their whole public and private life may be regulated, arise naturally and are not the result of any conscious effort to mold those lives. Nevertheless, they are likely to prove very effective as a constitution of that particular society. Even in the most irresponsible form of government, a tyrant ruling apparently only according to the dictates of his own unpredictable will, we speak of a "despotism tempered by assassination," indicating that there are limits within which he can exercise that will but beyond which he cannot go with safety.

This applies, in varying degrees, to all forms of government, and it means that behind any written clauses in a constitution or the unwritten parts of it, there is always molding and influencing it—indeed a part of it—the character, daily habits, and desires of the people. In all law, constitutional or other, words tend strongly to remain the same while, nevertheless, they subtly change their meanings. Let us suppose that when we inaugurated our government in 1789 in accordance with the "Constitution of 1787," the kernel of our present one, the same Constitution had been adopted simultaneously by a South European, a South American, and an Oriental nation. If all had retained them, there can be no question but that, just as ours has changed greatly through amendment, interpretation, accepted usage and in other ways, so also would have each of the others. Each, however, would have changed in accordance with the spirit of the people until, although the original document of 1787 might in each case remain as Wilson well called it, the "tap root," of all the constitutions, they would in their alterations and practical workings have become quite different from one another.

There are a number of important deductions from this fact. One is that even a written constitution is not something static. Because it is a human institution it contains within itself a principle of life. Wilson in America and Bagehot in England long ago pointed out the great difference which exists between the "literary constitution," that is the constitution of a nation as it appears in documents and textbooks, and the living constitution, that is, the government as it actually works. As in the case of even the written parts of our own Constitution, precept and practice may come to vary widely. The conscious wish or the unconscious instinct of a people gradually molds the apparently rigid instrument, by one means or another, to the changing needs of life with or without formal legal recognition of the changes.

The "literary constitution" is, in fact, as different from the real one as a photograph of John Smith is from the living person it depicts. We cannot say of the photograph "that *is* John Smith." To the features in the picture we have to add that vital principle in the man himself which permits him to grow and to adapt himself to circumstances day by day. In the same way the constitution of a nation is not merely the "literary" one. To that we must add the vital principle in the nation itself, as expressed in the character, wishes, and ideals of the people. Some peoples have a political instinct which enables them to get these expressed through their government by peaceful and gradual adaptation of almost any instrument, whereas others seem unable to do so except often by violent methods. It will be only at long and rare intervals that the former will be unable to get around an apparent impasse by the usual means of adjustment. The British people have been able to do so for a hundred and sixty years, and we have done so for the same period with the exception of the Civil War seventy years ago. The character and quality of a nation are thus as important elements in its constitution as is the literary formulation of that constitution at any given moment. To look only at the word and to forget the spirit is to misjudge the possibilities of any constitution for good or ill.

It would thus seem evident that the working of a constitution in normal times or in a crisis, real or apparent, will depend quite as much, if not more, upon the restraint and political instinct of the people themselves as upon the form of constitution as previously developed up to any given point. A constitutional crisis which might easily be overcome by a people with the enormous political sagacity and experience of the British might be quite insurmountable, except by violence, for another lacking those qualities. A people with long training, and homogeneous in race and outlook, might safely make rapid changes under a highly flexible constitution. Another, lacking these, might be able to find social safety and stability only under a constitution which required changes to be made more slowly and after longer consideration.

It is generally agreed that the body of law as laid down in all parts of a constitution is quite different from the mass of laws passed daily for rapidly changing needs. It might be put in a constitution, for example, that the central government should have control over all highways, but it would be absurd also to put in that no vehicle could ever, without a constitutional amendment, travel on them at more than so many miles per hour. The difference is, roughly, between a man's considered philosophy of life, and the applications of it called for in particular cases. A man may lay down for himself the permanent rule that he will be honest in his dealings but each case in daily life must be considered by itself in the light of that general rule. In somewhat the same way, a constitution at any time expresses the general ideas of a people as to its government, more particularly its form, function, purpose, and sphere of power. Having decided these matters, individual cases are left to be determined accordingly. It is true that these ideals may, and do, change in time, but they change fairly slowly, and thus far the British and American Constitutions have been readily adapted to such changes. On the other hand, constitutions should not be changed lightly to meet any apparent difficulty of the moment, any more than a man changes his rule of being honest to meet a troublesome case. Such a man would clearly be utterly unstable and unreliable, as would a people that changed its character and ideals every few years, or a constitution the fundamental laws of which could be altered any moment to meet a popular demand in favor of what might prove to be a transient and mistaken policy.

Of the ideals as to our own government, the one most likely to change in the near future is that of the sphere of its activities and powers. The form and functions of its parts, as we shall

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show in a later article, have already been immensely altered with little difficulty in the past century and a half, as they have in the British Empire, though words—President, Congress, Supreme Court, King, Lords, and Commons—remain the same. It is true that the Supreme Court may be an issue but that is incidental to the possible change in the ideal as to the sphere of government, an extension of which is thought by some at the moment to be blocked by the Court.

The first thing therefore for the serious-minded citizen to consider in pondering the crisis and the Constitution is what should be the sphere of the Federal government under conditions as they are and appear likely to be. Having decided that—no easy task—he has then to consider what changes, if any, have to be made in the Constitution, and how best to make them. These articles are intended merely to illuminate and not to settle the problem.

I think we may agree that there is nothing sacred about a government or a constitution. Both are merely mechanisms developed for the smooth running of a society of individuals. Obviously a social organism such as the body of our 125,000,000 active American citizens cannot be over-restricted from growing, like a foot in a Chinese shoe. On the other hand, if there is great danger in trying to keep a society static and unchanging, there is also as great danger in making the government and constitutional law so unstable as to prevent the individual from being able to forecast the conditions of his life for a reasonable time ahead, at least so far as fundamental institutions are concerned.

We may also agree that the purpose of government should be the good of the whole. But here some hard thinking has to be done. What is the "good" and what is the "whole"? The former will evidently differ for different people, and even for the same person under different conditions. The good for a person in agony may be mere surcease from pain whereas for a person full of health and energy it will be activity and adventure. Thus, there are a long list of goods, such as free play of activities, adventure in sport or business, reliance upon self, ownership of property, the chance to rise, freedom for self-expression, and so on. On the other hand, another list would comprise economic security, the receiving of aid when needed, the guarantee of a certain, even if limited, standard of living, security against sickness and old age, and so on. Any one can make up a list for himself at haphazard. If he does so, he will find that many of the goods listed will conflict with one another, such as a sense of adventure and a sense of complete safety. Also he will find that what may seem a good at first glance may prove an evil in its effects, such as being relieved too early in life from all necessity of working. Moreover, there are different scales of goods. One man might be willing to give up all liberty of thought, speech and action in exchange for a daily ration according to a certain living scale. Another would find such an exchange intolerable. The choice among goods calls for intelligence and far-sightedness. It will sometimes depend on a preceding condition, as in the case of the man in pain who asks only to feel nothing. Yet when he gets well, the lack of all sensation would be not a good but an evil.

So it is with peoples. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, owing to preceding conditions, there was a list of goods considered so necessary to happiness that they were embodied in 1791 in our Constitution as goods which could not be taken from us. Among these were freedom of religion, speech, and press. The evils from which we have suffered of late having been of a wholly different sort, the goods which many now clamor for are likewise of a different sort. A decision as to which, in the long run, will prove the most satisfying goods evidently lies deep down in any consideration of constitutional changes. Not less so does the question as to whether we shall always want to decide for ourselves what we consider our goods or allow it to be decided for us by others. In connection with the first consideration we have to make sure that the securing of alleviation from a temporary evil shall not result in the loss of a permanent and important good, as though a hungry man should sell himself into life slavery.

But it is not simply our own good that is in question. If it is to be the function of government to secure us goods, it must do so as far as possible for all. This means not only that no one group, such as the veterans or the farmers or the tariff beneficiaries, should be given goods at the expense of others, but also that the machinery of government should be so devised and perpetuated as to enable us to ascertain what the people as a whole consider the highest and most desirable goods. In such governments as those of Russia, Germany, or Italy this is obviously impossible, and the determination of what is good for all has to be made by a few individuals. The voice of the majority is a crude method of finding out the good of the whole, but it is only in those countries—such as Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, France, Great Britain and the Dominions, the United States—in which such a method had become customary, that the goods of personal liberties, which until recently had seemed the chief goods, are still maintained.

If government and constitutions are machinery for providing for the good of the whole, there is no definite line to be drawn between the sphere of government and that of private enterprise. Such a line can be drawn only after careful consideration of the questions as to what is "a good" and what is the "whole." As we have already said, one has not only to choose among the large range of temporary or permanent goods, and those which neutralize each other or may become evils, but also to judge of the effects on human nature of such goods as may be bestowed upon it. As to what constitutes the "whole," if it is not, as we have said, an individual dictator, a group, class, or section, neither is it a mere 51 per cent majority, although, as an entire nation will never think precisely alike, there must always be minorities.

As civilization has become more complex, the range of goods and the numbers constituting the wholes have greatly increased, and consequently the sphere of government. There has also been another most important factor back of the demand for the wider range of governmental action and control, namely, the wide extension of what are called "rights." At the time of the formation of our own government every American was familiar with the idea of "inalienable rights," such as the "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" of the Declaration of Independence. The chief objection to the Constitution as drawn and adopted was that it did

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not have a "Bill of Rights," that is a guarantee of certain rights which were considered super-important. This was later practically provided in the first ten amendments.

The history of "natural," or "inalienable," rights is largely the history of the ideals of mankind as to a certain set of "goods" so transcendently important for a full and happy human life as to outrank other goods a man might possess. These rights have a long history, stemming back to the Greeks. Used by the Romans as legal fictions to mitigate the harsh rigors of class law, they have played an enormous part in the gaining of liberty and the rise of man. Theoretically there is no such thing as a "natural" right or any right *apart from society*. A solitary individual, human or animal, has the freedom to do as he can in the face of a hostile universe but it is impossible to conceive of his having a right to anything in the modern sense of right, that is as something to which he is entitled regardless of the rest of the universe. He has no "right" to ample food, to a mate, to his cave, to killing, to protection, any more than he has a right to fine weather or health.

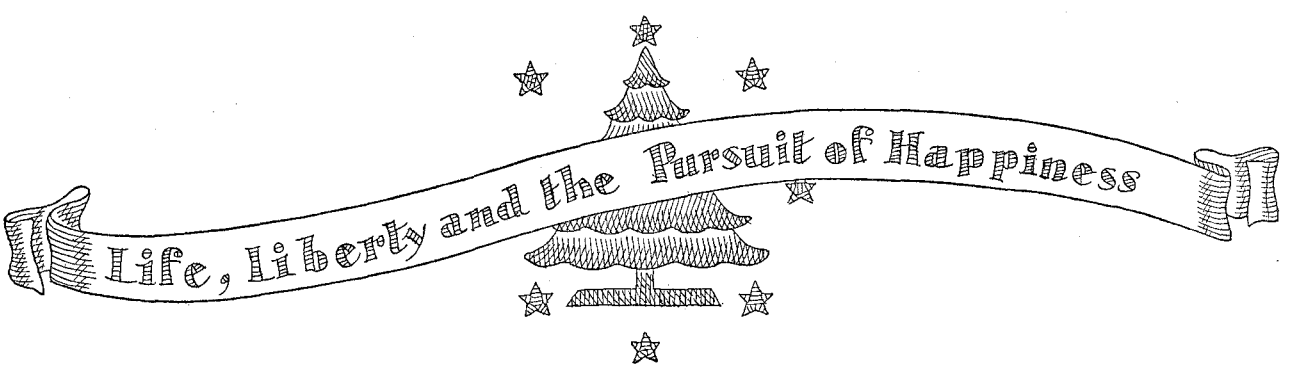
As civilized society developed, however, the idea of a fundamental right of the individual member of it also developed, first as a philosophical conception, then as a legal fiction, and finally as a political demand. As ideals of the minimum to which an individual must be allowed to attain in order to reach the full stature of a human being, they have been, as I said, of enormous importance.

Several points, however, must be noted. As these "natural rights" changed from legal fictions and became political demands, they altered their character. The very name seemed to give them an eternal validity. They were no longer ideals to be striven for but were deemed valid claims to certain goods, whether or not society could safely, to itself, provide them. Until comparatively recently they remained, nevertheless, political and spiritual, and *could* be yielded by society, not only not to its detriment but greatly to its advantage. Just as the new governments which refuse the rights of freedom of thought and speech are bound to deteriorate, so the granting of those liberties in the past has forwarded advance.

These natural rights, as political and spiritual aspirations, have now been changed into economic demands, and there is a tendency to consider any general desire as a "natural right." The germ, indeed, appeared as early as 1774 when the first Continental Congress listed natural rights as "life, liberty, and property," changed two years later to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," but it is only of late that economic demands on a large scale, such as the "right to a job," to a certain standard of living, to support by the community, and so on, have come to take their place beside the old "natural rights."

The present contrast between our means of production, our desire for consumption, and our wholly inadequate means of distributing the social product, is a sickening one, but we cannot say that because we have the first, therefore we have solved the problem of the abundant life. We have not yet learned to manage the third factor, though it may be hoped that we shall in time. It may well be uncertain therefore whether society can stand the strain upon it of economic desires and demands considered as "natural rights" or whether it should not rather let them exert their influence upon the law and thought of the day as the other "natural rights" did at first, as legal fictions. In any case, it may be an open question whether it is wiser to attempt to solve the problem of trying to satisfy these new demands for economic "natural rights" on a national scale or whether, as has proved so useful in the past, we experiment on the smaller stages of the states.

What I have wished in part to point out in this first article is that a constitution is not merely a written document or a set of inherited rules but that an important part of it is that vital force in it which comes from the genius and character of the people. I have also wished to emphasize the fact that before any of us can pass judgment on any specific suggested change we must arrive at some considered judgment as to the larger problems of what government is for, what the goods are in life which it should help to provide, and, above all, that we must think through to the end as well as we can, what the future effects, and not merely the temporary relief afforded, may be of any action taken. Any human society, even of the simplest, is of infinite complexity in its interplay of forces and influences. Many a missionary to savages has found that he has succeeded in abolishing an obnoxious custom only to pull down an entire system of ethics and to substitute moral chaos in its place. I do not for a moment advocate a policy of no change and no advance but one of acting only after deep consideration and not on hasty impulse.



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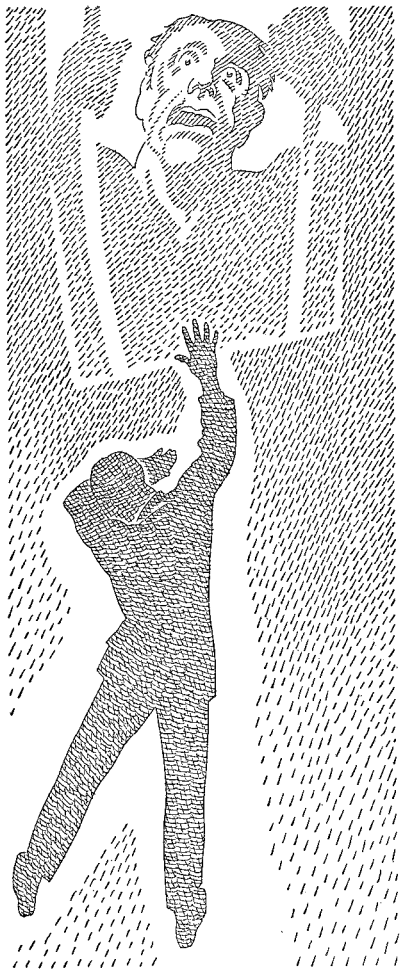
Man's Last Specter

The Challenge of Mental Disease

By Inis Weed Jones



The fear and the mystery which have surrounded mental disorders have kept the general public from knowing what really happens to people who go to mental hospitals. This authoritative article, written after observation at hospitals and consultation with psychiatrists, is an important statement of present conditions and future possibilities

THERE is some bogey in the life of every child. In my case it was fear of those who are demented. I had witnessed a guest in the sudden throes of madness spring at my father's throat.

This was aggravated by the creeping horror I came to have from a midnight experience at the house of a relative. All the farm hands had driven into town that evening. My uncle, wakened by sounds in the dining room, called out, "Is that you, boys?" No answer. Only queer tunking sounds as of some one stumbling unfamiliarly about the room.

"Who is that?" my uncle Jay called peremptorily. Still no answer. Only the strange groping noises. He leaped from his bed, seized a flatiron that had been used as a foot warmer and rushed to the doorway opening into the living room. In the moonlight he could see a man entering from the dining room.

"Stand still or I'll brain you!" shouted my uncle Jay. The man continued to move forward. My uncle hurled the iron. The figure dropped to the floor. A scramble for matches. At last a light! And there on the carpet in a pool of blood lay a strange man senseless from a gash in his forehead.

Then the farm hands arrived from town. The unconscious man was removed to a room in one of the barns and cared for until morning which brought two officers hunting for a harmless escaped patient from the nearby State hospital. Not a burglar, just a poor demented creature, but of the two the former would have seemed to me less terrifying. For a while after that every one in the neighborhood locked their doors at night. No telling when another patient might escape from the hospital. Only in those days we called it "the asylum."

We always had to drive past it on our weekly shopping excursions into town, and always my mind ran riot with horrid speculation as to what went on behind those hundreds of barred windows. In those vast secluded buildings, what did those strange beings do who were mad for life? Always I thought of their stay as final. It was expressed in the very phrase by which people spoke of commitment. I can remember my grandfather driving up to the hitching post at our gate and saying, as he eased himself down from the carriage—with due regard for his rheumatism, "I've been over to the Bradleys'. They've had to put Sam away." And the finality implied in that expression was in those days highly accurate. Few recovered, for their care was merely custodial, that is, mainly to protect society against the patient and the patient from himself.

I

Fear, primitive and ancient as the race itself, has long retarded our conquest of this last specter in the field of medicine. Fear of insanity. Fear of the pitiful victim. Fear that the malady was always hereditary. Fear of family stigma. Fear that madness was incurable. A growing fear that it is increasing. Fear and fatalism. They still keep most of us from facing this age-old enemy.

True, most of us—after two decades of "parlor talk" about psychoanalysis for the neurotic—have accepted the fact that few of us make a completely successful adjustment to life; but to the fact that the psychotic, those driven so far from the normal as to require hospitalization, are only an extreme exaggeration of ourselves, most of us still close our minds. This mental aversion

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is also increased by the moralistic but mistaken notion held by some that abnormal sex life is the common cause of mental illness. These and other mistaken beliefs explain why the following *simple facts with which our universal dread may be dissipated* are still news to most people.

How many people know, for example, *that only a small percentage* of mental patients are ever dangerous?

How many know that the frequency of proven hereditary tendency to mental illness is *not much greater than for other diseases?*

Once people have rid their minds of the misconception that mental disease is always hereditary, why should any more personal stigma attach to mental than to physical ailments?

How many know the high percentage of recoveries today? With the records of our better state hospitals before us this specter at once assumes a less terrifying mien. Our present national yearly average is 40 per cent recovered and improved. But our best hospitals are in the course of a year able to return home up to 50 and even 60 per cent of their admissions. A fifteen-year record in New York's hospitals shows only 17 per cent still left in the hospital at the end of that period. And Doctor James V. May of the Boston State Hospital analyzes some 4000 consecutive admissions as follows: exclusive of deaths and transfers, 19 per cent had to stay only thirty days or less; 45 per cent six months or less; and 56 per cent one year or less. At the end of ten years only 3 per cent were left. An extraordinary record!

That brings us to the popular belief that insanity is increasing by leaps and bounds. How many know that *up to the old-age time of life insanity is not increasing?* All that can be proven is that as the expectation of life has increased up into the fifties we now have more mental illness at this end of the age scale simply because there are more middle-aged people living; just as, for example, we now have more cancer for the same reason. True, the number hospitalized jumps up about 12,500 more each year. True, but. . . . This means mainly two things: a tremendous expansion in state housing facilities; and increased public confidence in our state hospitals. This trust has been a matter of slow growth and with good reason. Even the past century of custodial care, though beneficent as compared with centuries of treating the victims of this malady as devils, beasts, and criminals, was in the main still so harsh and ineffective that people were loath to incarcerate those they loved except as a last resort. It is this growth of faith, rather than an actual increase of mental illness, that has filled over half our 900,000 hospital beds with mental cases.

"Over half!" comes the exclamation on hearing this statement that would seem to suggest a much higher incidence of mental disorders than that for other maladies. No, it only signifies that mental disease, being of slow development and usually more complicated—it does not come suddenly and without warning—takes longer to correct. The average stay of mental patients, though frequently only a month or two, is from four to five years, whereas most general-hospital patients now leave in fourteen days.

II

Having disposed of some of the most common bogies, what is the therapy necessary to restore the greatest possible number of these people to usefulness and to cut down the enormous tax burden represented by their care if not cured? How far have most states to go before they can provide adequate care in our 170 state hospitals? New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland, and Pennsylvania are among those that probably come nearest to doing this.

Ever since the pioneer work of Dorothea Dix, enlightened hospital directors have furthered the slow evolution in our care of the insane, but it is only within the last twenty-five years, more especially the last fifteen, that great headway has been made. Not until Clifford Beers emerged from a mental hospital was sporadic heroic effort fused into a national movement. In his deep desire to protect other victims of mental disorder, all self-consciousness, all fear of possible social stigma fell from him like a cast-off garment. After writing *A Mind That Found Itself,* an absorbing human document, the record of a soul beset, struggling not only through a fog of delusions, but under the handicap of ignorant and brutal treatment, he organized the pioneer Connecticut Society, and then The National Committee for Mental Hygiene. From its urge and drive came most of the increased bed capacity, improved methods of treatment, and growth of confidence in state hospital care. With this organization works the American Psychiatric Association, a meeting ground of superintendents and other psychiatrists for the exchange of ideas.

There are still men alive who recall a typical incident that characterizes this change.

They relate how one day an ox-cart drew up before the Worcester State Hospital in Massachusetts, bearing a heavy wooden box bored with barely enough holes to enable the madman within to breathe. The doctor who was then superintendent came out to the wagon. "Open that box," he told the countrymen who had brought the patient. "That's no way to treat a sick man!" "Oh, but Doctor, he's dangerous," one of them replied. "He's been chained to a tree for three years. His family died, and we neighbors knew something had to be done. We got him in, but we're afraid to let him out." "Open up that box!" the indignant physician demanded. Tremblingly they did so, and revealed an old and broken man who for the first time in three years was hearing sympathetic and understanding words. He got to his knees, clasped his hands, and with tears raining down his withered cheeks exclaimed in his strange bewilderment, "Oh, doctor . . . you must be God!" But fear and brutality come closer home than that in point of time. It was no less than three years ago, I am credibly informed, that violent patients in a certain midwestern state were still being delivered to the hospital in that barbarous contrivance known as "the lead coffin!" Brutal methods of transporting a patient, lack of explanation as to where he is being taken and why, often so fill him with fear, suspicion, and resentment as to retard recovery for months or years. This is even more true of violent hospital care. Only a few years ago when inspecting a certain hospital in the Northwest the visiting physician was moved to ask why various patients looked as though they'd been in a riot. "Huh," he was told, "we're showing 'em who's boss around here!" More serious than these isolated

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instances of physical maltreatment is the prevalence of "psychological" abuse, the damage done by the sense of imprisonment — iron bars and locked doors, the herding of the sensitive with the uncouth, the drabness and discomfort of the life, and last but not least the awful idleness—nothing to do day after day, nothing on which the mind can bite, nothing to give them joy. They feel lost and forgotten. Though the purpose of this article is to recount progress there is still much that is wrong. Make no mistake about that.

Turning to the hopeful side of the problem, in contrast, consider the enlightening effect on millions of the recent motion picture, "Private Worlds," with its tender treatment of the psychotic. Produced, no doubt, purely for dramatic reasons, it gives such a concept of modern mental therapy as to make the picture one of the most socially significant films yet achieved. One sees the arrival of the terrified patient who is quieted only by the assurance that no one will lay hands on him. One sees also that most of the time the mentally ill conduct themselves no differently from other people, that there is no restraint except—and then as gently as possible—when a patient becomes suddenly violent.

Concurrently, several state hospitals have medical films that should have world-wide circulation. I know no better way to epitomize the treatment actually received in our best hospitals today than to review a film that portrays the story of a paretic patient from the moment of admission to his recovery.

He is a young man brought by his mother. One follows him and his case through a complexity of the most up-to-date physical and mental examinations to discover the type and cause of his psychosis. This is decided, as is customary, *by a conference of the entire medical staff*. He has cerebral syphilis, due to the spirochete whose ravages were for centuries incurable, and often end in madness. Meanwhile, the social service department gets the boy's history. The mother says, "He is a good boy"—they always do, these mothers, but there was the spirochete, evidence that, unknown to her, he had probably taken a social risk.

Next, one watches quieting treatments, then the administration of high heat therapy inducing the fever that destroys the spirochete, a technique which is an outgrowth of the discovery that causing fever by the introduction of malaria germs will cure paresis. Finally, one sees the lad, sane again, and, as he completes his physical recovery, helping run the huge hospital radio, the form of occupational therapy in which he was found to be most interested. In conclusion, his departure, sound in both body and mind.

This patient, like all the others in our best hospitals, received, on his arrival, the searching kind of examination and staff diagnosis that in private practice would have cost not less than $100, probably more. One of the fine things about a state hospital is that it takes those who can pay only a modest sum, as well as the poor. In every such hospital there are hundreds whose families pay according to their income. Both pay and non-pay cases receive exactly the same treatment.

Patients in well-organized state mental institutions are hospitalized by floors or buildings according to their physical condition and degree and type of mental disturbance. The physically ill must have general hospital care; the noisy are grouped together where they do not annoy others; the chronics or "continued treatment" cases form another division; those who require constant watching—the violent and the suicidal—constitute still another ward, and so on.

III

Let us review briefly the more common types of mental illness and their frequency. Schizophrenia, *more commonly known as dementia praecox,* which most frequently attacks the younger age group, accounts for 20 per cent of our first admissions and fills over half of our mental hospital beds. The dementias of old age and the arteriosclerotics account for another 20 per cent of admissions. The manic-depressives, often alternating from profound depression to the highest pitch of excitement, occupy over 10 per cent of all state hospital beds. The paretics, their mental and emotional degeneration being caused by syphilis, constitute 10 per cent. Those who are psychotic from alcohol, drugs and poisons or auto-intoxications make up 9 per cent. The paranoiacs are people who in the main seem rational except for elaborate delusions of persecution or grandeur. They number only 2 per cent, but they are the most dangerous cases. There are now no less than twenty-two different types of psychoses—with subdivisions.

The causes and cure of this complexity of mental ills constitute the great challenge of modern medicine. How long it has been neglected may be judged by the findings of The National Committee for Mental Hygiene, that only thirty out of the sixty-six medical schools appraised in its survey as yet give anything like adequate instruction in psychiatry. Thus we still have a grave dearth of physicians adequately trained to deal with the mentally ill. There is also a similar shortage of nurses for mental cases. This scarcity when the nursing profession is simply engorged with the unemployed furnishes a vivid illustration of our lag in the care of mental patients. Once nurses lose the common fear of mental disturbance they will find it a field rich in interest, and, I may add, anything but dreary. For, though a mental nurse may never show amusement over the patients' vagaries, they are an unwitting source of humor through that essential of the ludicrous, the juxtaposition of unrelated ideas. For example, the music director of a state hospital tells of being deeply gratified when, after giving a Beethoven concert for the patients, one of them rose and expressed his appreciation; then, of being secretly convulsed—the audience openly so—as the man concluded by saying, "We shall all be most grateful if you will now play, When the Cows Come Wandering Through the Cellar."

Mental disease is one of the last of our health problems to be attacked by modern research methods because medical men first used the purely physical approach. Their researches have until recently centered on the revolutionary discovery that most of our ills were due to countless germs and viruses. The one most significant infectious cause of mental disease thus far found is the spirochete of syphilis that, when it attacks the brain itself, produces progressive intellectual and emotional impairment. But only about 45 per cent[1] of our mental ills have been found to have a

[1] Horatio M. Pollock, Director of Statistics, New York State Department of Mental Hygiene.

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definite physical origin.[2] The rest are —as far as has yet been learned— mainly due to mental causes, to some personality weakness, to conflicts—intrinsic, family, social, or economic, and to faulty habits, wrong thinking, and bad training, factors that begin to operate early in life—especially in childhood, and bring us slowly to the breaking point.[3]

From the psychiatric angle, all laboratory and clinical research is still in its infancy. A graphic illustration of this is that only five years ago, while we had 1400 articles and books on tuberculosis, we had in the English language only thirty-one on schizophrenia (dementia praecox).[4] Yet it costs $350,000,000 annually, is the most common mental illness, and the hardest to cure. What causes it? Ah, if only the doctor knew! All they can say, as yet, is that it seems to be a disorganization of the whole personality. What is meant by "personality"? Shall we say the ability of one's whole mental and physical organism to react normally to environment? It's hard to define. Illustration is perhaps better. Most readers are familiar with at least one dramatic illustration of schizophrenia through the biography of Nijinsky who, after thirteen years under the most skilled care, is still in a mental hospital. It seems to be a general disorganization of behavior rather than a physical disease. But, at last, research in the mental field is well under way. There are now a number of important research groups,[5] and in many hospitals, notwithstanding limited funds, inquiring minds are engaged in psychiatric problems. Several groups are making a special study of *schizophrenia, which accounts for half of our incurable cases*. Let me try to illustrate briefly the enormous complexity of this problem.

Take, for example, the study at Worcester which centers on the possible relation of the endocrine glands to this disease that seems to be characterized not by one definite cause, as in cerebral syphilis, but to involve a bewildering number of factors. A hundred control cases have been selected. Observations are being made by various special groups, the physiological, chemical, biochemical, psychological, and psychiatric. An enormous amount of data is thus collected. Now, obviously, no one of these groups can see all the way around this medical enigma. The great problem is correlating these observations to determine what combinations of factors are significant as a possible guide to cause and correction. Millions will be required for this quest, and if an increasing amount comes from the state let no taxpayer groan over the cost. For, as Doctor William A. Bryan, Superintendent of the Worcester State Hospital, asks, "How reduce the enormous cost of caring for chronic cases if we don't study causes?"

Most students of this problem agree that a frequent characteristic of young people who become schizophrenic is failure to reach in all particulars an adult state of personality development, hence their inability to make a successful adjustment in all particulars from protected home life to the world outside. Hence, too, the gradual split in personality as they retreat into an imaginary, then a delusional, world. Many of these cases are of the intelligent, but shy, day-dreaming, shut-in type who prefer to be alone and show no desire to mingle with other children.

One great hope in dealing with schizophrenia, indeed with all types of mental disease, is found to be the growth of child guidance and other psychiatric clinics of which we now have over 700. They are supported by many social groups, by some public schools, and importantly, by an increasing number of state hospitals. To these clinics three types of children are brought: those with mental and physical capacity who for some reason are not making the grade either in learning or in physical habits; the anti-social type at odds with our social and ethical code; and the a-social children already described as the type that many times becomes schizophrenic. This should affect hospital admissions, and does. In the New York State Psychiatric Institute and Hospital, for example, it was noticed that rarely have their young patients received attention in a child guidance clinic or been seen by a psychiatrist, though their histories, in many cases, showed them to be problems in one way or another. Eventually we shall have courses in the public schools to teach children control over their emotions, the forces that eventually make or break us regardless of our formal education. Such an experiment has already been undertaken in Boston. Meanwhile, more teachers, physicians, parents, and club directors need to appreciate the profound importance of clinical care.

Let me cite the work done for a potential schizophrenic in one of our best mental clinics through which in ten years 2200 children have received treatment. A high school principal sent to the clinic a brilliant lad who for some inexplicable reason had ceased to do well in his work. The boy told the director frankly what was preying on his mind, masturbation. His mother is a mental patient and his father had told the boy he, too, unless he overcame this habit, would go insane. Remorse over this practice gripped his mind. His pride was in the dust over failure at school. And the father's dictum had so increased the boy's sense of weakness that fear preyed upon him continually. Obviously these emotions were working far more damage than the habit itself. In addition, the director soon discovered that the boy's emotional life was also disturbed by various conflicts with his father and brother-in-law. That the lad had begun staying away from school and now felt so wretchedly ill that he was spending much of his time in bed shows how profound was his disturbance. As he talked over his fears and conflicts he gradually regained his confidence, got back into harness, made

[2] Salmon in Rosenau's *Preventive Medicine and Hygiene* lists as physical causes of mental disorders: the infectious diseases—syphilis, typhoid, influenza, scarlet fever and septicemia; acute and chronic poisonings from alcohol, drugs, and endogenous poisonings from nephritis, heart disease and diabetes; also diseases of the thyroid gland; and head injuries.

[3] "In fact," writes Doctor William L. Russell, "mental factors operate in the production of symptoms in all forms of illness, even those in which organic changes are present."

[4] As listed under that classification in the *Cumulative Index Medicus*.

[5] Among the most outstanding are the New York State Psychiatric Institute and Hospital at Columbia Medical Center, the Henry Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at Johns Hopkins University, the Boston Psychopathic and Boston State hospitals, the State Psychopathic Hospital in Iowa, another in Michigan, and the research group of sixty-five at the Worcester State Hospital in Massachusetts. The National Committee for Mental Hygiene has just begun an exhaustive study of the whole research problem of schizophrenia, financed by the Supreme Council, 33°, Northern Masonic Jurisdiction, U. S. A. Few of our psychiatric research centers are endowed. On the whole, private gifts and public appropriations for mental work are pitifully small as compared with endowments for the study of other maladies.

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one of the ten best records in a class of 1600, and did well in camp. Today he is an all-round college man.

From what has been said about shy, unsocial children, and from the case cited, it should *not, however, be inferred* that all retiring children and all those who masturbate are potential schizophrenics. Many of the former are merely thoughtful or sensitive. As to the latter, experience shows that masturbation is a common difficulty incident to sex growth. Any deficiencies in psycho-sexual adjustment are only one factor out of the many involved in this complex form of mental disease. Among many boys who will never become mental cases, masturbation is a frequent source of worry because they are haunted by the mistaken but still persistent fear that it causes insanity. A child's nature is already under sufficient stress of conflict without increasing it by this fearful specter of insanity. And certainly it can only make matters worse for the child who is a potential mental patient.

I might recount hundreds of other interesting cases, but suffice to say for the rest of the potential schizophrenics and their danger of retreating into a dream world until it becomes more real than life itself, that the parents who protect their children too much, who are too possessive, or who set up emotional conflicts, are their children's worst enemies.

IV

To come back from the necessity for research, and for preventive measures, to the hospital cases that weren't helped soon enough, they present a dual problem: first, restoration to sanity, and second, re-education in the vital problems of living and self-adjustment so they will be able to withstand the shocks and stresses of life out in the world.

First, let me emphasize what I have already indicated, that none of the good hospitals use strait-jackets, or other forms of mechanical restraint, except in rare cases, nor do they resort to sedative drugs and seclusion except as a last resort. They have no padded cells, none of the horrors we are wont to picture. The problem of quieting acutely disturbed patients is solved by the use of continuous warm baths and wet packs that seldom fail to relax tension and induce sleep. Force—that would excite and arouse even sane people—has given way to the psychology used in the kindergarten, patient effort to understand the mentally ill person, who is temporarily less than a child, to win his confidence, to secure his co-operation, to lead out his interests and establish right habits and right ways of thinking. Tenderness and patience on the part of attendants and nurses are attitudes by no means easy to maintain, for the first thing a patient often does when admitted is to transfer his usual, family antagonism to the institution. He is apt to loathe, hate, suspect, berate, and resist all who try to do for him. On the other hand, many patients welcome the change to a new environment. In the Worcester State Hospital—I keep referring to it, not necessarily because it is the last word, but because it is the hospital I know best—the newly arrived patient is given a kindly letter explaining where he is, what the hospital hopes to do for him, and asking his wholehearted co-operation. This gradually sinks in, whereas the oral explanations alone to patients frequently do not—they are temporarily too disturbed. Every effort is made to make them feel comfortable and at home. As the music director at Worcester earnestly exclaimed, "Why, I've seen more human kindness in this place than I ever experienced in the world outside." Next, a quiet routine is established, in itself a healing thing. (Incidentally, it explains most of such recoveries as are made in institutions that are still largely custodial in their care.)

All but the few violent cases, dangerous either to others or themselves, go down to the bright, cheerful cafeteria and (under tactful suggestion—if necessary) select a well-balanced meal, carry their tray to a table and there eat with their wonted table manners. The few who start to eat with their fingers are reminded they have forks. Seldom is there any altercation between patients.

Every effort is made to help them feel an interest in life. Over an intra-institutional radio, talks are given on what the doctors are trying to do for them, and who has become well and gone home. There are brief news reviews on interesting events in the outside world. There are also programs suited to each ward, topics of interest to women, and baseball reports for the men. There is music adapted to the needs of each ward, gentle and soothing for the physically ill or the excited, and stimulating selections for the depressed. The patients gather in the chapel for lectures, concerts, church. The library is in constant use. And most of the patients are given the freedom of the grounds. They are encouraged to feel a sense of self-respect about their appearance. There is a barber shop, and a beauty parlor. I know one patient who started to get well as soon as she could be transformed from a wild and unkempt to an attractive-looking young woman. In Harlem Valley, one of the New York State hospitals, Doctor John R. Ross is working to reduce the costly destruction of clothing by letting each woman choose the color of cloth to be made into frocks for her. Thus far they have neither torn up their dresses nor surreptitiously thrown them away. Physical education, gymnastic exercises, games and sports, movies, dancing, dramatics, and other social activities are all an essential part of the therapeutic routine in well-conducted State hospitals.

One of the greatest factors in the process of recovery is the part played by occupational therapy. In the best of these places, the patients are given work they like that is carefully graded to their need—for stimulating the sluggish, for quieting the excited, and for socialization, re-education, and concentration. Employees who direct the work are trained not to "boss," but to teach and lead the patients they direct. In some hospitals 80 per cent to 85 per cent of the patients work part of every day—in the laundries and kitchens, on the farms, in the shops that manufacture much that is used in the institution, and in the craft shops. Taking music lessons started one woman on the road to recovery, working in the flower gardens another. One man who insisted he was Jesus Christ was finally got to work by asking him how Christ earned his living. "Oh, yes, Christ was a carpenter. I must do that," and down he went to the carpentry shop where, having something on which to focus his mind, he is steadily getting better. In one of the Indiana hospitals, a cabinet maker, a desperate paranoid case, after brooding for three years, was finally interested in making a complete set of miniature house furnishings, all to scale for a foot high doll. He turned out

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exquisite French furniture month after month. Then, when he had made all the pieces for an elaborate home, he wanted to build the house, did so, and, by then, was well. He is now out in the world earning good wages.

All patients from the best hospitals are paroled for a year on trial and visited from time to time by social workers on the staff. In Massachusetts, some of the cases are boarded out for six months with understanding people in order to effect an adjustment to society before going home—often to the very conditions that caused their breakdown. This state has for many years boarded out some of her mild chronic patients as is done in many European countries, especially Belgium which has for generations placed all but its most violent cases in good homes. In the village of Gheel, almost every house has one or more patients. So long has this been true that a social stigma now attaches to families "not good enough to take patients to board." That's a thought not without its significance—or its humors. New York State is also experimenting with the family care idea.

An interesting development is the establishment by Doctor James V. May at the Boston State Hospital of a separate building for cases that will probably be able to make a quick recovery. This new unit is small, colorful, intimate, very like a friendly club. Such psychiatric institutes exist in few other places as yet.

V

Next, to what extent does this standard of the best state hospitals prevail in the rest of our 170 state hospitals? It is estimated that two fifths of them are doing good work; that *two fifths of them lag far behind,* with one fifth ranging all the way from poor to good care and treatment. (It is not the purpose of this article to criticize either the superintendent for this lag, or the public for its indifference. Most of the former are working against terrific odds. And the public is not purposely ignorant. It is only that no one has ever told them what active treatment can do for their friends and relatives who are shut away in poor institutions. It is estimated today that, averaging four people to a family, *one household out of every five has at some time in the course of each generation some one of its members in a mental hospital.* This predicates an increasingly rapid growth of interest—and action—as fast as the public comes to realize the recoveries that may be had by modern methods.)

In general, the most progressive hospitals are found in the East. While there are throughout the country today only sporadic instances of brutality and willful neglect, the obstacles to recovery are still great. They are chiefly due to meager appropriations for buildings, for operation, for an adequate staff of doctors, nurses, and attendants—in short, to the fearful crowding and the sheer inability of the staff to care for so many patients even if they worked twenty-four hours a day. One has only to attend one of the annual meetings of the American Psychiatric Association to discover not only how keen is the superintendents' interest in every forward step, but how wretchedly we permit them to be handicapped. While a political appointee must be under suspicion until he proves himself, and while some of the others do not make the most of their opportunities, and fail to rouse their district to the need for increased legislative appropriations, it would be a mistake to infer that hospitals in the more backward states necessarily have poor superintendents at the helm.

Let me recite in some detail the handicaps under which these men and their staffs labor. The facts are mostly from a survey made by The National Committee for Mental Hygiene. First, crowding. In the more backward states many of the insane languish in jails and almshouses waiting for hospital beds. In Michigan, a state usually rating high in public spirit and state hospital work, there are 1500 more committed than can be housed. Meanwhile sitting rooms are made into bedrooms, and as many as seven patients jammed into a bedroom with one window. In the face of all this, hundreds of families now feel too hopeless even to try to get their mentally ill committed unless absolutely dangerous. This crowding exists in 70 per cent of our hospitals, a situation almost medieval in its horror and stupidity. To stop existing overcrowding and to take care of waiting lists we need at once 76,000 more beds! Indeed, if all states were to provide for their mental wards according to the standard set by New York and Massachusetts we would need nearly twice our present number of beds! Nor should they be added to our vast institutions already housing 2000 to 10,000 patients. "What we most need," says Doctor William L. Russell, "is more small hospitals instead of huge isolated units. We have today only 600 mental hospitals, public and private, as compared with 6000 general hospitals. And we also need more psychiatric institutes for incipient cases. They may even be adjuncts of general hospitals. The need for better distribution of buildings is shown by the fact that most of the patients now come from nearby instead of from the remote areas served by the hospital."

Next, the overworked staffs. The minimum standard agreed on is one doctor to every 150 patients. The actual standard varies from better than that, one to every 100 patients, on down to one for every 400. Imagine one physician having to try to treat 400 mental cases! The minimum standard for nurses and attendants is one to 8 patients. This sometimes runs as low as one to 20. The rate for graduate nurses runs as low as one to 247 patients. And some hospitals actually have no graduate nurses! But how could it be otherwise when some hospitals receive only 20 to 40 cents a day per patient. The average for all is now 74 cents a day per patient—for food, clothing, service and medical care. *This, while jailers get $1 a day for feeding prisoners.*

Then the need for equipment. Some of the complaints are insufficient surgical, X-ray, and hydro-therapeutic facilities, inability to make proper laboratory tests, no gynecological department, an actual shortage of medicines, no new medical text books or magazines, and want of materials for occupational therapy. There are still all too many hospitals with no out-patient or child guidance clinics, and *no social service,* certainly a false economy as the cost of one social worker enables 100 cases to be cared for at home.

To make matters still worse—often desperate, there is political interference. In fourteen states, superintendents are expected, as a matter of course, to contribute to the funds of the party that appointed them. It is no fault of the politicians that their state hospitals have not been reduced to the equivalent of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. "Off with his

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head!"—or hers—superintendents, stewards, staff workers! Salaries must be had for henchmen! Indiana at present is probably the worst of our states in this respect. And politics now seriously threatens the work in Maryland. Suppose a politically appointed steward serves beans with almost as many stones as beans. Eat 'em and like 'em, that's all.

All tribute to the superintendents who are able to achieve a balanced diet on a few cents a day per patient. But there are still too many hospitals in which the food leaves much to be desired, this on three counts: lack of special diets when they are imperative for health; want of balance; and monotony. A bleak, unappetizing fare was never good for any one, let alone those who are ill.

A nurse who is tireless in her efforts to restore patients to normal tells an incident that illustrates the tremendous stimulus afforded by food the patient likes. One Easter morning she took her breakfast eggs up to a patient who had not only been bedridden but who had not spoken for years. "Martha," the nurse asked, "do you know what morning this is?" No answer. "I've brought you some eggs. Think now, when do we eat eggs?" The patient croaked—after five years of silence, "Any d—mn time you can get 'em!"

In one of the best states, that allocates the food for each of its hospitals, a dietitian told me that she regularly received more starchy foods than she could use, that her problem was to find enough fruit and green vegetables to balance the excess of starch that characterizes a cheap diet. If you or I had to eat at some hospital tables we'd soon long for fruit and vegetables the way a drunkard longs for liquor. Now tomatoes and cabbage are cheap, and most hospitals own farm lands from which at least the necessary thousands of gallons of tomato juice could be put up, and on which more tons of cabbage could be grown. Cole slaw should not be a treat. In one hospital dining room I visited two different patients who were laying the table told me joyously, "We're going to have cole slaw today!" When one considers the relationship of gastrointestinal disorders to mental states such an excess of starchy foods is a short-sighted economy. Pills and irrigations can never take the place of a proper amount of fruit and green vegetables. While this lack is partly due to forced economy, I believe more could be done to meet this deficiency.

All these many factors, of course, mean *a low recovery rate*. Since the depression, most hospitals have had to take cuts in appropriations. *This lowers the recovery rate still further*. Such, briefly, are the conditions still existing in many state hospitals because of our fear, our ignorance, and often the reluctance of families most concerned to demand reforms.

VI

Finally, how set about bringing our local state hospitals up to standard? Has our state a commissioner of hospitals? If not, it should have—and with a competent psychiatrist on the board. Has our local hospital able people on its board? Are there well-developed educational and other extra-institutional activities looking to the prevention of mental disorders? Active state and local Mental Hygiene Societies are a great help. In this connection, it is interesting to note that in twelve states where local groups have had a definite program for more buildings to reduce overcrowding, but a shortage in state funds, money for materials and labor have been secured from the PWA.[6] Equally needed are funds for a social service staff to get the patients' family, social, and economic history, to find out the precipitating factors that finally drove the mentally sick off the deep end, to help them make social adjustments when they are paroled; also funds for out-patient clinics both for adults and children. *The most telling arguments for legislative use* are: the savings to be had through preventive clinic care; and the enormous cost of having hospital patients pile up uncured for the taxpayers to support.

Now and then there may be found a superintendent who does not relish too much public interest, but they are few. In this connection, it may be worth while to try to sum up the personal qualities of which a superintendent has need The finest buildings and equipment are of little help without brains to direct the work. He must have, besides medical skill and administrative ability, adequate training and experience in psychiatry. A democratic spirit that encourages every staff member to feel that he shares the superintendent's burden of responsibility. A spirit as kindly and sympathetic as it is watchful, quick to detect and dismiss any employee who tends to be harsh or impatient. To secure understanding care from attendants, with only the degree of education to be had for a small wage, in itself requires endless patience. Above all, he must have vision not only within the walls of his hospital—to encourage the therapeutic and research interests of his staff, but it must go outside the four walls—to take the community into partnership. Community physicians, medical students, college women, normal school students, young "theologs," all nurses desiring training in psychiatric care must be invited to use the hospital's clinical and educational facilities. (As they grow in understanding of mental ills, the signs of their onset, and the necessity of early care, so will the need for mental hospitals lessen.) Likewise, he needs close touch with all local clubs, medical societies, welfare organizations, schools, and courts, their understanding of *his* problems—which are also theirs. For after all, his patients are their people, their relatives and neighbors.

To give these physicians the help they need is no easy task but once a community gets up steam for this drive it inevitably proves one of the most satisfying of social investments. It has endless ramifications of live interest all the way from clinics for children and adults out into the broadening field of psychiatric work and education—in schools, colleges, courts, industry, and the social service field. Even novels that deal with psychotic problems have a new significance, and the life stories of other patients, who, like Mr. Beers, have had the courage to recount their struggles back to sanity, such as the poetic *Reluctantly Told* by Jane Hillyer, the realistic *Behind the Door of Delusion* by Inmate, Ward No. 8, and *Asylum* by William Seabrook, enrich our sympathy and understanding. They fire us with a lasting desire to help the least of men and women to overcome this tragic malady.

In conclusion, let me repeat, only as we conquer our age-old fear of the mind possessed, and our fatalism born of ignorance can we put to rout this last specter in the field of medicine.

[6] Those states where public opinion is most alive to the need for better mental health facilities are the ones that got the funds.

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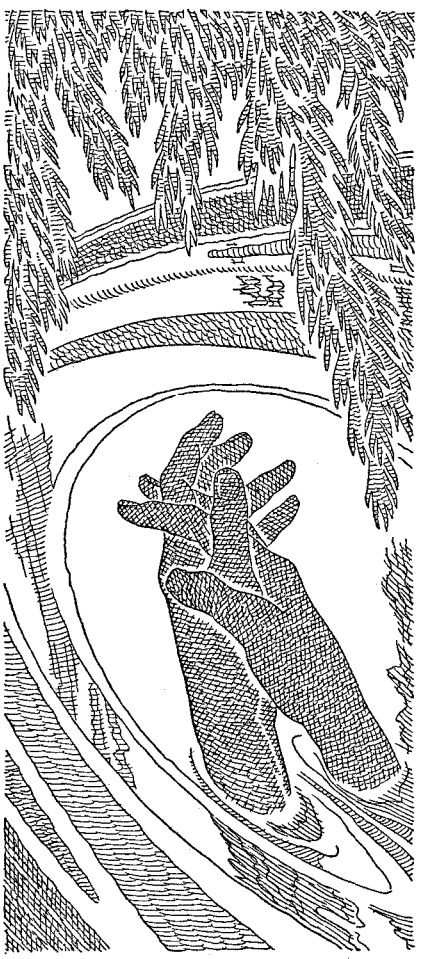
One More Time

A New "Mr. Maury" Story

By Caroline Gordon



THERE wasn't anybody in sight on the veranda or in the front hall when I got to the inn. I went around through the crape myrtles and the quince bushes to the little back enclosure. Mrs. Rogers was standing with her back to me turning over some peaches that had been put on a table to dry and Aunt Zilphy was in her chair by the steps picking a chicken. She saw me and her little eyes went beady but she didn't say anything.

I stood there by the big quince bush and made my voice deep: "Madam, I want a night's lodging."

Mrs. Rogers flung up her hands and screamed.

"Lawd God," Aunt Zilphy said. "Come up here and skeer us to death!"

I went over and clapped her on the shoulder. "Burgoo for supper," I said, "and apple pie."

She looked at me out of her little sunk bright eyes. "Man, wheah I gwine git any squirrels?"

Mrs. Rogers hadn't let go of my hand. "I thought you weren't coming this year. You wrote and said you weren't coming."

"Somebody got my room?"

She shook her head, smiling. "But the inn's pretty full. Lord, Mister Maury, you ought to been here Labor Day. I had a cot set up in every hall."

"I'd rather be here this week end," I said.

We went in the back way and up the hall that was still covered with matting and she threw open the door of Number 22. The bed was still pulled over between the east windows and the same picture was over the wash stand: an eye staring straight ahead and under it a hand holding a bunch of pencils.

I sat down on the edge of the bed and took my shoes off and put on the canvas sneakers I had in my bag and changed into my black shirt and fishing pants. It was four o'clock now but I'd have time for a short turn on the river. I slipped my tin tackle box in my pocket, got my rod and my waders, and went out the back way and around to the side of the house where the paddles were stood up against the wall. There were two or three dozen, some of them very fancy. I hefted them till I found one that suited my hand, then started down the path to the river.

You come down that path and the first thing you strike is a long, deep pool, the Blue Pool the natives call it. Must be twenty feet deep and ten or twelve from bank to bank. There's a lot of elder growing around it and in summer the surface of the water is white with the little blooms. I think of Elk River, in winter when I can't get out to do any fishing and it's this part that comes back to me. And I remember old Bob Reynolds sitting in a boat in the middle of that long pool and looking up to the top of the gorge and then down to the last bend before the Big Eddy and saying that from this one spot you can see nearly a whole mile of the Elk.

The boat was tied up at the old place. I stowed my stuff in the bottom and shoved off. I started out the usual way, paddling with my right hand and then laying the paddle down to take up the rod when I saw a likely bit of water, but it is wearisome continually laying down the rod and taking up the paddle and you lose a lot of water too, so I shifted to paddling with my right and casting with my left. You can only do that on this river. It's the paddle the natives make. Lightest in the world. Of sassafras with a heart oak board for the blade, fastened with six-penny nails driven flush and clinched. The one I had was a beauty.

I made good time up the river and came pretty soon to one of my favorite holes, a place where a big sycamore had fallen quartering upstream. It was bass water, all right. I put on Old Speck and cast every likely inch of it. Not even a strike. I tried a Johnson's Fancy; no better luck. I'd about decided to push on when I saw a native coming around the bend. He was making time, putting his back into it but paddling with only one hand. I thought at first he was going right by me but

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he stopped, bringing her around with a big swish the way they always do.

I saw his red hair and pinched-in mouth and thought he was one of Squire Haynes's boys. "How're you, Ben?" I asked.

He shook his head. "T'ain't Ben. It's Tom."

"Well, Tom, what're you catching?"

He grinned. "I got one little ole pyerch."

I put my hand in my pocket. "Give you two bits for him."

He threw the fish over, caught the quarter, and paddled off.

I got my knife out, slit the fish's belly open and took out the maw. It was full of little shining green things. I sat there looking at them. "Great Scott!" I said. "He's full of willow flies."

I turned around and shouted, "Where'd you catch this fish?"

There was a second or so before his voice came back: "Other side of Big Eddy."

I looked up. The sun was out of sight behind the walls of the gorge and the mists already rising from the river. The Big Eddy was more than two miles away. I couldn't hope to make it there before dark. I put my tackle up, moored the boat and started up the path. I hadn't caught a single fish and yet I was happy. I was here, when I'd thought up to the last minute I wouldn't get to come—and they were taking willow flies. Tomorrow was *bound* to be a good day.

Mrs. Rogers was still at the table when I got into the dining room but everybody else was gone. She called to Aunt Zilph to bring the burgoo that she'd been keeping hot for me. I watched Aunt Zilph set the big bowl of steaming burgoo down in front of me and it seemed to me I could hardly wait to take up my spoon.

"There ain't anything like it," I said when I'd had a few spoonfuls. "There ain't anything else like it in this world."

Mrs. Rogers had been sitting there, turned away from the table, looking out over the valley. She smiled when her eyes met mine. "Apple dumplings," she said. "You always say that about apple dumplings."

"Apple dumplings are all right," I said, "in their place."

I saw Aunt Zilphy looking at me from the doorway and I called her in and told her she ought to write it down. She sniffed and tossed her head like she always does. "Cain't do no cooking with a pencil."

Mrs. Rogers was looking at me, still smiling. "Guess who's here?"

I shook my head. "Hope it's nobody I know."

"It's Mr. Reynolds."

I stopped with my spoon half way to my mouth. "You mean old Bob Reynolds is *here?*"

"He's out on the porch now. His wife's with him."

I finished my second bowl of burgoo and pulled the apple pie towards me. It was hot, just the way I like it, with a dash of nutmeg and a piece of cheese on the side. I was glad old Bob was here but I didn't see why he'd brought his wife and then I thought maybe he couldn't help it. Women take notions sometimes.

Aunt Zilphy brought me another cup of coffee and I drank it, wondering if it would keep me awake. Mrs. Rogers had gone out to see about something and I was by myself in the dining room. I lit my pipe and tilted my chair back against the wall. In a minute I would go out on the porch and see old Bob. At first I hadn't wanted anybody else to be here but I was glad now he'd come. I began planning which way we'd go tomorrow. The Big Eddy, first, of course. Then Bob would want to turn up Rocky Creek the way he always did. Stubborn cuss if ever there was one. Still I was first on the ground this time. He'd have to do what I said.

I got up and went out on the porch. Coming out of the lighted dining room everything looked black but after a second I made out two people sitting in chairs beside the rail. I went towards them.

"Well," I said, "old Bob!"

His deep voice came out of the dark. "You old son of a gun! What you doing here?"

There was a rustle. The woman beside him was putting out her hand. "They told us you were here, Mr. Maury. Bob's been telling me about Elk River so long I told him I'd just have to come along this time and see it for myself."

She had one of those twittery voices and I had an idea that she was little and blonde and dumpy. Now that I came to think of it I'd never heard Bob mention his wife.

I dragged a chair up and sat down beside them. "Bob," I said, "they're taking willow flies. Now we got to get an early start in the morning. . . ."

The woman spoke: "Bob isn't equal to a trip like that. He hasn't been at all well lately."

Bob was knocking his pipe out on the railing. "That's right, Maury. I've been on the sick list, all fall."

The woman spoke up again before I could answer: "But he's so much better. The doctor says it's wonderful the way's he gaining."

Bob bent forward to strike a match. I could just see his big beak of a nose and long jutting chin and I saw too that he had some sort of muffler up around his neck though the night was warm. His pipe was going now. It made a little purring noise in the dark.

"So you're going to try willow flies," he said. "Well, don't bank on 'em too much. Here today, you know, and gone tomorrow. Now if I were you I'd start out at that place below the second bridge. Splendid rock bass water. . . ."

We talked there for half an hour, about the time we went to Logan's Ferry and another big day we'd had together up Rocky Creek in the spring.

Once Mrs. Reynolds, restless, no doubt, at being left out of the conversation, suggested that even if Bob couldn't go off with me tomorrow he might do a little fishing. "Just stand on the bank and cast. I could carry all the things down for you."

Bob laughed, sort of short. "Maury, d' you ever know a woman knew anything about fishing?"

"No," I said, "I never did."

They were still sitting there when I got up to go in the house. I didn't feel like sitting there with them any longer and yet I wasn't ready to go to bed. There wasn't anybody in the parlor or halls but through the half-open door I could see Aunt Zilphy pottering around in the dining room. I went in and sat on the edge of a table and smoked and watched her change table cloths and shift pepper and salt stands. "What's become of that half-grown girl you had around here?" I asked, seeing how slow she moved.

She sniffed. "Tuck some of the

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boarders' stockings and Miss Aggie done sont her whar she b'longs."

I shook my head like I thought that was mighty bad. "Well, I don't know what Miss Aggie'll do when you get too old to work. How old *are* you, Aunt Zilph?"

She had taken a soiled cloth from a table and held it stretched out in her hands. Usually she rose to a question about her age like a bass to a mayfly but now she was looking over my head out into the hall. I turned around. There was the sound of feet on the stairs but I couldn't see anybody. Whoever it was must have gone on up to the second landing.

Aunt Zilphy still stood there gazing. "If that woman any 'count she'd keep that man at home."

I knew then it was the Reynoldses. "Aunt Zilph," I said, "what's the matter with Bob?"

Her eyes went beady the way they always did when she talked about sickness. "Doctor say it's his liver. He ain't got but a piece of liver. Some little something been eatin' on it. Done et all of it but one little piece and when that's gone he'll be dead."

"Who told you that?"

"Didn't nobody need to tell me. Didn't you see his hand? Didn't you see where the flesh done fretted off his cheeks? Didn't you see how he looks out of his eye?" she had folded the bundle of tablecloths up and was moving towards the pantry door. The door swung to behind her, then swung and swung again. I stood there till it was quiet, then I went over and got some matches from the little glass holder on the mantel and then I left the dining room.

There were half a dozen magazines in the rack in the hall. I took a *Rod and Gun* and went upstairs. I undressed and got into bed and read for a while, propped up against the pillows. But the magazine was old and I never could read that stuff, anyhow, and after a while I switched off the light and just lay there, still propped against the pillows. My bed faced the gorge. You couldn't see the water, of course. It was too deep down but you could see the light from the hotel windows shining in two broad shafts on the leaves and you could see the black trunks of the poplars going down, down to where the water was, 'way below. I looked away from the open window to the picture that was hung up high towards the ceiling. The eye gazed straight at me the way it always did. It came to me suddenly what it was: Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, of course. Jim Rogers, Miss Aggie's husband, had been a conductor. He had been dead a long time now. I thought of Bob Reynolds and wondered whether it was his liver as Aunt Zilph had said. She was a morbid old crow and loved to tell about people she had known that died of cancer. And then I wondered how it would be to know that there was something inside you that would give soon and that you could only live as long as it lasted, a year, six months, three. . . . Would you want to stay very quiet so you might live longer or would you tell yourself there was nothing the matter and try to have as good a time as you could? The other shaft of light had disappeared from the dark slope outside. I could hear the man next door snoring. I slipped down so that I lay flat in the bed and sent myself to sleep the way I do sometimes, just seeing a pool of water somewhere around a bend and myself coming up to it, all set, the Tucker Special in my hand, a Black Gnat all ready to put on. . . .

I was up before day the next morning—had to light a match to get the lines through the guides. I didn't waste any time on other pools but paddled hard as I could clip it up to the Big Eddy. It was a three-mile pull. The sun was well up when I came around the bend to where the big willows were. The flies were still there, hundreds of 'em, shining in the sun. There was one branch hanging 'way over the water where a great cluster had settled, almost like a swarm of bees. A streak of light ran there under the willows. I could see the water dimpling as the fish took the flies just as they'd hit the surface. I stopped paddling and sat there a few minutes, sizing things up, then I eased the boat up to the bank and made it fast just about thirty feet from the willows. I went into my tackle box and got out my willow fly and made my first cast just on the edge of that dimpling water. I was on to a pound bream right away. I put on all the pressure I dared so as to get him away from the hole and not disturb the others but it was a hard fight for a three and a half ounce rod. I landed him, all right, down stream, two feet from the bank. I didn't take time to string him, just threw him into the bottom of the boat and went back to it. The next was a pound and a half Little Mouth—they're chicken hawk and chain lightning. I didn't get him out into the stream quick enough and he churned that hole up so that I had to wait another hour before the water started dimpling again. I cast then, taking pains to make the fly hit the water before the leader touched it and took another good-sized Little Mouth. There were some crappie after that and several bream and then suddenly it was all off. They'd quit. Full up. You've seen it happen often but you never can quite believe it. I wasted another hour there by those willows, then I paddled on upstream. There were plenty more willows swarming with flies but it was the same thing all along. They weren't taking 'em. I thought of what old Bob had said about willow flies: "Here today and gone tomorrow." Well, it was tomorrow now. I'd have to try something else.

I must have been five or six miles from the head of the gorge by this time. I ate my lunch and rested awhile in the shade then started back. I fished slowly down stream, picking up some fine bream and some Little Mouth. Once I saw a man ahead of me in a boat, drifting along, not fishing. It looked like Bob Reynolds but I didn't think it could be; he'd said himself he could hardly make it down to the river. It was five o'clock when I came out at the head of the Blue Pool and saw the sun at the top of the gorge and knew that the day was nearly over. The man in the boat was at the other end of the long pool by this time, a tall man with a peaked cap pulled down over his face. I looked up from putting on a fly and saw him round the bend there by the big sycamore and then I forgot all about him. The Blue Pool is wonderful rock bass water. I put on a Johnson's Fancy with a South Bend Trix-Oreno, a quick sinking bait, weedless, and cast right in the middle of the current. If he strikes going from you he'll hang himself. If he strikes either to the right or left you'll see the movement of the line. I began to retrieve slowly, vibrating the tip of the

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rod to give action. The line twisted sharply to the left and I knew I was on to a big one. The next one I took was going from me, a splendid Little Mouth. There were two or three more bass after that and then it was too dark to see, so I put up my tackle and drifted back to the landing.

It was good dark when I got up to the inn. People were running around in the halls. Somewhere upstairs a woman was screaming. I stood there on the lower veranda and listened to her scream and then stop and scream again. After a while Mrs. Rogers came down the back way. She said Bob Reynolds had taken a boat and gone off by himself early in the afternoon. His wife wanted to go with him but he wouldn't let her. They had found the boat two hours ago stuck in some willows but Bob had never come back.

That was eight o'clock. They went down half an hour later with search lights and lanterns and hunted all over the banks of the creek. But they couldn't do any good, of course, in the dark. The next afternoon they found his body. In the Blue Hole. There was an iron dumbbell weighing five pounds in each pocket. Lida Reynolds said she had intended all along asking him what that odd-looking bundle was he was carrying when they got on the train. Now that it was all over she remembered that he had had a queer look on his face when they first started talking about the trip—when he said he wanted to see the old place one more time.

THE BALLAD OF THE LONE WOMAN

By Mary M. Colum

As we entered by that door
We saw the lights a-flame—
A-flame on your bier,
On the bier of you
Who had loved many a one,
Loved many a one!

Then I said to your love,
To her, your latest love,
"There's his last room,
His final roof-tree
Who has lived in many a one,
In many a one.

"A tree never more
Grows to shield him
From the bitter cold and rain,
From the blighting light of love
Which ends many a one—
Ends many a one.

"There's his last tree;
You're his last love:
The new bud in bloom,
The new fruit of the flower
He'll give to no other one,
To no other one!"

Then they raised up your bier,
They quenched the laggard flame,
And they walked and they walked,
They walked you to the grave,
Where ends many a one—
Ends many a one.

We watched the mould fall
On your last roof-tree;
Then she went on her way
With a rose in her hair,
And I alone with no other one—
With no other one!

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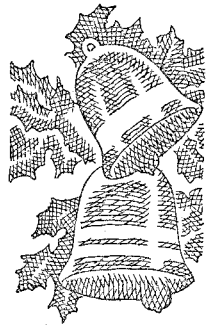
Marxian Literary Critics

By Ernest Boyd

"It's smart to be a Communist" is a phrase not unknown in intellectual circles these days. Class-conscious literary criticism is, in fact, very much in vogue. Mr. Boyd quotes from "Robert Forsythe," Granville Hicks, Michael Gold, and others to reveal the quality and temper of Marxist criticism. He apparently gets more fun out of them than out of the other Marx boys, Harpo, Groucho, etc.



In their blessed conviction of descent from the Sun-god Marx, our American proletarian critics are the Mikados of the literary world. Not since the faint, far-off, phosphorescent gleam of the New Humanism cast its pale, fitful light upon the by-ways of intellectual life in America has any phenomenon so diverting occurred. Taking a hint from Gilbert's *Mikado,* they seem to have made it their object all sublime

> To make each Marxian pent
> Unwillingly represent
> A source of innocent merriment,
> Of innocent merriment.

The humor of the proceedings, in other words, is unconscious, the class-struggle being far too stern to permit of any levity when dealing with the literature of that social-fascist segment of humanity which has not yet learned to take its instructions from *Proletkult.* The only humorist whom they delight to honor is, significantly enough, a pseudonymous "Marx-man," as he is called, who hits at all and sundry from the shelter of a false name, "Robert Forsythe." His humor takes the exquisite form of holding two jobs with ultra-capitalist periodicals, in which he signs his own name, but when it comes to pouring out his burning Marxist soul, he shrinks from the pitilessly unprofitable publicity which his real signature might entail. He does not, however, shrink from sneering at those who have at least had the courage of their convictions.

He can, for example, be so unscrupulous—in view of his own ambiguous position—as to suggest that a popular columnist's rejection of Communism is dictated by the fear of losing his job. Ring Lardner is also held up to contempt because he earned his living by writing for popular magazines, and Mr. "Robert Forsythe" is "embarrassed at the thought of a man with that mind wasting it in such fashion." A group of our most popular humorists is dismissed because of an ability "to make even the most transcendental event trivial." Remembering his own jobs on two capitalist periodicals, Mr. "Forsythe" thus abjures Messrs. Thurber, Frank Sullivan, E. B. White, and J. S. Perelman: "We have no expectation that anything we say will influence them, but if they, in their more reflective moments, have feeling for anything beyond the permanence of their well-paid jobs, we should think that they might have an occasional bad twinge." Bad enough, presumably, to cause them to keep their jobs, but write anonymously on behalf of the revolution in Communist papers, where even the most trivial events become safely transcendental, as for example, when Mr. "Robert Forsythe" bravely demonstrated that Roxy and his Gang were not really superlative artists.

Having begun with a reference to Gilbert and Sullivan and to what, for want of a better term, must be called the lighter aspects of Marxist criticism, I cannot refrain from presenting some specimens of the class-conscious view of their operas. Michael Gold describes the famous pair as "the 'cultural' pioneers of Fascism," and their bourgeois admirers are likened to "Nazis with hands dripping with the blood of workers," who "sentimentalize over Wagner." Then he admits that the operas are "the most glorious nonsense, and the music has a happy folk-dance quality." Like the rest of us, Mr. Gold enjoys his Gilbert and Sullivan, but he objects to sharing his pleasure with us social-fascists. "They are bourgeois culture-hounds who want to avoid all reality and strength in art. They are the same pleasant exploiters who once danced minuets at King Louis's court, while the masses perished outside." Not only that. Mr. Gold is certain that we should resent the same wit "if it were directed on a Communist path," and he triumphantly concludes that "when we develop a Communist Gilbert and Sullivan, these people will hate it. But whether or not, it is coming soon."

Whether the "it" in that last sentence refers to the revolution, to Communism, or to the omitted word "opera," I cannot say. My guess is that Mr. Gold is promising us Communist Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Possibly it will be written by George S. Kaufman and Cole Porter under assumed names, while they draw salaries for composing Fascist hymns. Of one thing I am certain. There is no trace of Gilbertian humor or wit in proletarian circles, if one may judge, not only by Marxist writing in general, but by Marxist criticism of Gilbert and Sullivan in particular. Hearken to one of Mr. Gold's lesser known colleagues on the subject. Ignoring *The Gondoliers* as containing no message for the masses, a Mr. George Wilson thus delivers himself on the opera described by Michael Gold as "the most glorious nonsense," *The Pirates of Penzance.* "Surely no one will disagree that the *pièce de résistance,* the central motif and Mount Everest of this opera, is reached in the second act, when the cops are trying musically to pull themselves together to sally forth against the pirates. It is here that the message is delivered, and it is one that the embattled workers of Rooseveltian America may receive with

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glad recognition: A cop's heart is yellow. Faced with the prospect of a fair fight, a skull to skull, toe to toe, upstanding, eye-seeking, slugging match, the cop's knees turn to water, his bowels likewise, and his 'obvious course is now to hide.' It is only when gathered in overwhelming force, with tear-gas bombs, machine guns, bayonets, etc., that he slaps his chest and sings 'tarantara.'"

I fear that, so long as this mood is on them, Messrs Gold and Wilson will wait a very long time for Communist Gilbert and Sullivan. Like most of their colleagues, in this and other connections, they have a strange faculty for overlooking the existence of their great-grandfather in Marxism, George Bernard Shaw. He has done—and not under a false name—more than his bit in combining wit with social propaganda. But all that our Marxist critics can say of him is that "By 1935 he is so far behind the times that, if he is to continue play-writing, he ought to enroll in the Yale Drama School." The satire on imperialism and Fascism in his last play apparently completely escaped these eagle-eyed propagandists. Perhaps there is some school where *they* could enroll, if they are to continue to play at criticism. Some elementary instruction is clearly needed. Or is American Marxism a *Jugendbewegung,* based on the early nineteenth-century Hegelianism of Marx?

According to Mr. John Strachey, Mr. Granville Hicks is the fine flower and supreme example of Marxist literary criticism in America, and this view seems to be shared by Mr. Hicks himself, if one may judge by the pontifical solemnity with which he distributes his critical awards and reprimands in *The New Masses.* Trailing clouds of professorial glory, Mr. Hicks will deliver courses on how to write various types of proletarian literature, or make an annual survey of the output of "revolutionary literature," in which each author is credited to the last jot and tittle with his or her success as a class-conscious interpreter of American life. He has even carried this class-room method to the point of instructing his readers as to how they should choose their central characters "according to economic classification": the Millionaire, the Worker, the Middle Class. Having made this highly original differentiation of classes, Mr. Hicks magnanimously concedes that "absolutely any one might be chosen for the leading role, and each author has to make his choice on the basis of his experience, his interests, his conception of what is representative and important. This is as true for proletarian authors as for any others."

The millionaire, as one might expect, presents a tough problem for the divine impartiality of the class-conscious Marxist. "A major talent," says Mr. Hicks, is needed, because the silly Liberals are so stupid as to attribute to the wickedness of the individual the defects of the economic system. Dreiser's "old-fashioned determinism" spoiled *The Titan* and *The Financier.* Wells indicted the system in *Tono-Bungay,* but that does not save him because "he opposes to the wastefulness of capitalism the efficiency and intelligence of science, instead of recognizing the class struggle." In other words, neither author is an orthodox Marxist, so "off with their heads," cries the literary Mikado. It is, however, interesting and consoling to learn from Professor Hicks that "it may be put to the credit of literature that far more novelists have disapproved of multi-millionaires than have approved of them." This is, indeed, a compliment to the heathen outside the Marxian fold! What, I wonder, did Mr. Hicks expect?

Even when it comes to glorifying the American Worker, there are grave difficulties, despite the fact that this is the material with which proletarian novelists are most familiar. The reason is that the writer has to choose between "a worker who is already class-conscious," or one who, "in the course of the story, becomes class-conscious," or "who is not and does not become class-conscious." As this latter category comprises the overwhelming majority of workers in this country, books dealing with them give an impression of "absolute hopelessness," which does not fit into the purposes of Communist propaganda. Hence Mr. Hicks's criticism of such men as James T. Farrell, Edward Dahlberg, and Erskine Caldwell. "Such work cannot, however, communicate the militant hopefulness of the revolutionary," he writes, thereby demonstrating his complete indiffer-

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ence to the aesthetic function of literature.

Worse than the worker who refuses to become class-conscious is that incurable bogey of Marxism, the "petty bourgeois," whose numerical superiority over all other types of Americans makes him the quintessential citizen of the United States. Mr. Hicks does not find him promising material because "such a theme does not give the author an opportunity to display the forces that are working against the defeatism and incipient Fascism of the petty bourgeoisie." Moreover, our militant, class-conscious friends feel that they are so terribly lower middle class themselves that they are likely to be "unpleasantly cramped when they concentrate their attention on a typical middle-class character." The best that Mr. Hicks can recommend to the ex-bourgeois proletarians and "fellow-travellers" is to portray that "doomed class" as honestly as they can, and "trust to the sympathetic reader to reconstruct for himself the other half of the story." If this is not artistic "defeatism," to use a term beloved in Marxist criticism, then I should like to know what is.

Sometimes the victims of this kind of kindergarten schooling revolt. When an opportunity was offered to them by *The New Masses* to take part in an "Authors' Field Day: A Symposium on Marxist Criticism" more than a dozen "fellow-travellers" and more or less authenticated, authorized, and certificated proletarian writers responded. The general tone was that of a group of students in the class-room trying to placate their teachers. Mr. Erskine Caldwell confessed that criticism was "about 90 per cent soap-suds," and that "a Marxist critic can work up just as much lather from a cake of soap as a capitalistic reviewer." On the other hand, Mr. Jack Conroy allowed that he had "a sensitive nose for malicious carping, but I could find none of it in Mike's review." This is hardly surprising, since the review in question was that of *The Disinherited*, which was criticized by Mr. Michael Gold in the following terms: "Dear Friend and Comrade Jack: Your novel was assigned to me for review. I began to write my report in the graveyard style of the Nation or New Republic book-spetz, but soon found I could not keep on in that vein. How can I pretend to be one of these Olympian arbiters of 'truth' when as a matter of fact I am deeply partial to you and your work? A first book like yours, of a young working class author, cannot be regarded merely as literature. To me it is a significant class portent. It is a victory against capitalism." No malicious carping, indeed! Naturally, Mr. Conroy concludes that "if Mike Gold never writes another word of criticism, he has earned the gratitude of proletarian writers and readers."

However, not all the recipients of the kind of "criticism" I have been quoting were so convinced of their unworthiness in the sight of their Marxian patrons and instructors. Mr. Edward Dahlberg very pointedly accused Mr. Hicks of making "no graduated distinctions between writers, except political ones. The problems confronting the poet and the novelist, the creative dilemma and the very processes involved in writing, he is either not interested in or does not comprehend. There is still too much of the humanist and the theocratic New Englander in his temper. Sometimes one actually gets the impression that Hicks dislikes good writing." Mr. James T. Farrell was equally to the point. After accusing his critics of providing cut-and-dried themes for "that generalization, 'the proletarian author,'" he suggested that this figment might be compared to the "economic man" of classical economy. "This vice is largely the product of a hypostasized conception of social classes," which is fatal to the creation of literature. All that Mr. Hicks seemed to gather from these criticisms of Marxist criticism is that Mr. Dahlberg was ill-tempered and that his pupils ought to have profited more from his lectures on how to write proletarian literature.

Mr. Granville Hicks, as I have said, is Exhibit A in Marxist criticism. In *Literature and Dialectical Materialism* Mr. John Strachey, in the course of his not too successful effort to avoid the puerilities of his American colleagues by stressing aesthetics, pays this compliment to Mr. Hicks: "The American revolutionary movement has just had the signal good fortune to have been endowed with a large-scale work of literary criticism from a fully Marxist writer. I refer to Granville Hicks's *The Great Tradition*. . . . Certainly no comparable work of Marxist literary criticism has been done in Great Britain." While this may be true, it is possible to deduce from that fact the evidence of Mr. Strachey's own pamphlet to the effect that Hicks rush in where Stracheys fear to tread. The specimens of Mr. Hicks's criticism which I have quoted are the measure of his book, whose very title is a misnomer. The "great tradition" of American literature is that of a capitalistic, middle-class democracy. It is, therefore, ridiculous to claim that the handful of contemporary American Marxists—most of whom are not American—are heirs to that tradition. Yet, such is the fundamental thesis of Mr. Hicks's book.

When Mr. Strachey was facing the absurd deportation proceedings which marred his last visit to this country, he was at great pains to prove that his Communism was not to be taken seriously as an incitement to the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat. He was merely airing certain theoretical opinions, but had neither the hope nor the intention, he said, of seeing them acted upon. Possibly his laudation of *The Great Tradition* is to be taken in an equally Pickwickian sense. He trips Mr. Hicks up, for example, just as Miss Josephine Herbst did in the *New Masses* symposium, in the act of accusing others of writing for the middle class, while doing precisely that himself, since there is no other class for him to write for. "He, too, writes for the intellectual middle class and for the individual worker-intellectuals." Mr. Strachey thinks that if Mr. Hicks can do this, so can Upton Sinclair, but Mr. Strachey is only an occasional visitor here, he has not yet acquired the true intolerance of American Marxist criticism. On the contrary, he goes so far as to agree with Mr. Dahlberg (who was accused of ill-temper) that "Hicks falls sometimes into an error which . . . is a tempting one for Marxist critics. He hardly seems to pay enough attention to the merits of writers as writers."

Mr. Strachey is not the only Left Wing critic who gets obviously bored by the aesthetic insensibility of the childish doctrinairism of most Marxist critics. Thus, Mr. Edwin Seaver, protesting against an unfair review in *The New Masses* of a proletarian novel which did not meet with the party *Nihil obstat*, insists that the "deficiency in

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literary criticism in the left sector" is what Lenin called the "infantile disorder of 'Leftism.' Some of our middle-class critics have gone proletarian with such headlong momentum that today they are already several miles to the left of themselves." And he further complains about "the assassination of books which fail to do what the author never intended to do and could not have done with the material at hand." This last phrase perfectly summarizes the attitude of *The Great Tradition* towards all American literary achievement. The writers were possibly of some importance more or less, rather less than more, but in any case, not having heard of the Russian revolution of 1917, or having failed to be converted, they are of little significance. Thus this apophthegm, admiringly quoted by Mr. Strachey: "Nothing in American literature is more admirable than Henry Thoreau's devotion to his principles, but the principles are, unfortunately, less significant than the devotion." Dialectical materialism says, in other words, that only Marxian principles are worthy of devotion.

A strange capacity for throwing stones is manifested by those who live in Marxian glass houses. Upton Sinclair and Jack London and the pre-war Socialists generally are warned by Mr. Hicks that their work, "unfortunately, shows that official allegiance to a theory and the development of a way of looking at life are two diffierent things." From which one is to gather that a Socialist who believed in the theory of Socialism and viewed life from a Socialistic standpoint could not exist, merely because neither the theory nor the standpoint was Marxian. Here is the doctrine of proletarian infallibility in all its fact-defying splendor. It is on a par with the same author's contention that Mr. John Chamberlain has "a high talent for straddling," simply because he does not write Communist articles in *The New York Times*, and has quite plainly and repeatedly stated that he is not a "hook-line-and-sinker Marxist," although sympathetically interested in Left Wing literature and politics. Mr. Hicks has a colleague whose talent for straddling, as described at the outset of this article, far surpasses that of any non-Marxist. Are "Comrades" alone exempt from such sneers?

Sometimes, it so happens, they are not, but then only in very special circumstances. When Mr. Orrick Johns, then one of the editors of *The New Masses*, discovered that *The American Spectator* was a Nazi "sheet," he made the mistake of citing as a Fascist a writer who was a contributor to both periodicals, and whose detestation of Fascism had inspired the incriminating article. When confronted with his libellous misreading of the article by the indignant author, all that Mr. Johns could say was that, if he had known that the former also contributed to *The New Masses*, he would have read him more carefully. He also warned him not to write for periodicals "definitely and viciously antagonistic" to the Communist movement, but curiously overlooked the "Forsythe" beam in his own editorial eye, so intent was he in discovering the mote in a non-partisan paper, which had ridiculed all dictatorships, and had advocated many causes admired by Communists. To write for such a paper, giving a hearing to all sides, was to enable it to cover up "open hatred and misrepresentation by a pretence of impartiality." Thus the Marxist critic defines free speech.

The most intransigent of the Marxist literary inquisitors is Mr. Joshua Kunitz who, although he refers to "our South," would seem to be biologically closer to the sources of Communist wisdom than those of his colleagues heretofore mentioned. Moreover, he concentrates his attention chiefly on Russian literature, functioning as a heresy-hunter in the best Nazi or Ogpu tradition. One can get a very fair idea of what the Comintern means by a "united front" by studying the implacable Mr. Kunitz, who detects the class war in literature even in the most unsuspected places. All "fellow-travellers" look alike to him; consciously, or unconsciously, they express the ideology of the bourgeoisie. Even *The Little Golden Calf*, which was accepted generally as a charming and effective piece of Soviet satire, does not pass muster, although approved by Lunacharsky. "It seemed to me that in places the authors had crossed the bounds of Bolshevik self-criticism and actually challenged the basic principles of collectivism and the Communist state." Presumably Mr. Kunitz's American Bolshevik sensitivities were tenderer than those of Lunacharsky, although he refers to "the universal and much encouraged practice of Bolshevik self-criticism," which he manifestly deplores. Zamiatin and Ehrenburg "pander" to bourgeois audiences, likewise almost every one of the post-revolutionary Russian writers whom foreign readers have accepted as the literature of Soviet Russia. It is significant and characteristic that Mikhail Zostchenko's witty volume, *Russia Laughs*, was not sponsored by any of the proletarian publishers, whereas that pathetic monument of ineffectuality, *Proletarian Literature in the United States*, received the official imprimatur. Its deliberate partisanship in the selection of material suggests the more appropriate title: "Stalinite Literature in the United States."

Marxist criticism, it must be evident, is not confined to those who have any critical sense or any genuine interest in literature. A writer as fine, within his limits, as Gorky is encouraged to launch out into a field where his incompetence is pathetic. "We can cite thousands of books, the heroes of which are swindlers, thieves, murderers, and detectives. This is true bourgeois literature, which strikingly reflects the original tastes, interests, and practical 'morale' of its consumers." Whereupon *Till Eulenspiegel, Gil Blas, Tom Jones*, and *Arsène Lupin* are mentioned at random, and the wholly forgotten thrillers of Ponson du Terrail are lumped together with Smollett and Maupassant, as if these presented an accurate picture of the literary culture of the middle classes. In a fuddled way the attitude of mind revealed is very comparable to that of Tolstoy, when his religious mania caused him to dismiss as worthless all art that could not at once be understood by the simplest Russian peasant. How many people today, I wonder, have read even one of the twenty-two volumes of *Les Exploits de Rocambole*, not to mention the ninety-nine other works, many in from four to eight volumes, which comprise the writings of Vicomte Pierre Alexis de Ponson du Terrail (1829-1871)? We social-fascists had better study the foundations of our culture.

Another Russian contribution to our literary criticism is *The Intelligentsia of Great Britain*, by a *ci-devant* prince and White Russian, Dmitri Mirsky, who

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after unsuccessfully trying with Denikin to undo the revolution of 1917, found refuge, work, and hospitality in England. In return for this he has now devoted a volume to proving that the people who befriended him are contemptible because they are not Marxists or, if they were Marxists before he was born, like Bernard Shaw, then that will not do, because Shaw achieved fame and fortune by writing amusing plays. Possibly he would have been better employed sabotaging the Fabian Society or subsidizing Kolchak and Denikin and Prince Mirsky. Even Mr. Strachey is reluctantly admitted to the fold, stress being laid upon the fact that "the bourgeois intellectual nature of Strachey's Communism is specially marked in the chapters devoted to literature." Like Mr. Kunitz, the *ci-devant* looks with Nazi-like suspicion upon all who cannot offer a Marxian equivalent for "pure" Aryanism. Yet, in his unregenerate days he was not afraid to say that Bolshevik literature "is difficult reading, written in a party jargon which is unintelligible to the reader unless he himself is well versed in Marxism. It is intensely dogmatic and authority plays in it a far greater part than free inquiry—the Marxist is as devoted to authority as ever a medieval schoolman was."

These words from Prince Mirsky's *Contemporary Russian Literature* apply with peculiar appropriateness to Marxist literary criticism in general and to his own atrociously translated diatribe against the intellectual life of England in particular. At the American Writers' Congress last spring a portentous and wholly unconvincing effort was made to create a "literary united front." The dogmatists of the Marxist cult, as the last Comintern meeting showed, may now be a little frightened by the manner in which their intransigence has played into the hands of Fascism. They would like us all to be "fellow-travellers," but they overlook the impossibility for those not possessed by the demon of Marxist infallibility to live in the same intellectual atmosphere. Messrs. Malcolm Cowley, Matthew Josephson, and Waldo Frank very tearfully, penitently, and hopefully urged the sweet reasonableness of cooperation, but they reckon without the despotic arrogance of a group whose notion of cooperating is very like that of the tiger and the young lady.

The mere bandying about of words like "defeatism," "social-fascism," "world weary," "nihilism," and "pessimism" does not alter the fact, known from time immemorial, that economic adjustment is only a part of man's problem in this universe. Consequently, there can be no united intellectual or literary front, when the very essentials of man's function as an artist and thinker are ignored or deliberately degraded. When Marxist critics try to frighten their opponents by pointing out that opposition to Marxism is, even when unconsciously so, "incipient fascism," they overlook the possibility that Communism and Fascism may be genuinely, and for reasons wholly divorced from nationalism and economics, equally uninviting to those they would convert. If this be pessimism, make the most of it! It is, nevertheless, a point of view which I find generally current in precisely those circles—not *classes*—to which Marxist literary and art criticism is addressed. It is intellectually dishonest, however interested one may be in the material welfare of the proletariat, to accuse those who are not actively Communist of wanting Fascism, or of approving of dictatorship in any form.

Realizing that Trotsky has been excommunicated, but being as yet unbound by any set of absolutists, I have the temerity to read with pleasure, as a relief from the kindergarten school of literary criticism, Leon Trotsky's *Literature and Revolution*. It is reassuring to hear the good sense of: "It is fundamentally incorrect to contrast bourgeois culture and bourgeois art with proletarian culture and proletarian art. The latter will never exist, because the proletarian régime is temporary and transient." Trotsky differs from Gorky in his capacity to realize how bourgeois culture developed, which was certainly not, as he shows, in the manner prescribed by our Get-Marx-Quick Wallingfords, nor does he offer Ponson du Terrail as one of its essential achievements. Even Marxism, he insists, is not the product of proletarian culture, but was formed "entirely on the basis of bourgeois culture."

When he comes to the tasks of literary criticism, Trotsky presents the same refreshing contrast with the local Marxist practitioners of that art. Mr. Gold might remember occasionally that warning against the kind of people who say, "Give us something, even pock-marked, but our own. A pock-marked art is no art and is therefore not necessary to the working masses." It is also a pleasure to find Trotsky emphasizing the fact that revolutionary art is not exclusively working-class. With his dictum that "pock-marked" art should not be offered to any one, few who care for non-material values will disagree. The best will always be just good enough, but Mr. Louis Adamic in *What the Proletariat Reads* brings evidence to show that this is far from being the view of the majority of American workers outside New York. Few had read and none had liked any of the writers who have received the "niggardly and patronizing" approval —to quote Miss Josephine Herbst—of Messrs. Gold, Hicks, and *The New Masses*. They preferred local papers and cheap magazines to Catherine Brody's *Nobody Starves*, Grace Lumpkin's *To Make My Bread* or Jack Conroy's *Disinherited*.

In sum, I would suggest that what Trotsky says of proletarian art might very well be said of proletarian criticism: it is temporary and transient. Its objectives are to foster a literature which never can exist and for which there is little or no demand outside the purlieus of Union Square. What the American masses read, we know only too well. What the intelligent reading public wants is neither the criticism I have been discussing nor the literature it would foster. If a united "literary front" is required, the obvious way to attain that end is to lend all the support we can to those who would preserve the cultural heritage of Western civilization. Always a relative minority, they now find their lives, their works, their ideals threatened over the greater part of Europe, with but a few voices raised in protest. Whatever may be the procedure best calculated to bring Russia up to the cultural level of the Western world is the sole concern of the Soviet government. Why should we retrograde intellectually, merely because modern Russia waited until 1917 to be born? Our cultural possessions, whether feudal, aristocratic, or middle-class, antedate that year by many centuries. Shall they be liquidated to make a Marxist holiday?

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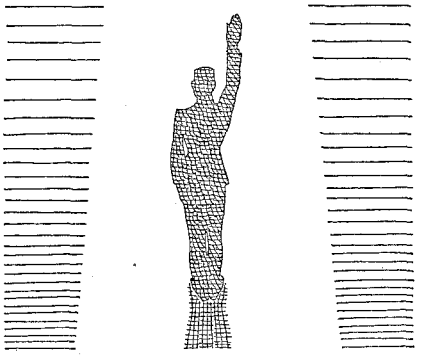
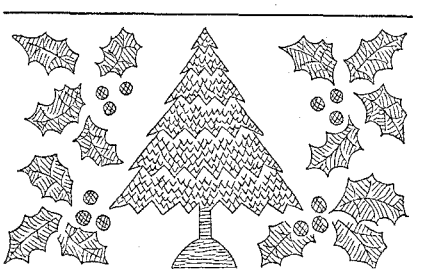
Enemy Country

A Story of a Young Fascist who brings his dream of empire to New Mexico

By Walter Gilkyson



"THE grandeur that is Rome and glory that will be," Giulio Manisetti softly repeated to himself, keeping time to the measure with swinging body and staccato footsteps that expressed his immense exhilaration. It had been an inspiring evening, the end of a miraculous five days in New York, and the enthusiasm of his new-found friends, the Italians assembled at the house of Cavaliere Aldobrandini in East Forty-eighth Street, where he had spent the last three hours, carried him forward through the slow sauntering crowd on Fifth Avenue in a glowing mist of anticipation and excitement. At moments, while waiting for the cross-town traffic, he looked upward, vaguely conscious of the summer wind that cooled his face. If the tall pale splendor of this city shone in the sky like the reflection of a crown of empire there was nevertheless no racial depth below the bright arrogance of material conquest, and no undertone of legend to chant its undying assurance of the future. Rome the Immortal. Italian eloquence, at long last to be translated into mighty deeds. Remembering the sublime moment when, just before his departure, he had stood in the presence of Mussolini, his dark young face quivered with exaltation. To him, an engineer of twenty-eight, had been given the task of approving the purchase of ships that would carry Italian troops to Abyssinia. The work was done, and now he was free to return to Italy and take part in the conflict himself.



The Commendatore Manisetti, Podestà of Triano and his father, had cabled him yesterday in English, as if scorning to conceal his message, an expression of pleasure at the success of his son, and a declaration of austere pride in Italian imperial destiny. The antique concision of his words rang with the single sonorous note of a carving in stone, reverberating in Giulio's mind above the clamor of traffic and mutter of voices that marked the huge purposeless confusion of the city. His father had spoken of "my son Alessandro" who had built a city in a desert, dug gold from the bowels of the earth, and pastured flocks upon plains made fertile by his own hands. The words were a paraphrase from Alessandro's letters; he had taken the way of empire nearly ten years ago. In the cable was a suggestion that Giulio visit his brother, if only for a day, and see with his own eyes the children begotten by Alessandro, the city he had founded, and the noble woman of the West who was his wife.

That Giulio intended to do. He would leave on the *Skymaster*—Balbo's magnificent flight to Chicago interrupted his thought—at eleven forty-five tonight. Alessandro had told them in his letters that the city of Manisetti lay two hundred miles northwest of Albuquerque in the State of New Mexico, and the *Skymaster* reached Albuquerque at one four P.M. By this time tomorrow night he would be in Alessandro's house, face to face with his brother and hearing again his buoyant confident voice which had always seemed, although not heard for nearly ten years, like a prelude to the opera of Italian glory. Alessandro had been before them, but that was like him, the older one, a torrent of energy pouring itself out in victory over a desolate land. There was nothing that he could not do. There was nothing that any Italian could not do. Time had touched them at one of the apocalyptic moments of history.

He sent a telegram from the office in the Plaza Hotel, just the words "I am flying tonight across a continent to

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greet you," and then went upstairs and packed his bag. Coming down in the elevator he stood at the back so as not to be brushed by any one, feeling a strong desire to preserve his integrity and avoid contact with these large casual easy-moving people. He knew he was small, and the propinquity of others made him more reserved and prouder than usual, and yet quite ready to assert himself. One of the men brushed against him, a fat red-faced fellow in a linen dinner coat, and Giulio put out his hand with a murmur and frowned so severely that the man started back in surprise.

After paying his bill, he told the room clerk he would return within four or five days. "I am going to Albuquerque on the *Skymaster*," he said in his swift run-together English, "and thence to the city in New Mexico founded by my brother, and bearing his name."

"Uh hum," said the clerk. "Save you a room Mr. Manisetti four or five days." He looked up briskly, an irritating impersonal politeness in his eyes.

"The city of Manisetti was founded by my brother," Giulio repeated with soft insistence. "My brother Alessandro is one of America's pioneers."

"Tell you a lot about Indians and cowboys then," the clerk answered indulgently, as if he were talking to a child. "The West, they say, is a very entertaining place."

"Your empire," Giulio corrected. He waited for the man to understand. He was too dull, too lacking in patriotism and spiritual vigor. "We Italians are about to win our own West in Abyssinia," he announced.

"What!" The clerk bent forward as if to examine him closely. "Oh." The single toneless ejaculation carried a weight of meaning. "Pleasant journey and see you in four or five days, Mr. Manisetti," he said.

Giulio followed the boy to the door, overcome with rage at the insolence of the clerk, which was all the greater for being unconscious and not directed toward him as an individual. The man simply ignored the destiny of race, of all races including his own; it was Anglo-Saxon conceit, the gorged lazy surfeit of indolent men who have swallowed the earth. Giulio got into the taxi and pulled his panama hat down over his eyes, disgusted at the mere thought of such vast disorder.

As they approached the flying field at Newark his self-confidence returned with a sudden visualization of Italian feats in the air, and his own sense of comfortable familiarity with planes. This indeed might be the flying field at Rome, where order and discipline reigned and morale was upheld by *esprit de corps*. He inspected the ship with the eyes of an engineer, restraining himself from speaking to the pilot, who no doubt had the taciturn disposition toward strangers of one who experienced constant peril. There were five passengers going out, but in the shifting light and darkness of the field they were only figures enveloped in sudden blasts of noise from the motors, receding and reappearing, awaiting the command to embark on the ship. He caught sight of a young girl looking at him with a smile of curiosity that might only be the light moving suddenly across her face. She stood beside a tall man in an overcoat and wide felt hat who had the appearance and the air that Giulio associated with the West. They might know Alessandro, or have heard of his city, or at least be familiar with the State of New Mexico.

When the girl looked at him again he walked over to her, assuming the privilege of a stranger to her country. "May you by any chance come from the West?" he inquired, addressing them both. "I am on mission from my Government in Italy, and I take this opportunity of flying across your continent to visit my brother."

"We're from Texas," said the man briefly. "Amarillo."

"Which means yellow in Spanish," Giulio offered with a quick friendly smile.

"That's one on you, Father."

The girl was very much amused. She had a firm serene disposition, Giulio decided, with the dark eyebrows and startling gray eyes of her father. "My brother lives in New Mexico," he explained. "Is the State of New Mexico near Amarillo?"

"Not so far," said the man.

"His name is Manisetti and the town where he lives is called by his name."

He waited but there was no reply.

"You speak beautiful English," said the girl, breaking an uncomfortable silence. By her look she gave Giulio to understand that she was interested in him.

"My father, the Podestà of Triano, speaks English as fluently as he does Italian, and it has been a requirement of our early education." He was among friends again, who would not misunderstand him; the young American girl had touched him with her grave and intelligent sympathy. His enthusiasm for his brother and the destiny of the Italian race, forever ready to burst from his lips, was irrepressible now, and it hurt him to hold it back. "My brother has turned the wilderness into a city," he said, "as so many Italians have done all over the world. We are an expanding race." The words were magical and potent, spreading the seed of empire before his eyes. "Like your ancestors of a century ago we are overflowing our boundaries and carrying the light of civilization to the dark places of the earth."

Eager faced, trembling with excitement, he waited for the spark of his words to catch fire. But the tall man stood rooted in silence; he chewed on his cigar and looked at Giulio with narrow eyes.

"Most of the men from Texas that settled in New Mexico couldn't read," he said in a slow drawling voice. "They didn't overflow in any way that I ever heard of, and generally they went into the country one by one. I wouldn't say there was even the slightest resemblance between them and the Italians, and I'm sure they wouldn't have thought so if anybody had ever said it. That was a long time ago, son, and best forgotten because the world has moved on since, and nobody down where we live has got any sympathy with the Italian campaign, if they know about it, which most of them don't."

"We think it's cruel and outrageous," said the girl, "although I don't like to say so to Italians because it hurts their feelings." Her voice was deep and concerned, and she put out her hand as if to shield Giulio from a blow. "It's a shame to say that to you when you're all alone in a foreign country and going to see your brother, but you're so —eloquent about it that we just have to say something."

Giulio bowed. "A frank expression of opinion is better than concealed hostility," he said. He felt stronger and more able to hide his anger after he uttered that phrase. Holding himself

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erect he nodded sharply, then turned on his heel and walked away with a military step.

It was the loose-jointed cynicism of the Yankee who sprawled across a continent and sneered at Europe. The girl reeked of Victor Emmanuel sentiment; she was something out of *I Promessi Sposi*. Thank God Italian women had passed beyond that and become a glorious crucible for the creation of armies. He smiled ecstatically, letting the iron words of Rome ring in his ears. It didn't matter, not even the opinion of England mattered, to say nothing of two insignificant persons in a country that was dying of peace.

He took his seat in the ship, resolved to have no further words with the passengers, and gave his attention to the take-off, which was managed in a workmanlike fashion. After the landing near Philadelphia he fell asleep, and awoke as the plane was descending at Pittsburgh. It was 2:18, and they had flown four hundred and fifty miles, about the distance between Rome and Vienna.

The comparison troubled him and he couldn't stop thinking about it, although he tried again and again to go to sleep as the plane continued across the State of Ohio. The flight was longer now than any he had ever made, and it seemed to stretch out before him level as night and in a dimension so meaningless that it eluded his imagination. This ship would fly three thousand miles from coast to coast above the United States. If a man marched three thousand miles from Rome he would come to British South Africa, or Iceland, or Persia, or—half way across the Atlantic Ocean. The distance worried him like a problem in physics; he couldn't translate it into known terms except by assuming that most of America was empty space. Otherwise such a distance became impossible; it included his entire world with half of an ocean thrown in. That could not be. The two terms were incommensurable.

But nevertheless the distance lay before him menacing and repulsive, a huge formless denial that Rome was the center of the world. He sighed unhappily, feeling lonely and missing the assurance of his friends in this dark duration of unending alien air. It was better to think of Time, and the Immortality of Rome, and repeat to himself the warm life-giving phrases that prefigured the ultimate destiny of his race.

The day began to break as they neared Columbus, and in another two hours he saw the Mississippi. As the morning wore on the land at its farthest reaches took on the color of air, so that sky and earth seemed to meet in shining distance. His fear of the last few hours looked thin and phantasmal in the presence of so much light that flowed over the land with a radiant energy that was benignant, as if the impersonal splendor of the horizon streamed upward from the slow turning of the earth. He had seen that once in the desert, but never before in a fertile populated country, where oil-derricks dotted the landscape and cattle spread like a loose red carpet over the fields. The ship was late; it was half past twelve, and they were due in Amarillo at 11:48. He watched his acquaintances of the night before climb down from the side of the ship. It had been impossible not to return their morning salutation, and now, as the girl looked up at him, he pulled off his hat and smiled.

In another hour the land below him began to change, piling up in flat hills with burnt naked sides that grew taller and sharper every moment. This was Alessandro's country; they were over a waste of ashy brightness and tortured cliffs. Alessandro—what courage and what stability of mind he must possess! Giulio drank in the lunatic beauty of the landscape, half dazed and uncertain of himself. The dazzling light and the uncouth stony shapes bred a sort of madness in his brain that turned him into the likeness of what he saw, and armed him with an illusion of terrible strength that was veined with cruelty and fear. It lurked silently in the formidable space where words died stillborn and the clamor of armies melted away. Here there was nothing but loneliness for support; loneliness and the awful face of the land.

He drew back from the window, actually frightened by the strange color of his thoughts.

The city of Albuquerque was like the cities he hoped they would some day establish in the new province of Abyssinia; modern, genial, noisy, businesslike, and very sane. When he went to the Indian Detour office at three o'clock to ask about getting to Manisetti he found that the man in charge knew just where it was.

"They have a post office there," he said, "but I've never seen the town and I don't think it's very big. You're visiting on a ranch?"

"My brother. My name is Manisetti."

"Oh really? Then we don't have to bother about hotels. Now I would suggest—" he bent over the map, "—that you go up on Highway 44 to San Isidro, and then on 4 to Jemez Springs where I'd spend the night."

"Is it impossible—" Giulio began, but the man interrupted him with a nod.

"We'd like you to see the country," he said impressively, "and besides I can't send you off until late this afternoon."

"Very well." The man wanted him to see the country—*we'd* like you to see the country. "I will be ready whenever you are," he said.

It was half past four and extremely hot when they started. Giulio sat on the back seat of the car which the driver had indicated with a silent gesture, not exactly impolite, but firm, as if showing what was expected. After a minute or two Giulio asked him whether he'd ever been to Manisetti.

"Yes," he said without turning around.

"Is it large?"

"No."

"But you are acquainted with my brother?"

"Who?"

"Alessandro Manisetti."

"No."

That was discouraging. Giulio hoped Alessandro had not grown so taciturn in the West, and then remembered the letters.

He saw his first Indian village just as the sun was setting. It looked like a corrugated sand dune on the bank of a dry river. And vacant, although a bridge led over to it from the road. He wanted to ask the driver some questions, but hesitated, and while he was looking the village disappeared between sunlit yellow rocks and the empty bed of the river.

So the land itself seemed to disappear as they went on, becoming gray and insubstantial within the purple ring of the horizon. There were no houses and no people and none of the animals he had expected to see, although there was evidence of them in the countless bodies

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of small beasts that had been killed by cars. They must live in the blue dusty bushes close to the ground, like everything else in this region of desolation where men seemed lonely growths of the soil, without pride of speech or the noble contagion of spirit that came from association with their kind. He shivered slightly, then coughed and blew his nose. There was dust everywhere and a thin fine smell that kept him from breathing with his accustomed freedom.

On the porch of the hotel in Jemez Springs, after an excellent dinner, he became himself again. The sound of water and the cool presence of trees restored his self-confidence. It was a tender beautiful night, and the guests of the hotel, although apparently mixed in race, were agreeable. He rose as Mrs. Halin, the proprietor, approached and sat down beside him, observing the silence that fell on the little group who were seated nearby.

"I wanted to ask you if you are related to Alessandro Manisetti," she said.

"My brother," Giulio answered, sitting down. No more than that in this sardonic country—just the words "my brother."

"But you don't live in America," she suggested, a puzzled inquiring solicitude in her gentle voice. She was a motherly woman with a great deal of feeling, and he liked her.

"I arrived in New York from Italy six days ago," he answered.

"They're getting excited over there," she said with a sigh. "It's a great pity too, because I always think of Italy as the home of art. Your brother—" She paused. "I don't like to think of all those nice young Italians going down into Africa."

"Madam, we must fulfill our destiny," Giulio said. There was absolute silence now on the porch. "It may seem to you like an act of aggression on the part of a stronger race, but I assure you the death of a few Ethiopians will soon be forgotten, whereas the spirit of Rome will blossom perennially in that benighted country."

The silence continued. Giulio rocked to and fro in his chair, smiling to himself and thinking of what he would say next. This was not egotism, it was a vision of mystic adventure offered with all his heart to an elderly home-loving people.

"They'll kill every one of you," said Mrs. Halin emphatically, "and those they don't kill are going to die or go crazy in the desert. I think it's terrible, because I like Italians, and Italy is the home of art, and they've no business to send such nice young men down into a country like Africa." She rose heavily and stood in front of him, then put her hand up to her cheek and sighed. "My grandfather was a settler and I know what it costs and what it takes, and the less said about such things the better, that's my motto." She moved away, her steps creaking on the porch, and Giulio heard the screen door slam behind her.

Nobody spoke to him, and in a moment he went up to his room where he undressed and lay down on the bed. There was no understanding this country or its people; they were hostile even in friendliness.

But what she had *not* said about Alessandro returned again and again to keep him awake.

All the next afternoon, as he passed the infrequent little towns that had taken refuge from the encroachment of the desert, Giulio considered his brother with alternating doubt and hope, at moments asking himself whether Alessandro could have suffered an enchantment from too long looking at this country of illusion, where cities rose upon the horizon and disappeared into the shadow of the rock, and light flung the colors of fertility over sterile valleys and infused the wind-shaped creatures of sand and stone with grotesque life. But Alessandro's letters could not lie; they were even more true than this awful reality of the land which denied every syllable he had written and seemed to extinguish the man himself. Alessandro's words lived a spiritual life that was independent of arid physical fact; they created a city and fertile fields that he would see soon, very soon—he closed his eyes—in spite of these unworthy cowardly doubts that interrupted the beating of his heart.

Even when houses did appear, as that gray ricketty house far off on the left hand side of the road, they were marked by desolation. The house overlooked the West and the long low rays of the sun with an air of feeble glamor, as if it had once been an outpost of discovery that was now forgotten. There were tall pointed ovens of earth behind it, and a scarlet gasoline pump stood in front of the door. An Indian with a red blanket over his shoulder crossed the road to the opposite field where a solitary white horse nosed in the bushes. Two children ran down the steps of the house as the car stopped to get gas, and Giulio, stretching his legs, looked at the children and then at the ovens of earth which he saw were some kind of houses.

"An Indian village?" he asked the chauffeur, feeling in his pocket for some coins for the children.

"Manisetti," the chauffeur said.

Giulio got out slowly. He kept his back to the house while he paid the man. As he approached the steps with his bag he didn't look up nor speak to the children who were whispering behind him. It would be enough, enough, he repeated firmly to himself, if he found his brother Alessandro alive and well inside that house.

The room he entered was a store, with a partition of post-office boxes that ran half way to the ceiling. A shadow moved behind the partition and Giulio waited with a stiff smile, knowing he wouldn't even recognize Alessandro if he saw him.

It was a woman who looked out at him through the barred window of the post office. Her loose red face widened with a genial appreciation of something that Giulio felt must relate to his personal appearance, and he blushed. The woman's warm brown eyes grew moist. "You're Giulio," she said. "Well to think of it! I'm Irma." She came out from behind the partition, a voluptuous slatternly creature with yellow hair. "I declare I ought to kiss my brother!" she exclaimed, moving up on him with eager arms that seemed disgustingly bare and well shaped. He submitted, freezing with anguish, enveloped in soft heavily scented flesh.

"How do you do," he gulped, touching her cheek with his lips.

"Children, this is your Uncle Giulio come all the way from Italy to see your papa. This is Alec and Frieda, Giulio; they're dirty now, but inside they're sweet and loving like their mama." She pushed them forward proudly and then stood back to watch.

Giulio kissed the children. "Where's Alessandro?" he asked.

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"Oh now, don't ask me that when you've just got into the house! You come to see us all I hope!" Her coquettish smile and the bending swaying motion of her hips as she approached made him retreat involuntarily.

"Alessandro," he said, but her rich husky voice drowned him out.

"Now dearie you just come along and I'll show you where you sleep."

"Alessandro," he gasped. That terrible woman might have done anything to his brother.

"I declare I don't know," she said a little crossly, "but I reckon he's at his mine as usual. Don't let that worry you because he'll be along soon to get something to eat. That's about all your brother does around here, but he talks so lovely and acts so sweet in the house that I have to keep him on. I declare I don't know which one of us is crazy, but I guess it's me." She laughed delightedly and her moist brown eyes seemed to overflow. "That's the Wurtzel in me," she said. "We Wurtzels was born kind-hearted."

Before he could speak two Indians entered the store, filling it with a sharp saffron smell, and his sister-in-law went behind the counter to wait on them with a seductive readiness that became indecent as she began to talk to them in their barbarous language. Giulio walked to the door and looked out. His niece came up behind him on bare feet and felt for his hand. Her wide dirty toothless face grinned up at him ecstatically. She had Alessandro's eyes.

He wanted to sit down on the doorstep and weep.

A car came along the road, then stopped in front of the house and blew for gas. It was a big car full of nice-looking people who regarded him with friendly reserve. The driver pointed out the collection of huts near the house. "It isn't a village; the Navajos come here and live while they're trading," he said. Then the horn blew again and a man came running out from one of the huts and undid the gasoline hose. While he was filling the tank he glanced at Giulio and then spoke to him.

His long reptilian head and pointed ears and his big clumsy willing body looked like Middle Europe, but his speech had an American accent. The two Indians pushed out beside Giulio, separating him from his niece, and he felt a soft arm laid across his shoulder and a warm breath on his cheek. Irma stood beside him, watching the car move away.

"Cousin Oscar," she called, "come up here and meet Brother Giulio."

Giulio detached himself and advanced to meet Oscar, who held out an immense hand in silence and blinked at him with violet eyes that looked girlish behind his downy yellow lashes. "It is a pleasure," Giulio said, drawing himself up straight and shaking hands. However appalling these visitations might be, he was prepared to meet them unflinchingly.

"Cousin Oscar helps out here," said Irma with a warm vagueness. "God knows I got to have a man around with your brother away all the time like he is. We couldn't spare Oscar, no indeed we couldn't." Her rich husky voice sank to a sigh, ruffling the hair on Giulio's neck; it struck Oscar with dumb embarrassment and he looked down.

"Irma," said Giulio. He had made his decision. "Where is Alessandro's mine?"

"It's in Chaco Canyon somewhere, about fifty miles. I ain't never seen it myself and I don't want to, because I know it's just a hole in the ground."

"Can you drive a car to it?"

"There ain't no road beyond Pueblo Bonito, which is thirty miles down there." She put her hand on Giulio's shoulder and turned him to the south. "From Pueblo Bonito you ride a horse or walk, and Alessandro walks, all the way."

"There are horses then in Pueblo Bonito?"

"For them as can pay for them, yes," she said shortly, and then began drumming with her fingers on his arm. "How would you like it if we went inside and I mixed you two boys up a great big drink?"

"I'd like it better if Oscar and I went to Pueblo Bonito tonight. My brother may not be back for days, so I must go to meet him because I can't wait."

"Well for God!" said Irma. "It's six o'clock, and Oscar can't be spared and he don't know where the mine is either."

"Do you know any one who could take me?"

"Nobody lest it be Jesse Colton over beyond the Wash, who helped Alessandro build his house. Now Giulio—" she put her arm around him, "—you just stay here tonight and we'll send Jesse over for Alessandro in the morning."

"I'd like to go now, so I can bring him back with me tomorrow."

She scowled, then her face cleared and she laughed with a warm-hearted throaty gurgle. "He's crazy," she said to Oscar. "Ain't he like Alessandro, the little pet! Can't wait for nothing but must go bustlin' off somewhere with a great big idea boiling in his head." She hugged Giulio, and he yielded, knowing that if he lost command of himself he might never again see Alessandro.

"Could Oscar ask Jesse Colton to take me over there now?" he begged in a soft voice.

"Well I reckon so. Oscar is easy just like the rest of us Wurtzels. We do anything to please." She sighed as if in despair at Giulio's obstinacy. "Oscar, you run over to Jesse's and ask could he take a man down to the Canyon tonight. Say it's Alessandro's brother."

When Oscar returned in Jesse Colton's car, Giulio felt that the first step out of a terrible situation had been achieved. He was going to meet Alessandro, and the thought of movement relieved his mind and set him free to consider the various possibilities of action. Assuring Irma that he would bring Alessandro back, he got into the front seat beside Jesse Colton, and they started.

Of all the courses that lay before him, to take Alessandro home alone to Italy would be the best. There he could recover and find the reality that he sought, this outrageous dreamer and stranger to them all. Giulio looked fearfully at the still gray plain that sank into the glowing edge of day where a range of mountains stood sharp and black. Alessandro, his brother, had become one with this country which deceived and tortured and exalted, feeding the eager mind with mirage-like images of supernal glory. Alessandro was an alien, not like this grave young Jesse Colton who sat beside him; Alessandro had a fervent imagination and a golden tongue. The land laid the penalty of silence upon its children; they were devout and dreamless, guarding the gift of sanity at the doors of speech.

He asked Jesse Colton whether he

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knew anything about Alessandro's mine.

"I know where it is," he answered, "but that's all."

It was after dark when they reached the settlement at Pueblo Bonito. The city itself had long been dead, Giulio learned from the man who kept the Lodge, but was living again in history through the labor of archeologists. He was surprised to hear that there were such men in this country, or that human remains could hold any one's interest amid such vast inhumanity. That field of knowledge belonged to Rome, the Immortal, the Undying, where the buried remembrance of the past gave hope to the living and pointed the way to empire. He dwelt on this thought in the cool rustic privacy of his room, with the desert outside and the rescue of Alessandro very near, allowing himself a flight of imagination upon vigorous wings.

After supper with Jesse Colton in the big log cabin, they went over to the archeologists' camp to see about borrowing some riding clothes.

There were a dozen or so young people sitting on benches in front of the camp. Giulio felt quieted by the assuring sound of their low, casual, monosyllabic conversation. Jesse Colton introduced him to the director, a tall man with a beard, who had a scholarly voice and the appearance of an engineer. He could fix them up, yes. Alessandro had been in the settlement a week ago, during the evening——

"Could I speak to you about him?" Giulio asked, turning toward the door.

When they were inside, alone, out of earshot of the others, he paused and took a deep breath. "Has my brother Alessandro really a mine out there, Mr. Brett?" he asked.

"No," said the director, "he has not."

So much for that. "You are very kind and I have complete confidence in you, Mr. Brett." He waited, but the director's face didn't change. "We are both of us educated men and I want to ask you frankly, what is the condition of my brother? The mental condition, I mean."

The director looked serious. "I am not an alienist," he said. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I think it's the case of a man who comes from a narrow protected environment where every one lives together, and then finds himself—in this. Your brother has delusions of grandeur that are brought about by loneliness and hardship and disappointment. Frankly, he's not the kind of a man who ought to be out here, and if I were you I'd take him away as soon as possible."

Giulio bowed. "Thank you," he said. "We have use now for men of imagination in Italy."

But the director apparently didn't understand, because he walked to the door as if the conversation were over.

As he went back with Jesse Colton to the Lodge, Giulio felt more completely than ever the cold searching hostility of unpeopled space that bore down on the inner weakness of man with an absolute pressure that had no relation to right or wrong, but was natural and self-existent, overcoming prayers, exhortations, and the noble examples of the past, until the whole man as he was stood revealed.

They started early in the morning for Alessandro's mine. The horses picked their way slowly across the dry bed of a river and along a trail that led westward through yellow cliffs. There were caves in the cliffs that looked like dark mouths in a flat yellow face, and the line of the rock joined the faces together in a long winding series under a wedge of blue sky. It grew hot, hotter than Giulio had ever known it could be, with a dark numb weight that lay on the back of his neck and burned into his eyeballs with a feverish ache. They met no one, and there was nothing alive around them except flies and dainty blue lizards with painted necks and birds so far off that they didn't belong to the earth. Giulio imagined his brother toiling for years day by day on foot through this baking hell where even the crumbled rocks shone insanely with the glitter of precious stones, and the caves invited mad discovery, until the whole land became a furnace of wealth to shrivel the mind. Alessandro digging it out with his crazy pitiful hands! He could see how easy it would be for any one to go mad. It was better to think of Alessandro as he had been long ago, before the bestial print of the land had touched his face, and as he would be soon again, at home in Italy. There was time—there was always time. He closed his eyes to shut out the sight of this dazzling lifeless eternity.

In the afternoon they came to a dry valley that was scattered over with Indian huts.

"Alessandro gets his water here," Jesse Colton said.

"Is it far?"

Colton nodded at the broad flat cliff in front of them. "The water's bad," he said turning so that he sat sidewise in the saddle. He looked troubled, as if he wanted to say something more; then his hard blue eyes clouded with embarrassment and he pulled in the reins and spoke to his horse.

It was another two hours before they had crossed the valley. As the trail ascended slowly toward the flat cliff Giulio could see a scar-like trace on the north side where the trail continued. The cliff grew larger by degrees, as if it were rising toward the sun with a mysterious change of shape and color that grew luminous as they approached the black slope of the eastern side. The path emerged into sunlight and a great plain lay below them with an unnatural clearness that upset all Giulio's notions of space. The unnatural clearness terrified him. This was what Alessandro had to look upon day by day when he came out from the darkness of his mine. He prayed that he might find his brother whole in body if not in spirit, and as the words flew upward in his heart he struggled against tears.

The trail came close to the top of the cliff on the western side. A deserted house of sunburned earth stood above him, and in another moment he passed what looked like the shaft of a mine. A little further on they came to another house built between two big stones with the edge of the cliff just above the roof.

Jesse Colton got down from his horse and looked in the door.

"He's at the mine," he said. "I'll stay here."

Giulio dismounted slowly, and then stood still. It was the first sight of Alessandro that he dreaded, and the sound of his voice. Without looking at Jesse Colton he started off in the direction that he had indicated. Alessandro was his brother no matter what—he stumbled and almost fell—no matter what he might find in that dark hole beyond him.

It was just high enough for him to stand upright. Through the darkness ahead came a faint tapping sound that

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continued with a hideous industry. He walked forward, the gritty stone crumbling under his fingers on either side, until the passage turned to the right and the walls became visible forming a corridor that led to a larger space in which was a light. He could hear the rattle of earth at the end of each blow, and as he came nearer he saw the lantern on the ground, and a moving shadow and the flash of steel. Then he stood at the entrance behind a tall gray-haired man in a blue shirt and khaki trousers, who stood with his back to him, swinging a pick.

By the sidewise toss of his head Giulio recognized Alessandro.

"My brother!" he cried out in a loud voice. "It is I, your brother Giulio, who have come to embrace you."

Alessandro dropped the pick and put his arms over his head.

"For the love of God," he moaned, "why do you torment me?"

Visions. Giulio felt his scalp contract. That man whose face he had not yet seen was his brother. "Alessandro," he said, "do not be afraid because it is I, your brother Giulio, who stands before you."

"No," whispered Alessandro. Giulio caught sight of his face, the unfamiliar half-remembered features distorted into a caricature. "You come to reproach me because I have lied to you, but it is true, it is true I say, because I have said it to you every hour of the day for so many years. It is true, so why do you torment me?"

Giulio struggled to control his voice. "Alessandro, here, you can see that I am real." He held out his hand, then came closer and put his arm around his brother.

The long bent fingers touched his sleeve, then his face, with the touch of a tiny child who cannot see.

"It is impossible to believe," he sobbed.

"You must, because I have come to take you home to our father and the vineyards and pine-clad hills of Italy."

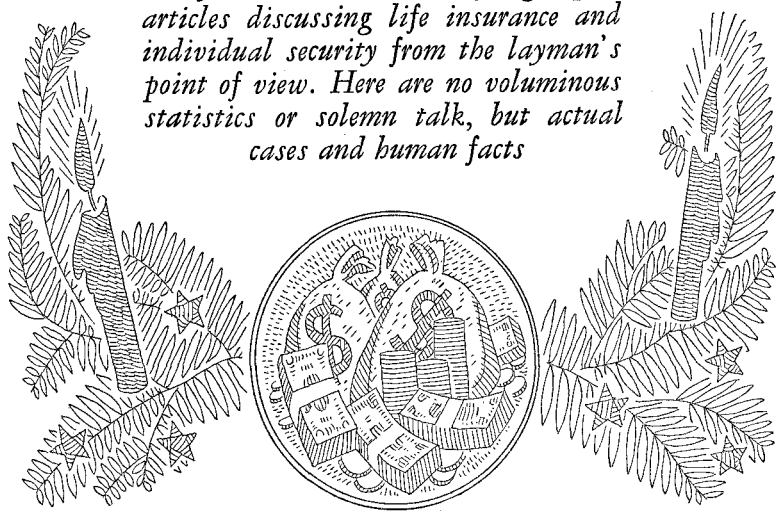
The musical intonation of the words made Alessandro look up as if he were half persuaded from his unreason by their spell. Then his tall gaunt body shook with hysterical relief as he clung to Giulio.

"Never again to see a land like this, and to go home," he cried in a pitiful voice. "Not even God in his mercy could work such a miracle!"

It's Your Money!

By O'Brien Atkinson

Where is the safest place to put your money? This is the second of a group of articles discussing life insurance and individual security from the layman's point of view. Here are no voluminous statistics or solemn talk, but actual cases and human facts



"It's your money, Blake."

"Then you don't like Invader Oil?"

"It's no investment." From that stand I refused to budge.

Blake looked me over with an air that declared me to be irritating and hopeless.

"I suppose a Treasury bond would be an investment!" The grinding of the gears in that head of his was disturbing. "Yield, 2.8 per cent. No chance to double your money. Fine if you can put in a million and draw $28,000 a year, but pathetic for the man with five thousand dollars. He gets $140. What can you do with $140 a year?"

"But he'll get his money back."

"Yes, if he lives."

"It'll come back whether he lives or not."

As a merchant, Blake was doing well. As a prospective investor, eager to flirt with speculation, he was in danger.

Few men are satisfied with genuine investment. The ordinary man is not. Nor is he competent to select a genuine investment. Why should he be? How could he be?

The ordinary man is aflame with the desire to so use his money that he may have at least the chance to make a substantial profit. In his opinion, that profit should be 30 per cent or 60 per cent rather than 2.8 per cent. Even if we credit him with a desire to invest his money safely, we shall find lurking in the shadow of that desire the willingness to take a chance.

At the same time, few men have large sums available for investment. What they can put aside comes to them a little at a time. If, then, the ordinary, healthy, vigorous young man can be offered a place to put his money, a little at a time, where the return on it *may* be as much as 2000 or 3000 per cent, where its safety is as certain as anything human can be, and where the return in any event will be both opportune and adequate, the offer should satisfy his desire for speculation and investment at one stroke.

He will find that place in life insurance. For the man who needs protection for himself, his family, or his interests, there is no better investment. By way of example, take a married man, thirty-five, who has just paid $25 or $26 a thousand for a new policy. If he happens to die within a year, the payment made by the insurance company will be a return of about 4000 per cent.

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"Yes, but who's going to die during the first year?" queried Blake. "No man can get insurance unless he's a hand-picked creature with every prospect of living on and on and on."

"But," I suggested, "they do it. Every year about seventy thousand of those picked risks give up living within twelve months."

Blake thought for a minute. "I believe I'd prefer living." He always was unreasonable. "You're cutting me off too soon."

"Not I. You might buy U. S. Steel, preferred, and die within the first year. Your choice of investments has nothing to do with that. . . . Suppose we make it twenty years. You might die within twenty years."

"That's more considerate."

"If you acted in time to get your insurance for $26 a thousand and died at the end of twenty years, your family would be paid about two and a half times as much as you put in."

"Poor arithmetic," Blake protested. "Twenty times $26 is $520."

"True. But the companies are likely to pay you a dividend now and then. I think you can rely on that to make my figures correct."

Many insurance minds hesitate to relate life insurance to speculation. Some of them avoid speaking of it as an investment. With them its primary purpose is protection, and it pursues its purpose with a sure step—sure, because the company deals with people in great groups and gears its operations to the law of averages, to the law of probabilities, and to the experience recorded in well-tried mortality tables. For the company there is no element of speculation.

But the individual stands alone. For him, life is most uncertain. And from his point of view, life insurance has three aspects—speculation, investment, protection. As a speculation, it is pre-eminent. It may show a fabulous profit. On the other hand, it should never show a loss unless the buyer withdraws before the initial costs have been defrayed. On the investment side, the return is all that may be expected with so high a degree of safety. It is close to the return on gilt-edged securities. As protection, insurance cannot serve without compensation, but the compensation has been reduced to a minimum.

Apart from life insurance, the ordinary man's struggle to find profitable investments usually fails. The fact doesn't come out because men don't rush to the housetops to proclaim their failures. They prefer to speak of the ventures that went well. But, to settle Blake's mind, I cited some attempts of which I had firsthand knowledge.

Haigh Andrews, New Yorker, had had a long experience as a credit man. Shortly before the World War, he came into some money, about $50,000. He conferred with his bank, took on some good stocks and bonds, and did rather well. During the war, he bought $10,000 of Liberty bonds. They would surely be good. But instead of going up, they went down, and he finally sold them at a loss. In 1920, feeling the need of the best advice he could get, he subscribed for the service of an advisory staff set up by a leading financial journal of New York City. The fee for the service was $1000 a year. The depression of 1921 was then beginning to be felt, and the opportunity to make money by selling short was extraordinary. The advisory staff, however, was no brighter than the other people of that day. It advised purchases. One particularly disastrous piece of advice urged the purchase of Aztec Petroleum, "all you can get," on the ground that the stock was being cornered. But that advice came at a time when Andrews had begun to doubt the shrewdness of the staff, and he bought the stock in a very mild way. . . . There was no corner. . . . Within a year, the advisory staff quietly passed out of existence and left Andrews with some heavy losses.

Next, Rodney Stone, a seasoned man of the world whose investment fund had been eaten into on more than one occasion. Early in 1929, he had several thousand dollars that might be set to work. This time he would be careful; he would consult his bank, one of the largest in the country. The bond department of the bank recommended the debenture bonds of a new office building on Fifth Avenue, in New York City. The bank itself, through its affiliate, held part of the issue and regarded it favorably. The only prior lien was the first mortgage.

Stone walked by the building now and then and observed that it was not well occupied. The bank, however, assured him that it was 65 per cent rented, and that a 55 per cent rental would take care of all charges. A week or so later, news came that the mortgage was in default and foreclosure was under way. The debentures were a total loss.

Reed & Thomas, publishers, had built up a surplus of $75,000, which they held in Liberty bonds. When the crash occurred in October of 1929, and stocks reached unbelievable lows, it seemed obvious that the conversion of the bonds into well-selected, dividend-paying common stocks would be a profitable move, and the move was made. But the market continued to drop until the firm discovered that their investment was only $20,000. It has since recovered somewhat, but even now the loss is $22,500.

The most striking illustration of the waywardness of investments had to do with real estate, and it began with a first flight that was extremely profitable. The principals in a successful service corporation had a joint savings account, at 3 per cent, in which they had deposited $10,000. But compounding at 3 per cent is a slow process, so they looked about for an investment that would move faster. The $10,000 was used to finance the purchase of a tract of land costing $40,000, which was subdivided and sold, and which left them at the end of two years with $250,000. So far, they had done well.

The next step was the purchase of a tract, desirable in itself but farther removed from the city. The price was $1,000,000. This time, unfortunately, the judgment of my friends was not so good. The land was subdivided, but the lots could not be sold. Meantime, the interest on the mortgage was piling up; the carrying charges finally became insupportable; and the property was turned back to the original owners. Net loss, $250,000.

On the other hand, I recall a maneuver of an acquaintance of mine who began his life insurance experience with a policy for $2,000 in 1895. He added more from time to time—the last addition, $5,000, in 1927—until he had $29,500. Last year he became curious to know how much money his family would receive if he were to die, and he wrote the four companies interested asking them what their policies would pay. From their answers it ap-

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peared that his family would receive, not $29,500, but $33,108.

On four different occasions he had found it desirable to borrow on his insurance rather heavily. Each time he had repaid the loan. His view of that matter was simple and sensible. "I have here," he would say to me, "an opportunity to save 6 per cent interest by paying back what I've borrowed, and I don't know of any other absolutely safe investment that will pay more than 3 per cent."

Another use to which he is now putting his investment is this: A few years back, he developed an ailment that made him uninsurable. His income was good, and he would have been glad to increase his insurance if he could. Then he recalled that his later policies gave him the right, no matter how poor his health might be, to purchase more insurance with his dividends. He is exercising that right to the full—keenly conscious that no other investment earnings could have been used for that purpose.

How much money has he put into his insurance? I asked him; and a few days later he told me—$15,818. But against that, he has had protection that kept pace with the growth of his family, and he now has a cash value in his insurance of $15,026, a reserve which he insists he would not have accumulated in any other way.

Another case. Not long ago, a plane rose from the waters of a small river in Alaska. Then there was a hush, a plunge downward, and silence. One of the world's foremost pilots was dead, and beside him his friend, whose kindly humor and homely philosophy had made him dear to all America.

Three weeks later, the papers told of a check for £50,000 delivered to Mrs. Rogers by Lloyds. In 1930, Will Rogers had insured against the hazard of the occasional flying trip. The premium was £2,000 a year. For six years, his premiums would have been £12,000. The company paid back, therefore, more than four times as much as he paid in.

A great deal of gratuitous censure has been levelled at the imprudent investor. Much time has been given to the writing of books that would teach him how to invest. But the folly of the thing lies in the supposition that he has the time and energy to do what his critics would require of him.

Investing is a business that calls for special training and complete devotion. It demands the play of enough capital to defray the cost of that training and devotion, and to leave over and above that cost a satisfactory return. An insurance company can meet those requirements. The ordinary individual cannot.

The individual, when he goes into insurance, can and should consider the standing of the companies to which he commits himself. But, after that has been done, no investment offers him greater safety than life insurance or requires less care. The value of the investment is stable. It is specially favored by the taxing power. Many of our states have put it beyond the reach of creditors. The investor is allowed to put his money in a little at a time. The undertaking may run for a limited time or for a lifetime. If an emergency forces the investor to borrow, his insurance will provide the money and supply the security.

How did life insurance come through the depression? So well as to engender and justify increasing confidence. In every year of the depression, the income of the legal reserve companies of the United States was greater than it had been in 1929. In each year the companies showed a gain in assets over the previous year. From the end of 1929 to the end of 1934, that gain was more than four billion dollars. During those years, the company that I know best paid more than two and a half billion dollars to policyholders and increased its cash on hand from seventeen million dollars to ninety-three million dollars.

The stage is set. For the man who needs protection, the setting is perfect. Insurance puts at his disposal an investment organization that is efficient. It will do all the work. It will assume the risk attending the investment and will guarantee definitely stated results for each succeeding year. If the actual results surpass the guaranty, as they usually do, it will give him the benefit. If the country enters a depression, and stocks and bonds and real estate depreciate, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that his insurance values are unimpaired. If death prevents him from completing his part of the undertaking, the company will complete it then and there.

"It's your money, Blake," I repeated, "and it's ready to do a splendid piece of work."

THE ROADS

By Sarah Litsey

THE roads change and none there are who remember
The old ways of their going; none there are
Whose minds flung travel over trackless miles,
Whose hands broke boughs to mark the march of roads
Into a country they had never known.
The roads change and are gone and again are earth,
Green with her everlastingness and men
Who built their breath into each aching mile,
Whose bodies swung above the shattering rock,
Their backs sweat-gleaming and their shoulders curved
To that day's toil—they too again are earth—
The thing they were, one with the thing they made,
Turned under by the patient plow of time.
The roads change and none there are who remember;
And they who built them have become as moonlight
Over a vanished land—and their labor vanished!

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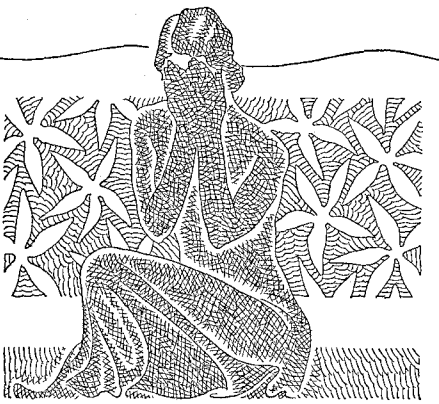
Gentlefolk

A STORY

By Grace Flandrau



WHEN anything went a little wrong or even a great deal wrong, Mollie Etheridge lifted up her chin and smiled—not the Delafield but the Van Alstyne smile—her Mother's smile. She was not unconscious of this gesture, she was indeed rather proud of it. Moreover, it belonged to a time past, to things understood and pleasant to believe in. It was quite a support.

Not that anything was really wrong today—of course there was Norah, but then she was not worth worrying about, *definitely* not worth it. It was perfectly easy, indeed necessary, to put small unpleasantnesses out of one's mind. Especially on a lovely morning like this. Morning was the time to be cheerful, to preside pleasantly over one's breakfast table.

The sun was very bright in the dining room. It was very bright in the Waterford glass in the cabinet, in her great grandmother's silver coffee urn that stood before her; very bright indeed on Robert's bald head. She hadn't noticed how very bald his head had become, with knobs and a ridge along the middle! It was all she could see of Robert above the newspaper, that and his clean freckled hand that grasped the paper, with the little bunches of red hair on the back of each finger. She looked away from Robert saying to herself, Norah—I simply won't think of her. Coffee boiled to death, toast burned again, and last night the meat (rolled roast, two ninety-five—cheaper at the cash and carry but then there would be the gasoline)—that nice roast dried to a crisp.

An impulse rose in her to burst out to Robert about Norah, but she suppressed it at once. A woman should never, her mother had always said, complain to her husband about her cook. A man had his own responsibilities, domestic servants were the wife's affair. She smiled.

"Going to be very busy today, dear?"

He put the paper down at once. "Well—" he shook his head a little, "of course I'd like to be a whole lot busier."

There was an infinitesimal pause—each, she knew, seeking a change of subject. She wouldn't speak of the children because that brought up the subject of private schools; or of the weather because right away there would be the question of coal, or of— But he had thought of something:

"By the way, Mollie, that book of Faulkner's——"

—And certainly I won't speak of the roof—although I will have to say something about it *sometime*.

"Do you know where it is?"

"What?"

"That book of——"

"Oh, yes, dear, I hid it on account of the children." The trouble was the man said it couldn't be patched. It would have to be entirely reshingled.

"I want to leave it for little Mrs. Price, although I really don't think——"

All at once her mind came back to what he was saying. Little Mrs. Price—their new neighbor. Bob—so big in his overcoat that never looked new—that never was new—leaving a novel for little Mrs. Price—a borrowed biography for old Mrs. Earle "—just passing them along." Bob so kind, coming out of the houses of his friends, getting into his old car, pleased with his visit, his big words—polite old-fashioned neighbor phrases.

"Do you?"

"What, Bob?"

"Think that a charming little woman like Mrs. Price would care——"

She could scarcely restrain a movement of exasperation. Oh, drop Mrs. Price! Who cares what she likes? And what she had not intended to say rose to her lips: "Bob, that roof, I don't know how we can put it off much longer—doing something, I mean. We just must."

Suddenly his face was different, and the look that came to it made her want to break off, to take back what she had said. It put in her heart a small breathless pain. It isn't good to see defeat; is isn't good to see something come through (quick and then gone, the merest flash, and yet unforgettable, eternal)—something a man has hidden, has denied, has covered up even from himself—something that is worse than fear, more final than doubt, some certainty, broken, eternally humbled. No, no—she caught herself up—this was one of the things one didn't see, one did not accept. And to give it no time, to blot it out, to kill it with words she hurried on with what she had not wanted to say, about the roof: "You

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know, Bob, it's in awful shape and when winter comes——"

He grasped at this. "If winter comes —eh, Mollie." He smiled, pleased at his quickness, "Can spring be——"

It went through her, through the very pit of her stomach. As if, along with all her other thoughts she'd known too, he'd say just that. And in that same instant she saw how long his upper lip had grown—long and curved like a mule's. No, no, *not* like a mule's—and besides, he's just trying to be cheerful, trying not to talk about the roof. She must be calmer—a kind of confusion seemed to have come among all her thoughts. She said to herself calmly, well, it's only the roof, never mind about the roof. (But why did shingling have to be so expensive? Why did it cost so much?)

Better to forget it too, because something might come up about the private schools. Much as he hated to speak about money sometimes Bob would begin: Yes, my dear, but if we could only—Or: Don't you think, darling, we might—But would be able to go no further, knowing that she knew what he meant, leaving it to her.

What he meant was that they ought to give up sending the children to private schools, that they ought to move into a cheaper neighborhood. But so intense was her will upon these matters that it was as if that alone had prevailed over circumstance—had made it possible to carry on. I won't, I won't—her very body stiffened with her thought. A public school—a different neighborhood—separated entirely from young people of their own class, from the children of the people she had always known, among whom she belonged—mixed up with foreigners, with negroes—never! Maybe the roof would last till spring, and if necessary she could do the cooking herself. In the meantime she was lucky to have even Norah. What if Norah was impertinent—*I* at least am polite. She was always polite—her mother had warned her—one must never lose one's temper with the lower classes. It was Norah who lost her temper and, difficult as that was to bear at the time, it was a satisfaction afterwards to know that she herself had not committed an error of taste. But it was hard in view of the fact that Norah couldn't cook, and was always in the wrong. Of course when they could cook they cost a good deal more and Norah did look well in her uniform. She made a good appearance and that was *so* important.

The children clattered down the stairs, noisily took their seats. Little Bob was already complaining:

"Oatmeal again? Gosh, mother, can't we ever have cornflakes?"

"I want cornflakes too," Edith began. Her face was sullen and there were traces of tears on her cheeks. "I want cornflakes if Bob has them. He thinks he can have everything. He——"

"Edith, please, darling. Is this a pleasant morning temper?"

"I don't care, he took my pencils. He——"

"Aw, shut up, Edsie, I gave them back, didn't I?"

"You broke the points, you took my——"

"Please, children, that's enough." She brought back her smile, lifting her chin again. She was wondering too, at the quality of the children's voices—it was so harsh and nasal, they bore down so hard upon the r's. Not in the least the way the Delafields had always spoken. And the way they behaved—it was unaccountable. "You know, children, what your Grandfather Delafield used to say about manners."

"Aw, Mother, nerts on Grandpa Delafield."

Robert put down his paper. "What's the idea, son? Your Grandfather Delafield was the prominent man of this city, of the state, thirty years ago."

"Well, he isn't now. Say listen, Dad, are we ever going to get a decent car? You ought to see the car the Borglunds just got."

Edith left the table without eating her oatmeal. She was always in a hurry to walk to school with Minnie Moeller.

"Be sure to wear your coat, dear, it's getting a little colder."

"I won't. My coat's a sight—I won't wear it." Edith saw her chance. "If I can't have some new clothes, Mother I won't go to school."

"Edsie—" she made her voice gently firm, "you shouldn't talk like that. You should remember this is a hard time for everybody."

"It isn't for some people, it isn't for the Moellers. You ought to see how Minnie Moeller dresses, you ought to see Mrs. Moeller when she comes to school in her limousine."

"Look here, young lady," Robert spoke up from behind his paper, "if your mother sent you to public school where you belong you wouldn't see all these fine clothes."

"I wouldn't go to public school," she shouted.

"You would if your mother told you to."

"I wouldn't, I wouldn't, I don't care what she says." She burst into tears—any reference lately to her mother's authority threw her into a tantrum. Well, she was reaching a bad age, an age where everything was bound to be difficult. And yet—there seemed to be more than that, both children, so discontented. She couldn't understand, she couldn't see where they got it—so different from everything they saw at home.

Bobby was complaining to his father about his football suit. He said if he made the team he'd have to have a new one. They started out, Bobby's voice loud and truculent. But suddenly the little boy turned and ran back to her.

"Good-bye, Mums." He put his arms around her neck, held his face up briefly to be kissed.

It was hard to let him go. She ached to hold him, to lose herself in this precious contact, to feel inside her arms the small body so thin and arrow-straight in its little suit of shabby serge. My son, my son—the words said themselves passionately inside her heart. And the sense of race and family and tradition rose strong and bitter in her. He must not be different, he must be what the Delafields had always been, have what they had always had. People said that outward things didn't matter—but they did, they did! You looked around you and you saw they did. Didn't they? I don't know, I don't know. . . .

She put her hand to her forehead and after a moment rose from the table and went slowly up the stairs, thinking about the ordering. Lamb for tonight, maybe, a good stew. But I'll go down. . . .

The house was very quiet now and it was pleasant and full of sunshine. In her bedroom she went to the window and looked out. The leaves were falling and lay like bright flowers scattered on the green, green grass—too green for this time of year. (Autumn—another autumn!) The salvia along the house

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next door burned with a brilliant somber red—hateful, she thought. There were the beds to be made, the rooms to put in order, but still she stood looking out at the autumn gold and red and the blue sky above the blowing trees. She didn't know how long it was she stood there. It was as if the stillness, the bright quiet of the scene put a spell upon her—she became without thought, emptied. Gradually she slipped into a kind of revery and all at once it was no longer now and here but another autumn, long ago. She was in her white dress, billowing and light as a bird's feathers. There was the smell of roses, sweet and expensive, and of violets, and of coffee and hot candles and white kid gloves. There were the lights dimmed with miles of smilax, an orchestra playing behind banked chrysanthemums and outside in the cool November evening, the steady stream of vehicles reaching for blocks and blocks, bringing all Columbia to the coming out reception of Mollie Delafield.

All of Columbia, for the Delafields, like royalty, didn't have to confine themselves to the merely fashionable. They did of course, keep one manner for the "people one knew," and another for the people one did not—slightly more gracious for those one didn't, but holding them, too, at just the proper distance. Everything so ordered then, so understood, all the pleasant certainties of position, all the phrases of the time—so meaningful, so safe:—good birth, good breeding, right-mindedness, public spirit, gentlefolk.

Good birth, yes, and the Delafields so sure of it, ancestry a part of everything, even to mouths and chins and mental traits that were always identified that way—Jean has the Delafield eyes, Mollie has the Van Alstyne smile, Peter has the Winthrop brains.

Public spirit—yes! Her father—presiding at all the banquets, running all the drives, heading all the committees. Her father, courtly, patriarchal, repeating the phrase he loved so much—*privilege of giving*. "Not the duty, my friends, but the *privilege* of giving." And had availed himself so freely of the privilege that when he died he left them nothing at all, nothing but a public park, a hospital, a new wing to the library, a home for fallen women.

Right-mindedness—yes! Robert Etheridge—not bald then, plenty of red gold hair then, young Robert Etheridge of the Philadelphia Etheridges. Nice Robert Etheridge—who couldn't bear to talk about money, who hadn't the faintest idea how to make it or even to hold onto what he had. Who had lost his money and his hair and his youth—everything but his right-mindedness, his kind heart, his love of clichés that weren't funny——

Etheridges—Delafields, yes. Good breeding—public spirit—yes! Privilege of giving—yes, yes, yes! A strange excitement gathered along her veins, unheard of, never felt before. Privilege to give everything away and live in a roofless house, wear shabby clothes, drive an old car. "Mother, don't let Father drive out to the game. When they see that old car the kids laugh." "Mother, why don't you dress like Mrs. Moeller?" (Gert Shaler that was—daughter of the crookedest boss that ever robbed the city.) "Mother, you ought to see the Werleins' house, you ought to see the Werleins' butler." (Sadie Werlein—Sadie Jones that was, divorced by her first husband for her drinking and her lovers, Sadie Werlein now, with her chef, her butler, her town cars and her country houses and people fighting for her invitations . . . *And who invites us now? Who remembers us?*)

Suddenly she raised her head and looked into her own face in the mirror between the windows. Looked at her face in the bright morning light and saw all that it had become, and that smile—that smile pinned to her lips with thorns. Pinned there by her mother's voice, her mother's time—smile that was a mask grown fast. And under it her face—my face—as if she had not seen it before, wrinkled and aging and pale; chin too sharp, eyes sharp now and ugly, set out now, too far; my yellow hair gray at the temples. Hideous now, she cried, and old. Middle-aged and shabby and poor and hanging onto a lot of idiotic notions. I'm through. Our children ashamed of us and of everything we have. Good blood, good birth, right mindedness—I'm through. Let the children go to public school, let's live in the slums. Who cares? I'm through. To hell with everything, to hell, to hell, to hell. . . .

She was running, she ran through the room and down the long hall, stamping with her feet, her hand pressed against her breast. She ran down the stairs and heard her feet clatter on the hard wood steps. And when she heard that, in spite of everything, she thought: I must be careful of the servants—using the plural unthinkingly, from childhood.

Before she got quite down she was no longer running, and at the bottom she stopped. She stood there for quite a while. She noticed her hands pressed to her breast and took them away, letting them drop to her side. She stood there like a person slowly waking from a dream. Already she could not quite see what it was she had felt. Well, she said, after several moments, feeling a little embarrassed, a little ashamed. I made quite a scene, didn't I? Mercy! And what about? Pain stirred again, and beyond it . . . *some other thing . . . some other way, greater, immeasurably . . . if you let go, if your will relaxed, your grip . . . some other thing if you could only see, wide as the world, as all the people in the world . . . wide as the whole world. . . .*

Knowing brief as a heartbeat, then gone. She put up her hand (strong hand made to grasp) and tidied her hair. There was left in her mind only a vague argument; well God, yes, she had been taught about God, nothing else. And she'd known for a long time God did not help, at least He did not help her.

Absently she walked into the parlor. She stood at the window but her eyes did not see anything. Suddenly she remembered, it was the day for her letters—letters to the Eastern relatives. She was very careful about that, so that when Edith went East to boarding school and Bobby to Harvard, they would be well received by the Winthrops in Cambridge and the Van Alstynes in New York.

To Cousin Abigail, she thought, taking up her pen—on her lips the faint determined pleasantness that was the Van Alstyne smile.

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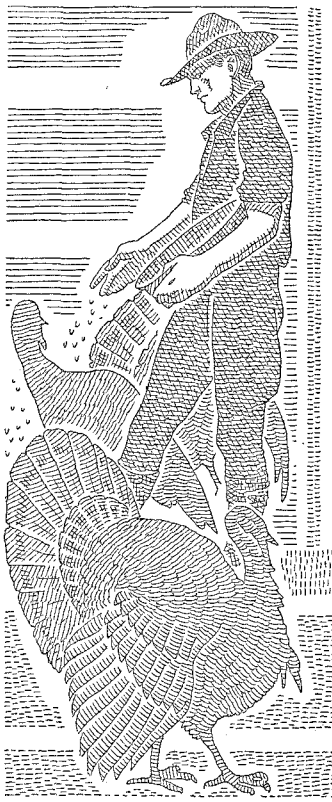
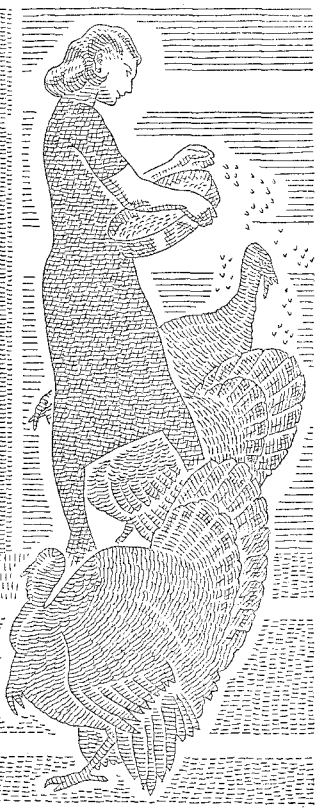
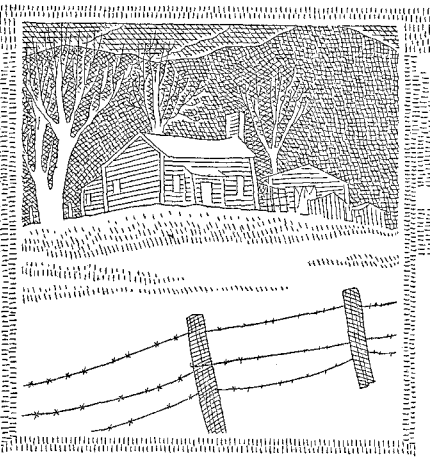
Turkeys for Christmas

By Virginia Black

The experiences of a young rancher's wife who with humor and courage undertook to raise a flock of the exasperating birds. Now you will know where your Christmas turkeys come from and how they are raised.







PEOPLE are trying to make money in strange ways nowadays, stranger than my way, perhaps. Yet to me, born and brought up in town, my way is strange enough. I raise turkeys.

Jim and I were just out of college, just married, and wondering if there were any jobs left in the world when Jim heard that his Uncle Appleby had lost the tenants on his little sheep ranch in California. It seemed a marvellous coincidence, but Uncle Appleby wasn't keen on letting us rent the ranch. No experience. But we argued him into it, signed a three-year lease, borrowed enough money from the bank to make a start, put all our possessions in the back of a second-hand Ford, and drove the intervening 2000 miles to our new home.

The last ten miles was straight up, with the Ford in low gear and hissing steam, and with me getting out to open and shut the eleven gates that barred the road, gates of the sort the natives call "drag and carry." We saw not a soul on the entire grade, and passed only one house, a forlorn ramshackle cabin which we knew was inhabited only because the sagging little porch was adorned with rows of begonias growing splendidly in rusty cans, and because of the large flock of turkeys that were in possession of the unkempt yard and weed-grown corrals.

It was November, there had been a good deal of rain, and three times we were stuck in vast mud holes from which we extricated ourselves only after we had laboriously filled them with rocks and gravel carried in our naked hands. It was late when we reached the crest of the ridge and plunged down into a darkening little pocket in the hills to discover Uncle Appleby's ranch, a tiny place in a wilderness of brush with a wretched weather-beaten shack, the door of which was hanging open on one hinge.

"Uncle Ap said it wasn't much of a house," said Jim in a tight voice, and banged our bags down on the stable-like floor. In the dim light we could see that the shack was filthy beyond description, entirely unfurnished, and already occupied by rats, the long slick tails of which slid out through the large holes gnawed under all the doors. Those holes were my obsession that first miserable night.

"Skunks could come in through them," I cried, "or *rattlesnakes!*"

As a matter of fact there were rattlesnakes under the shack, but of this we were in happy ignorance until they had moved away, disturbed by our activities, and we found the skins they had sloughed. But that was months later and made much less impression on us than the rat holes that first night. We were hardened mountaineers by then and Jim merely said, "And I always thought that snakes ate rats!"

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The work to be done was without end. The barn and fences were even worse than the house and much more important. Jim was worried about the sheep, too. He could count only 332, which included 26 dead. There were supposed to be 400.

"I'll have to make good every one of the four hundred to Uncle Ap," fretted Jim, "no matter whether they have walked off through this miserable fence or just died. I wonder what's the matter with them."

Something was the matter, that was evident. They were very thin, some of them limped, and I could hear them coughing and wheezing at night. Each one coughed differently, but they all coughed like people—people doomed and resigned. Jim began a correspondence with the University of California on the diseases of sheep which included the shipping of a bloody liver in a glass jar, and a final diagnosis of liver fluke for which an expensive treatment had to be given.

In the meantime when it wasn't raining we worked on the fences, putting in new posts cut from the young oak trees, and tightening the sagging wire. On rainy days we constructed rustic furniture in the barn. It warped terribly when it dried out and wasn't wonderful at any time, but we were pretty proud of it just the same.

Altogether we were so absorbed in our work that it was January before we made two shocking discoveries. The first was common knowledge in the county: *Uncle Ap's ranch had never made more than its rent out of the sheep, even in the best of times. The tenants had managed to eat only because the wives generally raised turkeys.* There were some forty or fifty of these on the ranch, roosting in the pepperwoods near the house and making an unearthly racket just at dawn. We were considered lucky in this. With the birds roosting so near there was less likelihood of the coons getting them.

The second discovery was verified in the office of the local doctor who escorted us to the door with a sardonic: "Hope it will be a boy!"

Well, we were in a mess, and we started the long drive home pretty blue. "Can't you get your uncle to lower the rent?" I suggested.

Jim made a wry face. "You don't know Uncle Ap."

We had reached the little cabin on the road—the one with the begonias on the porch and the turkeys in the yard—when I had my idea.

"Listen, Jim. I want to stop and see the woman who lives here. What's her name?"

"Wilson," said Jim. "But in God's name, why?"

"She can tell me how to raise turkeys."

Jim was furious. "No you don't. I won't have you looking like all these hags. You do too much already—look at your hands! Besides we can't afford the equipment."

"How will we pay the grocer and the doctor and the bank?"

I left him fuming in the car while I dragged open the Wilson gate and marched up the weedy lane.

Mrs. Wilson was hoeing an uninviting bed of flowers at the side of the house but stopped politely as I approached. She was a tall sad sallow woman somewhere past fifty, garbed in faded and patched coveralls across the back of which, astonishingly enough, were the words, "Rexy's Garage," in red capitals. Pulled down over her graying hair was a too tight pale blue beret, and on her feet were men's boots, laced with sacking twine. Her light expressionless gray eyes looked just past me rather than at me, and I was reminded of Jim's assertion that if he were only quick enough he could jump sidewise and land in the place she was looking at.

"Your flowers are lovely, Mrs. Wilson," I began, as sweet as possible. "How do you manage to keep them alive during the dry season?"

She looked down at her straggling rows. "I save my dish-water. And then I carry them some water from a spring back in the hills a ways."

"How do you find time with all your turkeys?"

She gave a stray weed a smart scrape with her hoe. "You can generally get time to do anything you really want."

On the broken porch railing were perched half a dozen meek homely old turkey hens languidly inspecting themselves for lice. I tried to look at them without aversion as I asked, "How many turkeys have you?"

"Only my breeding stock now—sixty hens and six toms. I got off everything else at Christmas."

I kept pumping until she warmed up a bit and led me around the house to show me her meager equipment: an ancient incubator, a home-made brooder, and a row of ramshackle pens and coops which she had constructed herself. Hinges were fashioned from bits of leather, roofs from tin cans, fences from rusty chicken wire, lapped and patched. All was deserted at this time of year while the turkeys made their own living wandering free.

I felt sickened and discouraged. One certainly couldn't make much money in this miserable way. And yet Mrs. Wilson supported her shiftless husband and two grown sons, who did nothing, gossip said, but hunt and fish. What few sheep they had ran wild, inbred, were never sheared or marked, and were only spasmodically corralled when necessity demanded a sale to the butcher. This season, she said, she had sold some six hundred birds and had cleared over a dollar twenty-five a head. "But this was a good year. Some years I don't much more'n pay for my feed. So don't be expectin' too much. You got to buy you new toms for your hens, too. Them on your place has been used two years already."

We sent for the new cocks by mail. Eight dollars apiece, they were, guaranteed. Though what that guarantee meant we hadn't the least idea. "A guarantee that they're turkeys," Jim said.

In the meantime we had to catch the old gobblers and dispose of them. And what a job that turned out to be! We rather regretted the haste with which we had torn down the crazy pens behind the house in our first frenzied days of cleaning up. We could at least have driven the turkeys into those pens to catch them. As it was Jim had to climb the long swaying trunks of the pepperwood trees where they roosted while I spotted the cocks with a flash-light. Very suspicious they were, peering fearfully at us in the unaccustomed light and taking alarm at the least unwary move and flying off into the darkness. At best we never got more than one in a night, and more often only a wrenched wrist and barked knuckles for Jim. For even when grabbed by their horny feet the frightened birds were by no means captured, and would jerk and twist so violently and flap their powerful wings so madly that Jim would often be forced to let them go to save himself a broken arm or a nasty fall.

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After having been disturbed three nights running they changed their roosts to other trees and we had the devil's own time even in finding them.

But at the end of two weeks we had all four in a coop and presented them confidently to the local butcher.

He said, "I don't buy no kind of turkeys. Who eats turkey in this burg? And if I did buy turkeys I wouldn't buy old gobs. Only hotels buy old gobs and even then they gotta be fat. Them birds is blue." Scornfully he parted the breast feathers of our handsomest tom. He was indeed somewhat blue.

"And that," remarked Jim as we sadly drove our turkeys home, "is the man we have bought all our meat from!"

We tried to fatten the gobblers on corn at $1.95 a sack, watched them fret walking back and forth looking for freedom, finally in desperation ate them ourselves before they got any thinner. But even with time out between killings four big turkeys is a lot of turkey for two people. I'm sure I'll never willingly eat another.

The new toms were not much to look at, and luckily before we turned them loose we discovered why. They had intestinal worms. We sent to the city for worm pills which I poked down their long ugly throats while Jim held them for me. At the end of this proceeding we were both covered with lice. We sent for lice powder. And then for tapeworm pills. Altogether those gobblers cost us forty-two dollars before we could present them to their harem.

"Whew!" said Jim when he balanced his check stubs.

And the hens would simply have nothing to do with their expensive new husbands. This astonished and worried me considerably. In vain did the cocks spread their tails and strut grandly among their women. The meek hens perversely walked away, apparently intent upon nothing in this world but filling their craws. In vain did the gobblers half collapse and hustle into an undignified trot to catch up, again patiently strut and wheel before the oblivious females.

"Do you suppose they're too young," I fretted.

"Oh, no," returned Jim easily, rolling himself a cigarette and regarding me with a twinkle. "The hens just aren't ready yet, that's all. They're not like people."

In time Jim was proved right. Day by day my flock grew smaller. I discovered that each solitary hen wandering by herself on the hillside had a clutch of eggs somewhere. Some were among the rocks, others in a clump of weeds, a few even casually left upon a grassy slope and rolling off down the hill. There was never an attempt at nest building. The hen simply takes a notion to a spot and lays an egg there. Sometimes you might even suspect that she has no notion formed and is caught unawares and unprepared when the great moment overtakes her. I found lone eggs in the middle of the sheep trails, among the heaps of manure under the pepperwood trees (evidently laid in sleep) and one on the shed roof! But even when she selects a spot and favors it by half a dozen eggs the hen may abandon her own potential family to keep some friend company in another nest which finally may become so popular that it will contain the eggs of three or more hens. I found six simple-minded birds crowded amiably together in the trampled grass beside the corral fence, some already setting, some still laying, their sixty or seventy eggs naturally of every age and stage of development. On the first day of hatching only five chicks broke their shells. The hens remained quietly on the nest mothering those five for twenty-four hours and then led them proudly away, leaving the rest to rot. If even one of them had been willing to relinquish her rights to those first chicks and stayed on the job a bit longer she might have hatched ten more that day or fifteen the next. But no, the maternal instinct of all six was satisfied with less than a child apiece, and they departed in a body, as friendly and impartial as ever.

After this disillusioning experience I followed Mrs. Wilson's example and collected the eggs as they were laid. This necessitated walking all over most of our fourteen hundred acres every day and exercising more tact and patience than I thought I possessed. No adventurer from Africa ever returned with more pride than I when carrying home six fresh turkey eggs.

"How will you ever get them set?" Jim asked. "We simply can't afford an incubator and brooder."

"We have to catch the hens at night after they begin to set on their nests and pen them separately in little coops. Mrs. Wilson says to make a nest in each pen by digging a shallow hole in the ground—the earth keeps the eggs just the right dampness so that the chicks can break the shells."

"And feed each hen greens and grain, I suppose," groaned Jim. "Lord, what a job! It isn't worth it, Anne. Anyway, you shouldn't be working like this. Just let the old girls go and nest to suit themselves. They'll surely hatch a few young and those few will be clear profit."

He backed up this opinion by refusing to make the pens, and not knowing women any better than most men he was quite surprised to return the next day from the range and discover me in the midst of some rather sad carpentering attempts. My pens were in exact imitation of a sort of six-room tenement affair I had seen at Mrs. Wilson's—though even crookeder and crazier than hers.

"One good kick," said Jim, "and the whole thing would fall in a heap!"

With many a haw! haw! he took it in hand and banged it into shape. Once my turkeys were penned up on their nests they were angels, sitting humbly and uncomplainingly in their cramped quarters the whole four weeks of hatching, and carefully turning over their eggs each day. Jim was so pleased with their behavior that he voluntarily made them four more tenements. The first clutch of fifteen eggs actually hatched fifteen downy chicks, which Jim and I, goggle-eyed with pride, spent hours in watching.

"Mrs. Wilson says that they must not under any circumstances ever get wet," I said. "Even a fog will wet the grass enough to drown them."

"That's swell!" said Jim. "With fogs rolling over the ridge every day or so!"

It certainly was a terrible task. In my care were soon nearly half a hundred mothers, wandering unrestricted all over the ranch, and all determined upon absolute freedom no matter what the weather. At my approach each hen would order her brood to freeze, and would herself walk about among the grasses, chirping absent-mindedly as though she hadn't a child in the world. And not a one could I see, although I was positive not a moment before that there were twelve or fourteen little shadows following her. Bits of tawny

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fluff they were, handsomely marked in brown, and almost invisible in the dried grass. Sometimes I would discover them quite under my feet, squatted unbelievably flat and motionless, fright staring from their bright black little eyes. On many days of doubtful weather I could not come in to lunch, and would arrive at the house only when darkness drove me in, too weary to cook a proper meal, or comb my hair, or think of anything coherently except how soon I might drop into the oblivion of my bed.

Young turkeys do better when not dependent entirely upon their mother's efforts in securing their food. There are many patent baby turk foods on the market, but your old-fashioned woman of the hills is apt to sniff at these and manufacture her own. Besides skimmed milk, kale, and a small amount of cracked grains, Mrs. Wilson fed onion tops laboriously forced through a food-chopper, hard-cooked eggs mashed into tempting bits with a fork, and cottage cheese, made rather firm and unseasoned. I, too, dispensed this tediously prepared ration; and the young turks grew at such a satisfying speed and developed such rapacious appetites that I could not afford to feed them long and had to let them shift for themselves upon the range where, alas, their number was rapidly diminished by hawks, eagles, and "varmints." When about half grown the chicks became very scraggy, their ragged plumage now a dark nondescript color and matted with the sticky juice of the tar weed. This juice, especially thick and black on their heads, collected straws or stray feathers which dangled rakishly over their eyes like disreputable hats. We could not believe that these absurd little scarecrows could become large elegant shining birds by Thanksgiving.

On October first Jim said, "Did you know there is a band of about a hundred of your turkeys over on the Hendricks ranch?"

This was bad news. The Hendricks ranch is four miles from ours. If the turkeys were allowed to remain there they might wander ten miles further by market time, or even be annexed by some thrifty neighbor and sold to a turkey peddler. There was nothing to do but saddle our horses and go after them. Young range turkeys are very shy, and their mothers are suspicious for them. At the least fright these would take off like airplanes and fly into the canyon a mile below. It took the whole day and great patience to get them home, circling slowly behind and carefully avoiding any movement that would startle them. At the ranch house we threw them a little corn which the hens immediately gobbled up—the young ones would not come near but stood off yapping shrilly and stretching their necks at us.

All the following day they lay around in the dust of the corrals resting themselves after their journey. We doled out corn to them and congratulated ourselves—too soon. The next morning they were nowhere on our range and we had another tiresome trip to the Hendricks ranch. This performance we repeated eight times before we finally got those turkeys to remain at home more than one day at a time. "Damnation take them!" roared Jim, the morning of the fifth trip. "I haven't time for this. We'll take the dogs today and fetch them home in a hurry."

But the dogs only made matters worse. Well trained as they were for sheep they would not go slowly enough for turkeys. In alarm the birds took to the trees and we had to come home without them. For nothing can get a frightened turkey out of a tree short of shooting him or cutting down the tree. Tempt him with corn in vain. Yell and curse. Hit him with rocks and cans. He merely eyes you, drops dung, and pipes his disconsolate cry. If badly scared he may remain there two or three days, his strong gray toes clamped tightly about a small limb. Hurricanes may blow, lashing the branches like whips. Rain and hail may soak his feathers and chill him to the bone. The sun may blaze down fiercely until the obstinate fowl gasps with thirst. Yet he will remain as firmly fixed to his branch as if he had grown there, sleeping in the darkness, waking in the light, until he makes up his feeble mind to unclamp his toes and descend.

But when the young turkeys were definitely broken of straying we could not keep them at a distance. Feeding was our only method of holding them, and we naturally had to include all our turkeys in order to feed those that had strayed. The young ones had now learned to eat corn and loved it. Furthermore they loved it just at daylight when they flew flapping down from the pepperwoods. They gave their discordant cries as they flew—a warning to us humans snug in bed. We tried not to heed, burrowing deeper into our blankets. They allowed us fifteen minutes grace, fluffing their feathers and shaking themselves awake; and then they advanced upon the house, complaining shrilly. No sleep for us now, but still we hugged our pillows. They stalked up and down outside the yard, their cries becoming harsher and louder. Knowing exactly where we were and just what means it would take to get us up they next flapped noisily up on the fence, the hens squawking incessantly, the cocks gobbling in angry determination. The cries were now intolerable, drowning all other sound—more like four thousand turkeys than four hundred.

We rose on our elbows and blinked at them. They perched in an ugly row on the fence, craning their necks, staring right in at us, first with one eye, then with the other.

"To hell with them!" said Jim, and lay back on his pillow. He gave a mighty yawn and closed his eyes. "Let 'em squawk!"

I too lay back. I too tried to let 'em squawk. But my effort was a counterfeit of Jim's. I knew that he could not be asleep in such a racket, but he was in a state of rest and apparently indifferent. I was neither. In exasperated capitulation I crawled out of bed and went to the woodshed for a bucket of corn. After all, that was easier than a trip to the Hendricks ranch. In two minutes the turkeys had finished their grain and were trailing away over the hills, half running, intent now on a meat course of grasshoppers.

Blessed silence again, broken only by the sweet chirpings of the linnets in the Osage orange and the tinkle of a distant sheep bell. The air was crisp with the fog that filled the valley below—a pale downy sea. Behind the hills to the east grew a faint color of pink. It was a morning made for sleep. Why not go back to sleep then? Try it! Get up in wrath and feed four hundred turkeys and then try to sleep again!

Three weeks before Thanksgiving we bought a ton of corn to fatten them, filling their troughs with corn and keeping them full. Keeping feed before them was a superior arrangement. The turkeys liked it and so did we; and no longer did they yap us out of bed in the

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morning. But a frightening amount of corn was consumed. It was evident that a ton was just a beginning.

About this time the grapes on our arbor began to ripen. They were the only fruit we had and the sole decoration of the bare ranch yard. Jim had pruned and cultivated and fertilized them with especial care—you learn to prize fresh fruit when you are miles away from markets and orchards. One day as I paused to admire the heavy purpling clusters, there came overhead in the thick leaves a sudden rustle and the startled croak of a turkey. I ran from under the arbor and looked back. A turkey was up there, all right, her long neck stretched to peer at me, her ugly big feet trampling a bunch of grapes. Infuriated I stooped to pick up a stone, but she was too quick. With loud triumphant cries she took off and landed some three hundred yards away down the hill. I threw my futile stone and shook my fist after her, but she gave no backward look. Already she was just a meek old turkey hen, innocently looking for grasshoppers.

The next morning we were startled from sleep by heavy thuds on the roof. I sat up in terror. If elephants were rolling logs up there they might make such a noise.

"What the devil!" cried Jim. He jumped out of bed, bleary-eyed, and grabbed his rifle, stuffing it with cartridges. The sounds had increased in number, and above the noise we could hear the cries of turkeys. Jim went out warily and I peeped after him through the window. I saw him glance at the roof and then run around toward the arbor, shouting, "It's the damned turkeys. They're after the grapes."

"Hooshaw, you sons-uh-bitchen buzzards!" I heard him screaming, and then his gun roared once, twice, six times!

I rushed after him. "Don't shoot them!" I wailed.

"I'm not shooting them, but I'd like to! Get off of there, you pot-gutted, jug-bellied pin-heads! You leather-necked, gangly-legged bastards!"

Jim used up all his spleen that first morning. The next morning it was I who leaped up when the racket began and my beautiful grapes were in danger. I tried to yell like Jim. I threw rocks. I banged the arbor with my broom in order to get off the last, boldest, and most persistent of the marauders. Sadly then I surveyed the wreckage—the mangled fruit, the tattered leaves, the broken branches, the heaps of dung, the stray feathers. A dozen or more bunches lay on the ground, broken and scattered by their fall. And I had come as quickly as I could without stopping even for bathrobe or slippers. It was no use. Never could I save my grapes, however diligent I might be. But I was resolved that those filthy birds should not wake me every morning while they gorged themselves. I would get the misery over all at once. I carried out a stepladder and a carving knife and completed the destruction. Slash! Slash! One by one the heavy clusters fell to the ground, grapes splattering and rolling all over the yard. I was tidily raking up the last of the mess when Jim appeared. "Are you crazy?" he cried.

Suddenly very sorry for myself I wept.

Jim patted me, "It's a damned shame. What do you say that we sell the whole lot of them at Thanksgiving—gobs, mamas, and all."

I recovered sufficiently to consider this while I pried squashed grapes from between my toes. In spite of everything that I thought of the beastly birds I knew that they were worth more than a whole vineyard.

"Nope," I said, "I'm raising turkeys." And we went into the house for coffee and scrambled eggs.

It was time to make inquiries about a market for my birds.

"Don't sell to the peddlers," warned Mrs. Wilson. "It's the easiest way, of course, because they bring their trucks right to your ranch and take the birds alive—thin and fat, young and old. But they don't pay you nothing. Pick 'em yourself and send them direct to a San Francisco commission house. I'll show you how to scrub their feet and wrap their heads in paper—it's quite a trick to make them look neat."

"Why do you wrap their heads?"

Mrs. Wilson smiled grimly. "A turkey ain't none too pretty when he's alive even. But when he's dead—well, he looks better to a buyer when his head's covered, that's all."

We got three men to do our picking. Jim had his hands full catching and sorting in the new wire cage we had built; and I found that I had no heart for any of the proceeding. Even helping to drive in the ugly trouble-making pests gave me some foolish qualms. Uncannily they seemed to sense that their day of doom had arrived and flew from their roosts in the pepperwoods directly to the barn ridge-pole and sat there croaking dismally—something they certainly had never done before. In vain did I coax them, calling, "Turk! Turk!" and pretending to throw down handfuls of corn. (You daren't feed them just before killing—they must have a twelve hour "gant" as the butchers say.) The impatient pickers finally retired to their battered flivver and consoled themselves with hand-rolled cigarettes while waiting two hours for the capricious birds to come down.

That night when all the strange confusion and slaughter of the day was over I ventured into the barn where the turkeys were hanging to chill in the cold November air. They were in splendid shape, and their plump creamy yellow bodies made a pleasant color contrast with the frill of soft black feathers left to adorn their necks. I tried not to look at their heads, still unwrapped and hanging stiffly downwards. Holding up my lantern to inspect each bird I walked up and down the racks counting, "one hundred five, one hundred six, one hundred s— *ah-h! One hundred seven's head was not hanging down! It was curved upwards and its eyes were staring at me solemnly and silently and horribly!* With a cry I dropped the lantern and ran.

"That happens sometimes," said Jim soothingly. "The picker stuns the birds with a blow and then brain-stabs them. He forgot to do the latter in this case, that's all. In the old days before they had regulations poultry was often picked alive—it's much easier—and the birds'd be running all over the picking pen without a feather on them. Now don't you worry about this turk—I'll go right over to the barn and attend to him."

Jim and I decided to trust neither peddler nor commission man. We filled the delivery body of our Ford with straw, covered it with clean sheets, and stacked in the turkeys in rows. In this way we could carry them all in one load. We calculated the gasoline to cost a good deal less than expressage and we'd get a trip to the city besides. We

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started at four o'clock in the morning and drove directly to the best fowl-and-fish shop in San Francisco. The buyer there seemed bored with the very idea of turkeys.

"The market has blown up, you know," he said, not even looking at us. "All I can give you is nineteen cents."

But when he inspected our birds he came up to twenty-one. "I can place that class of birds with special customers," he explained. "My God, you ought to see some of the stuff brought in here."

He became very friendly, leaning against our truck in the narrow alley and having a cigarette with us. "Just this morning a woman and three starved kids came in from God knows where up on the coast—drove all night. Her turkeys were skinny and covered with pin-feathers and the best of them couldn't have weighed more than ten pounds." He blew a cloud of smoke through his nose. "I couldn't take them, of course, and she went off mad—and sick looking." He sighed. "She won't be able to sell them. Christ, we've dumped better birds in the bay."

"Will the price go up during the holidays?"

"Lord, no. It does sometimes, but not this year. Over-production. Too many birds in storage from last Christmas. Ten cents wouldn't surprise me. But even ten cents will bring these women more than their old men make on sheep. *And the wife gets the turkey money, you know.*" He laughed and winked at Jim, and I was reminded of Mrs. Wilson.

And now what do the women do with this money?

Mine bought a baby, but that's exceptional. Mrs. Wilson's use of hers runs truer to form. She paid her grocer for seven months' arrears. She settled her own and her husband's feed bills. She gave each of her boys two overalls and a pair of boots. She bought five young Narragansett turkey cocks, a venture into a new breed. She subscribed to a three-years-for-a-dollar farm magazine. And she got herself a permanent. Her first. Very astonishing it was above her weatherbeaten face. And very fuzzy.

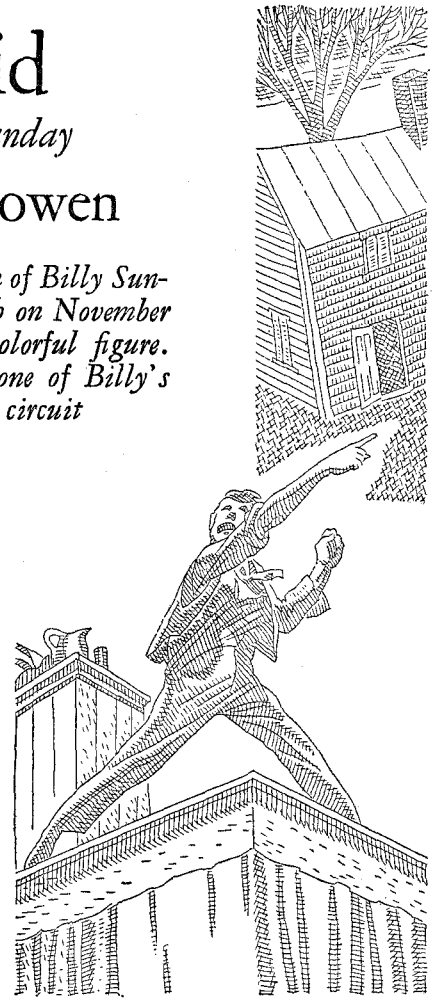
"It don't look like what I thought it would," she acknowledged, a little shy, "but then, it didn't cost me so much, either. I found a place that only charged a dollar six bits."

Still Raid

Featuring Billy Sunday

By Emmett Gowen

Prohibition and the evangelism of Billy Sunday waned together. His death on November 6 marked the passing of a colorful figure. Here is recorded an event in one of Billy's last swings around the circuit



We were silent in anticipatory excitement as we rode bumpily in the sheriff's car between the rail fences of the Benjestown Road, north of Memphis. Deputy Clark was driving, a baby-faced worker of miracles at the wheel, skidding the heavy car through mud that would have been impassable to other drivers. In the front seat with him were Solari and Lockman, each with a shotgun butted on the floor between his knees. On the back seat were Sheriff Will S. Knight, also holding a shotgun, myself, with pencil and folded sheaf of copy paper, and Billy Sunday. The evangelist seemed delightedly eager about the raid, although during most of the drive he sat looking out at the fields and woods and low hills, which were wet and mellow in February sunlight. His remarks were desultory, rattled off quickly between silences.

"The last thing Ma said to me was: 'Don't get shot, daddy.'"

Sheriff Knight laughed loudly. I scrawled his saying in a bumpy sentence on my copy paper.

"You'll be in the front line, but we won't let you get shot," Sheriff Knight said.

Skidding down a hill, the car headed for a tree, scraped it and slithered back into the road.

"I ain't afraid of getting shot," Billy Sunday said. "Just lead me to those low-down lawbreakers and I'll show you how scared *I* am! If I was afraid of anything, it would be this road."

"Trust Clark," the sheriff said. "He can take this old Lincoln where even a mule couldn't go."

Clark was grinning with pride. You could tell by the pink backs of his ears.

There was another silence in which Billy Sunday, alert and turning his head with a quick, snapping motion, watched the desolation of the scenery.

"It'll make good publicity for us both if we catch some moonshiners, eh, Sheriff?" He gripped my reportorial knee warmly.

A look of pain flitted over the sheriff's middle-aged face. He didn't like the mention of publicity. Few publicity stunters are as frank about it as Billy Sunday.

"Ah, we'll get 'em all right," the sheriff said in those tones of masterly assurance that had, probably, done a great deal toward getting him elected. "We got a sure-enough hot tip on that still. We're pret' near there, too."

We went down a hill, skidded through six inches of yellow water, sighed, rode trustfully behind Clark along the base of a barren rise. Here the car was screened on both sides by hedges of wild pawpaw bushes, their wintry skeletons waving in a sunny wind. We were getting close, now, to where the still was supposed to be. The

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shanties were far apart here, the land worn out and abandoned.

The sheriff leaned forward in the seat and planned the raid.

"If they run, they'll run down this side of the hill," he said. "Solari, you and Lockman get out and head 'em off."

Clark stopped the car and the two deputies got out. Solari had on breeches and boots and he waded into the thawed mud. Lockman turned up the cuffs of his trousers and walked carefully, using his shotgun to test the depth of the mud.

"Now be careful, boys," the sheriff told them. "Don't get your pants full of lead."

We drove on around the base of the hill, going slowly to keep the engine stealthy. Through a gap in the pawpaw bushes we could see the barn in which the still was supposed to be, a building tumble-down and desolate on the naked crest of the hill. A little distance away a stone chimney stood in the sunshine, the ivy-vined tombstone of what had been a house. Sheriff Knight had his gun pointing out of the car now. Billy Sunday was as eager as a leashed hound. He sat on the edge of the seat, his hand on the car door. The sheriff offered to lend him a pistol, but he scorned it.

"I ain't scared of no low-down moonshiner," he said.

As we rolled along watching the barn, we saw a man run out of its wide door. He sped across the crest of the hill, his running legs in silhouette against the steely blue of the sky, his black face turned over his shoulder toward us. His direction was toward where Solari and Lockman waited.

"There he is!" Billy Sunday yelled hoarsely.

Before the car stopped the preacher sprang out into the mud, the sheriff and I followed him. He flung himself at the fence and over it, and ran across the squshy ground after the Negro.

As I climbed the fence, I heard the car roar forward, and knew that Clark was going on around the hill to guard another part of its base.

When he saw us pursuing him, the Negro changed direction and ran at a right angle between the two divisions of the raiding party.

Billy Sunday led the pursuit. The ground was thawed into a soggy muckiness, hard to run on, but he sprinted over it like the athlete he had to be to perform his wild antics in the pulpit. The Negro was going faster, however.

The sheriff was winded before he got as far as the top of the hill. His mouth gaped open and his big belly, decorated with an Elk tooth, heaved up and down.

"We'll cover the barn, in case there's others in there," he said. I stayed with him.

We stood on the top of the hill and watched the Reverend William A. Sunday, hero of the Godly, messiah of millions, speed down the slope in pursuit of the badly scared Negro. We watched him hurdle over a fence, leap a ditch, charge through a briar patch.

"He sure can run," the sheriff said admiringly. "At his age, too!" Then, as a jocund afterthought: "Durn if he won't mess up them pretty spats of his, though."

The Negro was gaining. It looked, for a moment, as if he might get away. He was headed toward woods in which he could have crossed the road and lost himself.

Then we saw Clark step out in front of him.

It was all pantomime from where we watched. The Negro stopped as if he had run into an invisible wall, holding up his hands. Clark was boyish but cool and efficient, snapping on the handcuffs with one hand, poking his revolver in the Negro's belly with the other. Billy Sunday was ducking his head and turning abruptly away, as he turns away from an argument successfully stated in the pulpit. The Negro was cringing in fear, his handcuffed hands spread in supplication. The steel caught flashes of sunshine when he moved his arms.

"That Clark!" the sheriff said. "He knows every time which way a nigger will run."

We stood in the lee of the barn, in a slanting warmth of winter sun, watching them come up the hill toward us. Beyond them, beyond the woods at the foot of the hill, was the rise of the Benjestown levee, and moving beyond that the plumed twin stacks of a river boat.

As they came up, the Negro was protesting to Clark. Both he and Billy Sunday were panting. Clark was cool, his face as expressionless as a baby's.

"White folks, what you all want with me?"

"You know who was chasin' you, nigger?"

The Negro rolled his eyes at Billy Sunday. "Nassah, I don' know dat gen'mun."

"It's the Reverend Billy Sunday."

He looked at Billy Sunday with slack-jawed incredulity. He was a guileless country Negro, with a face black and simple and ageless, with a body like a boxing champion. He looked as if he doubted the sheriff's announcement. But he said:

"Den I bet y'all jes foolin' with me. Rev'un Sunday wouldn't do a po' nigger no harm."

Billy Sunday grinned at him. "Gee whiz! boy, but you can run," he said. "But I can, too. Another hundred yards and I'd have caught you!"

"Yassuh, you sho would of," the Negro said, with fearful amiability.

"Anybody else in that barn, nigger?" the sheriff asked.

"Nassuh, ain't *nothin'* in there!"

"Better be careful when you go in," the sheriff said.

"Ain't nothin' in that barn, white folks."

We went into the barn, cautiously. Clark went first, his pistol held cocked in front of him. There was nobody there. The place was soundless and tranquil, with moted sunlight slanting through cracks between the wall planks, falling in bars on the copper still. It was of fifty-gallon capacity, a big boiler out of which rose a worm-pipe that bent in cork-screw coils through a cooling barrel. Along the walls were rows of barrels, covered with hemp sacks, smelling sourly of fermenting mash.

Billy Sunday stood for a moment looking at the still. I had my copy paper ready, for I wanted his exact words at

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the sight of the still. "Gee whiz!" he said.

Then, with a wordless whoop, he pounced on half a dozen glass gallon jugs full of white whiskey, fresh from the pipe. He picked them up by the handles one at a time, and hurled them against the wall. He shouted with boyish delight in destruction at the crashes they made. Whiskey ran down the barn wall and the place reeked with the keen odor.

While this was going on two Negroes came from somewhere and looked in at the door, their black faces solemn with curiosity. In open-mouthed amazement they stared at the muzzle of Clark's pistol.

"Put 'em up!" Clark said. They seemed not to understand. "Put up your goddam hands!" he shouted. Then he apologized to Billy Sunday for swearing.

"We ain't doin' nothin', Mister Sheriff," the tall Negro said.

"Tell it to the judge," Clark said. He snapped handcuffs on them.

"We didn't know they was no still here," the tall one said.

"We sho didn't," the other said timidly, although he seemed to know in advance the futility of argument.

"We was just a-gwine cross the field to the sto'," the tall one said with dignity. He sounded convincing.

"Maybe he's telling the truth," Billy Sunday said.

"You don't know niggers, Reverend," the sheriff said. "Ain't nobody can tell lies more convincing than a nigger."

"'Fo' God, white folks, this here still ain't none of our'n."

"Shut up!" Clark said.

"I ain't asking you all to believe me. But just you all ask the white man we works for."

Clark stepped up in front of him. The look on his face made the Negro recoil. "Shut up!" he said. The Negro shut up.

Somebody found an axe and the sheriff handed it ceremoniously to Billy Sunday.

"Be careful of your clothes, Reverend," the sheriff said.

Grinning and setting his feet apart, Billy Sunday spat on his hands and began swinging the axe, breaking up the barrels. "Good exercise!" he shouted, using two furious blows to smash each barrel.

While this was going on, the sheriff took the three Negro prisoners outside and talked to them. When they came back into the barn, they were sullen, but had lost inclination to protest. Clark unlocked their handcuffs and they were put to work burning the smashed barrels. They worked with a slow rhythm, shambling in and out of the barn, throwing the staves and hoops onto the bonfire.

"It's tough on 'em," Billy Sunday said, "to make 'em burn up the results of their labor."

While the wrath of God, activated by a chosen son, was being visited on the still, Solari and Lockman came up over the hill and stood looking on.

Another sheriff's-office car came out and stopped in front of a shanty at the bottom of the hill. Clark went off and got his car where he had left it behind the woods. He parked it in the road behind the other. We helped the Negroes carry the still down to the road. We tied it, like a trophy, on the front of Clark's car.

The shanty, we discovered, was the home of the Negro who had run out of the barn. It was small, its walls of plank, roofed with new tar paper, chimneyed with a tilting length of stovepipe. A Negro woman stood in the door watching us. Behind her skirts were a small, kinky-headed boy and a smaller girl with rag-ribbons tied in her hair.

Evidently, she did not see her man, at first, for she stood impassively watching us load the still onto the bumper. Perhaps he was contriving to stay behind it, out of her sight. When she saw him, she screamed.

She ran across the yard toward us. Her husband, with a handcuff dangling from one wrist, tried to motion her back. He seemed to be afraid that if she said anything she might be arrested, too. She was a shapely and handsome black woman, and her high-heeled shoes and neat dress made you think that she had formely lived on Beale Street. She shrieked and wailed with savage and unrestrained grief. Clutching the sheriff by the sleeve, she begged him to tell her how she would keep her children from starving if they locked her husband up in the jail-house. She wept loudly, her black face glaucous with tears. The children came to the fence and peeped through the cracks. They were crying, too. A hound ran about in the yard, barking as if not knowing at what.

"Hurry up and let's get out of here," the sheriff said. He was watching the woman uneasily.

The scene seemed to trouble Billy Sunday, also. "It's a shame," he said, "that the poor nigger has to tell his family good-bye like this."

"He violated the law," the sheriff said piously.

"Wonder who'll feed 'em while he's in jail?" Billy Sunday said.

"I ain't never heard tell of a nigger starving," the sheriff said.

"Maybe their neighbors will help 'em out," Billy Sunday said, as if the thought relieved him.

"It ain't none of our still," the Negress shrieked. "It's a white man's still."

"Hush yo' mouth, honey!" her husband told her. "Hit ain't no use to holler and go on. I be back 'fo' long." He kept frowning significant looks at her, and shaking his head when he thought nobody watched him.

Clark took her by the arm and led her to the gate and urged her into the yard. He stood talking to her, while she swayed and stamped her feet. While he talked he twisted the wire used to fasten the gate. Everybody else got into the automobiles, three deputies and the prisoners in one, the sheriff and Billy Sunday and I in the Lincoln.

Clark ran suddenly from the gate. The woman tried to open it, found it wired and began climbing the fence. But before she could get over Clark had slid under the wheel and we were in motion. Looking back, we could see the woman swaying at the gate, wringing her hands, while the children pulled at her skirt, as if to lead her into the house. We rode toward town in the pearly light of an early winter sunset.

As we passed a shabby farmstead, we were hailed by an old woman who ran out across the yard.

"Want me to stop, boss?" Clark said.

"Always stop for the voters," the sheriff said with a laugh. "I know her, anyway. Ma Jones."

We came to a stop beyond the front gate. Ma Jones ran out of the gate and over the wagon-rutted mud toward us, carrying something folded in her apron.

"Y'all wait a minute," she called. She ran up to the car and swept the apron aside from a platter of sandwiches and

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wedges of cake. She held it up to Billy Sunday.

"Reverend Sunday," she said, "I seed y'all go down the road and fixed up this here fur you some refreshment."

Graciously, with hearty thanks, Billy Sunday partook of ham sandwiched in a split soda biscuit. She passed the plate to the others of us.

Billy Sunday asked how she happened to know he was in the car.

"I seen y'all when you passed by. Law, Reverend, I'd know you no matter whur I seen you at. I been goin' to hear you preach ever' time I can cetch a ride to town. . . . Now, try some of my cake."

"Gee whiz, Ma Jones," he said, "but you're a peachy cook!"

When we drove off, we left her standing in the road, a proud, proud smile on her old and weather-beaten face. She waved the empty plate until we passed around a bend in the road.

The ham was greasy, the cake vaguely bitter. When we got around the bend, Billy Sunday threw his out of the car. The sheriff ate both sandwich and cake.

It was dusk when we drove through the outskirts of town. When we reached the downtown section the street lamps were white globes under a darkening sky. The streets were crowded with people from disgorging office buildings, their curious faces turning to the sight of the still tied on the automobile. Clark drove slowly, prolonging the spectacle through town. You could hear people exclaiming, "Why, it's Billy Sunday!"

We turned into Union Street and stopped in front of the newspaper building. A crowd began forming. I ran upstairs to get the photographer. As I passed the city desk, I called out details of the story to the editor. From the four corners of the big city room the staff began converging on the front windows.

I went down with the photographer and we took the picture. The handcuffed prisoners stood with mild and subdued interest before the camera. Sheriff Knight posed hunter-wise, with his foot propped on part of the still, his shotgun held forward. The deputies held their shotguns prominently into the picture. Billy Sunday posed with his foot on a jug of whiskey that had been left unbroken for the purpose, an arm resting affectionately on Clark's shoulder.

After the picture was taken, one car took Billy Sunday to his suite in the Claridge Hotel. The other took the Negro prisoners to the county jail.

The following night in the new Memphis opera house, Billy Sunday preached the final sermon of the two-weeks revival. I was covering the revival for my paper. At the press table, beside the pulpit, we estimated that there were 10,000 faces turned up to the antics of God's Go-Getter. It was the record attendance of the revival.

He was in fine form that night. He pranced and leaped and beat the air in cyclonic gesticulation. He yelled and screamed and showered the press table with foam from his impassioned lips. He knelt and addressed God in slang. He assumed the devil to be sitting in a chair on the platform and engaged in repartee with him, asking questions in one tone, answering them for the devil in another. When his imaginary devil answered that he was here because Billy Sunday was cutting into his business, he kicked the imaginary creature out of the chair. Then he crashed the chair down on its imaginary head, smashing the chair against the floor. He ranted and strutted. He said that salvation was "like a cooling drink from a mountain stream," and got down on his belly and drank from the imaginary stream.

It was the climaxing meeting of the revival. When he asked "everybody professing Christianity" to stand up, ten thousand citizens of Memphis stood up as one.

The "free-will offering" was collected in bright tin pans on long handles, like corn poppers. The money was counted while Billy Sunday was calling the converts down "the sawdust trail," while Homer Rhodeheaver trumpeted heavy rhythms on his trombone, while Bob Matthews and Florence Kinney banged the pianos, while the choir raised a melodious thunder. By the time everybody had "hit the sawdust trail," Doctor E. E. George, chairman of the Revival Committee, was ready to announce proudly that Memphis had raised $30,000 to present to Billy Sunday.

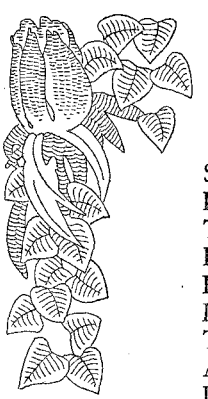
Finally, Billy Sunday shook hands with all the reporters, and thanked them for their co-operation. He clasped my hand warmly, and said:

"We had 'em out tonight, didn't we? It was that still raid that woke 'em up and brought 'em out."

The next day, when Billy Sunday had gone, I kept thinking of the three men in the county jail—the two who had looked in on the raid and the one whose wife and children had been left desolate at the gate. I asked the city editor what he thought of my interviewing them and running the story with their pictures.

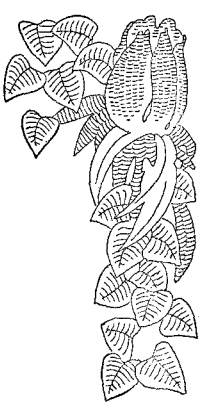
"Hell," he said, "don't you know yet that the paper has a rule against running pictures of niggers?"

I don't know what the outcome of their cases was. They were not important enough for the paper to cover them.



QUIET

By Audrey Wurdemann



Some, when dreamers choose to lie
In quiet darkness, ask them why:
The bulb, to cast its coloured shoot,
Has need of water, need of root,
Has need of earth in which to keep
Its living at the edge of sleep.
The leaf to grow, the dream to grow
An eager spike beneath the snow
Under the heaviness of earth
Requires this quiet to come to birth,
Requires this dark, requires this strength
Engendered from the earth at length
To make a coloured cup of sun,
To change these colours into one,
To seal the cup when that is done.

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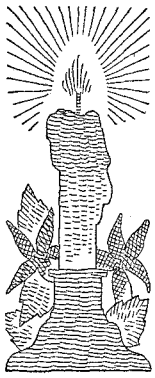
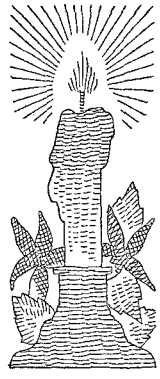
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY



"At Least We're More Honest—"

By Dorothea Brande



What is this "intellectual honesty" of which many moderns boast? Is it also emotional honesty? Mrs. Brande cites cases of modern "honesty" and its effect not only upon the people concerned but upon the children in the families involved

WHEN I realized that I had heard it three times in as many weeks I began to watch for it. Sure enough; whenever the conversation got intense enough, out it came. Sooner or later the talk would get around to the gains and losses of our generation, and then the claim would be made. I heard it in Chicago, in a small town in Indiana, in a smaller one in Michigan, in a minute village in Connecticut, in London, in New York, and in one or two other places —trains, for instance, and boats. "Well, at least we're more honest than our ancestors." That was what the one minimum claim for the superiority of our generation over all others always boiled down to.

At first I shouldn't have dreamed of challenging it. What made me stop and wonder, finally, was the insertion of an adverb: "At least we're more *intellectually* honest than our ancestors" turned up now and then as an alternative to the simpler—and better, if there's anything to the claim at all—statement. "Honest" is a good word by itself; it gains nothing by being qualified. But I was thankful the qualifier had been used, because it did make me stop and wonder and look around a while. It made me begin to ask such heretical questions as "Than whose ancestors?" or "But how about being emotionally honest?" And at last it forced me to come to some conclusions.

One conclusion is that we are not entitled to the distinction we are so smug about claiming.

We are a great deal more self-indulgent than our parents; that is certainly true. And we have a whole new vocabulary of psychological words in which to talk about ourselves. We can explain the motives for this or that piece of selfishness or shocking bad manners in a pseudo-technical terminology which removes most of the unpleasantness of looking our activities square in the face; so that we are often able, now, to do as we please without suffering any loss of self-approval. We can talk to some friends and even to strangers who are obviously in possession of the right psycho-analytical pass-words, but that doesn't come down, in the last analysis, to being honest.

This, of course, is getting far too sweeping. No one is entitled to pass a final judgment on the presence or absence of honesty in another. But it is surely fair to say that, if we are really such pioneers in honesty as we claim to be, it is remarkable how many of us act, at some time or other, as if we were guilty. Extraordinary how often one hears such a sentence as "Of course I couldn't tell So-and-so about it, because she'd never understand"—as though honesty could be contingent on the comprehension or sympathy of another! When one begins to get captious about the matter, such a sentence sounds a little as though a tradesman were to say: "Of course I couldn't give him the right change because he can't count."

Well, a good deal of our much-touted honesty is of that variety: we are perfectly honest with persons who will think none the less of us if they know the truth. If that were all there was to the matter, one could make a few private resolutions and then settle back to a little quiet enjoyment, not unmixed with scorn, of the fatuousness of the sentence. It could take its place in the great gallery of standard bromides, along with ". . . But I know what I like." But there is more to the matter than that. Running around so earnestly, being "honest" as the day is long, we are laying up a great deal of trouble for the generation that is to succeed us, and it is already beginning to show.

It is not enough, it is not nearly enough, for the parents of children to

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practise "honesty" of the sort that is popular today. The hole-and-corner honesty, the contingent honesty, the honesty that looks so much like guilt, or even the intellectual honesty which so often amounts to an emotional lie, these honesties never show up so startlingly for the menaces they truly are as when they are met in the parents of growing children. Real honesty, the kind that went out when the word began to come into its present vogue, is the only kind that is good enough for use in a home that has children in it. I am certain of that now, for since I had my attention challenged and began to look about to see how much there was in our high claim, it was the attitude of parents to children, of children to parents, that provided the final illumination.

Children starve; they starve physically, not merely mentally and emotionally and spiritually, unless they have behind them the security of an unambiguous relationship. We can either examine our ideas about honesty and abandon what can only be called our well-intentioned hypocrisy, or watch the next generation take the consequences.

When it comes to illustration, there is an embarrassment of riches. There is, for a moderate instance, the case of my friend Marie Raines and her daughter. I need hardly tell you, after I've said that Marie and her ex-husband belong to the advance-guard of our intelligentsia, that before their marriage they agreed to be honest with each other: if either of them fell in love again, he or she was to announce it and the other would give an immediate release. Well, Douglas was honest first. He told Marie he was in love, she divorced him, he remarried. She got the custody of their small daughter, but little Marise often goes—or often went, since this is a story with a passably satisfactory ending—to visit her father and his new wife, who happen to live, still, in the home where Marise spent her first seven years.

"And do you let her go?" I asked, in rather naïve astonishment, when I heard that little Marise had been invited to a week-end in her old home.

"Certainly I let her," Marie said, with a sort of tight-lipped readiness and cheer. "After all, we're civilized and enlightened people, I hope. I don't penalize Douglas for having been honest when that was what we agreed to be."

Once or twice, in sudden, painful outbursts after Marise had gone to bed, Marie had confided to me what she thought of her successor in Douglas's affections. It was not flattering. I am sure that if she had felt a really free agent in the matter, she would not have chosen to let her daughter know a vain and cruel woman of that sort more than casually. But time and again she packed up Marise's small bag, took her to the train, kissed her briskly, sending magnanimous good wishes to Douglas and his new wife, and got off the train in a hurry. Then one day I was in her apartment when Marise came in from school and saw a pale green envelope on the desk. She got very white.

"Am I invited again?" she asked, in a queer, unchildlike voice.

Marie nodded. Suddenly the little girl broke down.

"Oh, Mother, Mother, Mother!" she cried. "Please don't say of course I can go! She's changed the curtains and she's changed the rugs, but she goes in and out your doors and up and down your stairs, and after dinner she sits where you used to sit when we all lived at home together!"

Now there, I submit, is an agony which would not have had to be borne if as much attention were paid to being emotionally honest as to what we call being honest today. Fortunately, Marise was never again put on the altar, a nine-year-old sacrifice to honesty and civilization. But with one grain less sense, Marie might have been the kind of mother who "explained" the whole situation to her child, leaving out only those deeply vital elements of human nature—such as jealousy, pride, and nostalgia—which made the situation what it really was; and sent her along for one enlightened week-end too many.

And then there are my civilized and enlightened friends the Carters. Elsa is the second, and until now, childless, Mrs. Carter, and on all the big family holidays she travels out to her husband's ex-home for dinner with his first wife and their three children. Before her marriage, at least, she had been very fond of her husband's son, a boy who had been noticeably brilliant up to the time of his father's second marriage. When I asked recently in all innocence how Rudy was, Elsa seemed vague.

"Why, all right, I guess," she answered. "I haven't seen him much lately. The last two times we were there, Thanksgiving and Christmas, he wasn't well enough to come down to dinner."

No, he wasn't seriously ill; it just happened that he was not feeling well each time. No, he wasn't doing very well at school; no, she didn't think he was quite so good-looking as he had been when he was younger.

Then, finally, there came a family holiday that Elsa struck at. She'd be damned, she told me, if she would go three hundred miles to celebrate the first Mrs. Carter's birthday, even if there *had* always been a party on that day. There were limits, in short, to being civilized. So she had dinner with me instead, and, for a great treat, told the truth.

The first Mrs. Carter didn't really like Elsa. Rudy had said, and her husband had been honest enough to tell her, that he would never come down to dinner again when his father's second wife was there, "because Mother talks through her teeth the whole time." But staying away from the table didn't help much, because it devolved that Mother also was upset for weeks after one of the good-will gatherings. But most serious of all, Rudy had discovered that when his school work fell off markedly enough he got to see his father more. He saw him in a rather irritable state of mind, it is true, for his father had been extremely proud of Rudy's I. Q. (Rudy was one of the first youngsters of our acquaintance to be intelligence-tested.) But his father did come and coach him, living near enough to see him every day, till Rudy caught up with his classes again. A little later, Rudy found that he could see his father even oftener, and in a tender instead of an exasperated mood, if only he could get and stay sick enough. Rudy is now a pale young waster, and one of his younger sisters has the distinction of being the only sixteen-year-old co-respondent in a divorce suit that I have ever met. Elsa is having her own baby now, in self-defense, I suspect; but she still goes three hundred miles to spend three miserable days at Christmas and Thanksgiving, being such good friends with her husband's first family.

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The next example is so extreme that I should never have the courage to offer it if the very first conversation in which I heard Mrs. Howell's name mentioned had not concluded with these words: "Of course she has a lover, but she's perfectly honest about it." The better I knew Mrs. Howell the more mystifying that pronouncement became. She was a youngish married woman whose husband's work carried him away from home more than three-quarters of the time. She had three children, and, there was no doubt about it, a lover. The lover was married, too, and the father of children. I think that everyone in the small suburb where Mrs. Howell lived knew her story; Mrs. Howell didn't suspect that, because she and her lover had always "preserved the amenities," but the knowledge was widespread.

It is perfectly certain that she would never have been received in any society of our mothers' and grandmothers' day except that society which they knew as the half-world. Mrs. Howell plays bridge with the most conventional women of her suburb, and dances at the country club with the most conventional men. Now and then she is dropped from a calling list, usually only temporarily; but that is not because she is known to have a lover. This is a broad-minded suburb. It is because from time to time she gets so strained with her efforts to carry a basket of eggs on her head and do a sword dance that she makes scenes and has hysterics, and is rumored to be "drinking again." For while she and her lover thoroughly believe themselves to be honest, it is that mitigated honesty, that contingent honesty, which only puts up its head where it knows it will be understood.

That is, Mrs. Howell has felt able to confide in some of her more broad-minded friends that she has a lover, and to reveal his identity; and the lover, once or twice, under pressure of great anxiety, has done the same: the last time was when his eldest daughter ran away and said she would kill herself rather than come back and see her mother humiliated any longer. They both, on the occasion of these confidences, dripped modern virtue. For whatever reason, they had decided against divorce. The man's wife knew of his affair and took it with her head up; enlightened. Larry, unfortunately, was not. What he suspected was his own business, but no one had had the courage to try honesty on him. And Mrs. Howell's children did not know about their mother's lover.

That is, they did not know officially. Being "too young to understand," they could only know the whole thing, know it without one shadow of doubt, know it thoroughly and live with it day and night, and yet be barred from the relief of acting on their knowledge or admitting it even to each other because they were expected to be in ignorance of it. And with the pathetic chivalry of children they did their best to pretend they knew nothing. They love their mother, and Mrs. Howell is devoted to those children; one hears that almost in the same breath as the news that she has a lover about whom she is so perfectly honest. It is too bad that the children are thin, quarrelsome, touchy, and so often downright hysterical.

Well, it is a very painful situation. Mrs. Howell and her lover are oftener jealous, captious, and untrustful than they are happy. When they are quarrelling she is at best absent-minded, and at worst a touch of the shrew has been known to show. When she is brilliantly happy, unfortunately the children are almost always in tears of despair at knowing what her happiness signifies. So it is better for the children to eat alone, and their mother has a tray in her bedroom, or eats later with a friend who appreciates honesty even when it amounts to an obsession. They are intelligent children, but—for one, small, significant item—their vocabulary is more limited than that of children whose mothers are able to meet them a little more serenely. One of the girls, just coming into adolescence, cries almost every night, and shows an embarrassing tendency to ask her mother repeatedly when Father is coming home again. Do I think, asks Mrs. Howell, that Milly is beginning a father-complex? And the boy is inclined to be sly, a trait never known before in any branch of the family. Mrs. Howell told me so herself, buttoning her glove in my living-room on her way to take a little ride. "And oh, by the way, if Milly telephones, say I'm playing bridge and will call back as soon as I'm dummy. Do you mind? I told her I was coming here." And an hour later Mrs. Howell telephones to check on Milly, and again when another half-hour has passed.

Those three children average ten pounds underweight apiece. One of these days, Mrs. Howell contends, they will be old enough to understand, and they will respect her for having had the courage not to repress an honest emotion, and yet always to have observed the amenities. I cannot repress the reactionary idea that, although she is dressing it up in modern jargon, she is having what our parents were forthright enough to call a clandestine affair; that her children know it and are slowly starving under her eyes, starving physically, mentally, and spiritually, because our modern honesty is not quite good enough to grow on.

That is an extreme case, but for me it was an excellent *reductio ad absurdum*. Here is a mild one, almost as illuminating.

A young widow of my acquaintance was in a situation which was merely ambiguous. She was gossiped about, but, as she thought, unfairly. She rather doggedly stuck out a year of having her conduct misconstrued, partly through sheer stubborn consciousness of virtue. The wife of the man whose friendship and special interest in music made the loneliness of the first months of her widowhood tolerable was positive that Lila was her husband's mistress. No one who knew Lila really well could have believed it; she was conventional to the backbone. But she was shy and hard to meet, and gossip grew and spread till she met rumors everywhere. At last, not remorseful in the least, but impatient and bored, she broke off the innocent relation and left the community, taking her young son with her.

To her utter astonishment, from the moment of the break, her child—a thin but fairly cheerful and lively small boy—began to bloom in so marked a fashion that she checked up on the past year. Heaven only knew what gossip had reached him; she knew better than to try to find that out from him. But there was more to it, she felt, than that. She realized that although she had had nothing to conceal from him except the fact that she was being made unhappy by being talked about, that had been enough to keep her preoccupied most of the time when she was with him, or,

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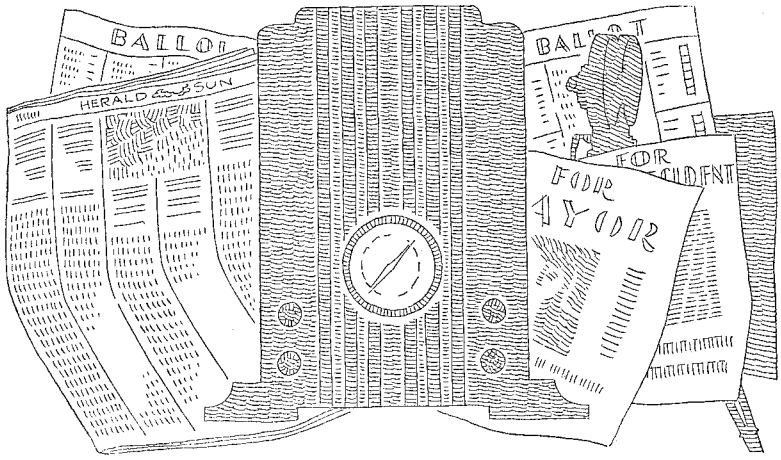
alternately, so determinedly cheerful that she was not her natural self. She had talked to him all that time over a barrier. When he was away at school her letters had grown perfunctory, full of items carefully crammed in to give him the impression that she was happy and contented. The moment the false situation was ended the child knew it; he ate, slept, played, and studied as only the child who is not a prey to anxiety and insecurity can.

A worker in a child-placement bureau brought me another item of value. She has never, she says, in all her experience had a "problem" child or a hysterical child to handle who came into the bureau through the death of one or both parents, or as the consequence of what she calls "a good clean divorce." She used the term with such meaning that I asked for a definition: a good, clean divorce, it appears, is one where both the parents are sick of each other and are willing to tell the world about it. I think I agree with her.

As for the conclusions I came to, it dawns on me, even as I write, that they are the sort which will be popular with no one, being too reactionary for one group, too liberal for all the rest. I am enough of a child of my period, I suppose, to believe that whatever one can do with a clear conscience, without subterfuge and without doing violence to human emotions, can be done without grave harm to the children in one's environment. (But a really clear conscience, I make haste to say; not a conscience tidied up by the use of terms which only specialists are to be trusted to use properly—without, to take a leaf out of the book I am trying to burn—"rationalization.") So long as there is any feeling of guilt or of unnatural strain, then, no matter how advanced the action may look, the children in the situation will suffer. Wherever members of the next generation are involved in a personal decision, the matter comes down to this: can the activity be undertaken frankly, openly, without hypocrisy, without hypocrisy even of the sort that shows in forcing false good-will? If not, then there are alternative choices: one can sacrifice one's children, or one can sacrifice oneself.

Apologetically I submit that of these alternatives the wiser, kinder, the more racially and personally beneficial is self-sacrifice.



Political Realism in Public Schools

By Howard E. Wilson

The schools breed cynics by teaching sentimental idealism which is contrary to what boys and girls hear at home and observe around them. Intelligent patriotism requires a teaching of social perspective rather than governmental detail

What the average American today knows about politics he learned outside the schools, and this in spite of the fact that "education for citizenship" has been a goal of public education in the United States for full three hundred years. Boys and girls leave high school with a few facts about government in their possession—the age at which a man may become president, the term of office of a congressman, the duties of the county sheriff! It is just as well that such facts soon fade from memory for they add but little to a man's effective political knowledge. In the partisan press, in chance conversations, in activities of pressure groups, in the radio and newsreel the citizen acquires most of the items of information and the attitudes which determine his reaction to current political affairs. That one should acquire political insight from all such channels is desirable and inevitable, but the difficulty is that the channels present no organized outflow. There are great gaps in the citizen's political knowledge of which he is often unaware. The political vision of most of us has blind spots in it, and too often is distorted by lack of perspective.

The informal agencies of political influence which impinge upon us have in them no integrating balance, and it is precisely in respect to such balance that we should ask the political education of schools to be effective. The range and strength of out-of-school and adult agencies of political training do not relieve the schools of responsibility but only point out more clearly the areas in which schools should be most active. One can get information about legal technicalities as they crop out in political controversy. What one cannot get except by rare chance or by well and broadly planned educational training is a sense of what government itself is and what its processes are. Political training in schools teaches information about governments but teaches neither politics nor political science, and yet these latter are what the bewildered exponents of a democratic experiment sorely need. Let the schools set out first to provide a series of in-

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sights into the nature and function of the state, and the normal processes of living will add to our respective outlooks the details and routine information that we need.

I

One respect in which the program of political education in most schools needs re-invigoration is in the concept of government as a social rather than a narrowly political institution. Government to most of us is relatively remote and unreal, a play only mildly interesting enacted on a stage before which we sit passively. The average pupil thinks of government in images of statesmen standing in Websterian poses. Congressional action is contemplated as a sequence of speeches rather than as a vast human business carried on in committees and personal conferences held in the vortex of complex conflicting interests. One thinks—and is taught so to think!—of public executives speaking on state occasions rather than as workers at office desks.

A basic difficulty is that we have long assumed, and the schools have tried to teach, a distinction between things political and things social which does not actually exist. There is hardly a course in United States history offered in an American school which fails to give space to topics labeled "social legislation." As if any legislation were not social! Without reference to any particular "new deal" the legislation enacted in this country during the past century and a half demonstrates again and again man's inability to draw a dividing line between political life and general social existence. Washington's first cabinet had four members, and these four gentlemen were able to encompass within their spheres most of the activity of that small and remote government. The six portfolios added to the cabinet since 1789, directing operations of the postal service, navy, "interior," agriculture, commerce and labor illustrate not only the expansion in governmental functions which has taken place but also the social basis of the functions. American government has long and increasingly concerned itself with the health, the schooling, and the recreations of our childhood, and with the jobs by which, as adults, we try to earn a living. One need not approve the expansion of governmental functions to recognize the essentially social nature of even its most narrowly traditional operations.

We need to return to Greek usage, which included social within the purview of political. We have tended in the schools to perpetuate false distinctions between overlapping terms. It is essential, if any measure of democracy is to survive in the age of machines, that pupils be taught a social concept of government as the basis for comprehension of the activities of politics. The pressure groups, propaganda agencies, impact of party conflicts, and operations of political agitators are all sociological manifestations of political science. Government is not the more or less willful activity of a group of men in Washington, in state capitals, in city halls—as we usually teach!—but is a sociological process. The politicians early learn that fact and are successful in the degree that they can participate in the process as leaders or followers. Until the rest of us also learn the fact, and until the schools can re-orient their teaching to emphasize it as a part of our general thinking, we shall not make much progress in civic training.

II

The extent to which schools can treat realistically of the persisting problem of public corruption strikes very close to the heart of education for citizenship. In the elementary schools, particularly, we have taught a sentimental sort of politics. Political training, during the child's most formative years, is carried on primarily in connection with the celebration of state and national holidays. It emphasizes the putting of personages on pedestals. For the most part, the doors of the elementary school are closed to any mention of government as it is rather than as it ought to be. The wide ignoring of realities in favor of an emotional idealism is explained in part by the institutional inertia of schools, in part by the ill-training and timidity of teachers for whom a change in procedure may increase insecurity, and in part by the sincere hope that sentimental preachings about politics among younger children will create an idealistic citizenry—a hope which thrives, apparently, on disillusionment.

What actually happens is that the schools are unconsciously breeding cynics. The unreality of school instruction in civics is intensified by the overemphasis on political chicanery pupils hear from parents, older friends, radio, and movies. Usually by the time a pupil reaches the secondary school he is well conditioned against the very viewpoint which the elementary school sought to teach. In high school the process of junking the whole idealistic approach to public policies is normally completed. The bark of civic training founders on one of the opposite shores of cynicism and naïveté. And each year the schools graduate an influential group of cynics, boys and girls convinced that honesty in public life is a myth and sincere public service only a figment of oratorical imagination.

The average individual, who is only the average pupil grown older, is likely to have a profound distrust of government and a conviction that politics are inevitably and exclusively dirty. Men who run for public office among us, as a result, lose some elusive trace of dignified respectability. But our frame of mind, vaunting its realism, is not completely realistic. Granting the existence of every kind of political corruption, there are still some well-run public enterprises. There are a goodly number of men in public office wholly honest and reasonably, undramatically efficient. Graft, even at its worst, is not a monopoly of public officials. Debunkery is only one side of the picture, and overemphasis on it is as distorting as is concentration on a sort of wishful thinking. What is needed in our outlook is recognition of the fact that efficiency and inefficiency are alike parts of the same sociological process.

The schools need to give us such a balanced perspective, but they can never do so by being alone idealistic or alone cynical. Their idealism must have its feet on the ground, and their realism must lift its eyes above the mud. The class in civics which never mentions political bosses is left in ill-balanced ignorance; the class which denounces political bosses *a priori* is in about an equal state of fog. The class which tries to understand why it is that political bosses continue as a feature of American public life is on the path toward the wider view of reality. To be sure, teachers, at least in public schools, cannot at present teach directly and critically of controversial affairs. But they need not evade the topic of corruption because they cannot treat of corruption

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at home. The teachers of New York can talk of political chicanery in Boston, and the teachers of Boston that of New York. Both groups will have ample material for discussion and, if the material be placed in its whole realistic setting and handled judiciously, study of it will reduce the number of both cynics and dreamers.

Adding weight to the need for a balanced realism in the schools is the fact that until both pupils and adults become less positive in their distrust of government and of public officials as a class, we shall not have abler minds freely entering the public service on any extensive scale. Honest and able men will not readily seek public office as long as an indefinable onus is associated with the act. We but strengthen the hands of self-interested groups seeking to control governmental activities for ulterior ends by breeding in pupils either a simple faith in the pedestaled heroes or a cynical distrust of every public institution and public man. We need to teach the good in government to balance the evil and the bad in government in order to make the good more effective.

III

For the sake of increasing the stability of our socio-political structure, to say nothing of controlling governmental drift and change, it is unfortunate that we do not emphasize more in our teaching and thinking the merits of an experimental attitude toward things political. Business in the United States has found it a source of profit and pride to investigate new inventions and to scrap machinery which is not efficiently up to date. As a people we glorify science, which is an expression of an experimental frame of mind. Traditionally we have cherished Yankee scepticism and lauded the man who would say "I'm from Missouri!" But when it comes to social and political institutions we have generally accepted them on a value directly proportionate to their age.

An experimental frame of mind should raise no question of loyalty. Intelligent patriotism requires scientific-mindedness in things political; clear-sighted analysis of the network of our political institutions is an essential of bare efficiency. In the Middle West are two cities separated by a river and by state and municipal boundary lines. The political lines, not visible to the naked eye, are infinitely more effective than the river in keeping the two cities apart. Their industrial life is a unit; the two are prosperous or depressed together. They have common problems of water supply, of transportation of men and goods, of recreation, of sanitation. Yet the two cities are divided by the most intense rivalries—and their schools at present are effective agencies for the intensification of the prejudices. Athletic and literary competitions as well as direct instruction in the "social studies" progressively unfit the children of both cities for any judicious analysis of the uncoordinated political institutions now unsuitably imposed on a geographic and industrial unit.

There are some ninety-five metropolitan centers in the United States, and in them live over half the people of the country. These metropolitan areas are economic and social units, but their governmental institutions are rarely effectively coordinated. The government of greater New York is a maze of overlapping boards and commissions; greater Boston is a checkerboard of political rivalries and intense town loyalties; corruption thrives in the overlapping complexitities of city and county politics in both Chicago and Philadelphia. Local subdivisions with overlapping functions markedly increase the cost as well as lower the efficiency of government in all these areas. Yet narrow political loyalties unite with vested interests to block the path toward the simplification so sorely needed. And the schools are partly to blame. Pupils are taught that change is radicalism.

Politically we tend to hang onto an institution so long that a relatively violent reaction to it is inevitable. Without wishing for one moment to change simply for the sake of change, we should understand, and have our children taught to understand, that we gain increased efficiency at reduced financial cost if political agencies are continually readjusted to changing realities. If the teachers of mathematics and the natural sciences can emphasize the possibility of transferring the technic of reasoning traditionally associated with their subjects to the solution of broadly political problems we shall all be the gainers. If the teachers of the humanities and the social studies and the directors of competitive, extra-curriculum activities could seek less to develop blind loyalties to agencies which are simply old, we shall have a better chance of perpetuating that which is desirable and good.

IV

Any effective program of education for citizenship in American schools should emphasize the concept of government as a social organism, the realization of a struggle between good and evil in such an organism, and the possibility of an experimental attitude toward the continuous adjustment of the organism to general social growth. But whether such a reinvigoration of civic education is possible depends not alone on the schools. All the schools can do may quickly be nullified by an unfavorable community. Teachers are not and cannot become wholly free agents. They are able to provide insights into the nature of political conditions only as they have the active support of those adult groups which dominate alike the pupils and the schools. The need is first for well-informed and courageous teachers, but the need is equally great for a public which will cooperate with and support them.

That all, both teachers and parents, should agree with one another in political principles or in their application to specific situations is not the desirable thing. Disagreement is an inescapable fact of politics, and pupils cannot be trained realistically without facing it. Freedom to disagree, the basis of a democratic system, ought to be encouraged both for pupils in the schools and for teachers in the communities. Parents, pupils, and the common good are likely to gain more from civic teaching which has the vigor of dissent in it than from teaching which, seeking to avoid disagreement, avoids penetration. But freedom for the expression of divergent views is only a means toward an end. The need is that schools should forego their emphasis on governmental details and center their efforts on giving us and our children social perspective. Unless the schools, with adult aid and abettance, can do more to provide a framework into which we may fit the political contacts and observations of more mature experience, the task of educating for citizenship will not be done.

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A new Napoleon has come of age and again there is a Bonaparte pretender to the throne of France. The great-grand-nephew of Napoleon I and grandson of Leopold II of Belgium may become a real factor in the much-bemuddled French situation. He has more wealth at his command than the Bourbons and refuses any political alliance with them. The Bonaparte campaign is just beginning to get under way

Napoleon Bonaparte 1935

By Wythe Williams

Kings, or Emperors, in the event of losing their thrones, usually live and die in exile. Napoleon returned from Elba, only to depart after a brief season of power, to a less salubrious isle. However, when he fled to Elba, he took with him something that purposely he did not bring back. This was a fortune of four hundred million gold francs, or eighty million dollars at par, that to this day, thanks to the Rothschild bankers, who were appointed its trustees, has remained intact. Now the bulk of it belongs to a young man who lives in exile at Brussels, and who at the Court of Belgium is known as His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, pretender to the throne of France.

But, though kings and emperors die in exile, pretenders to thrones—heads of former reigning families—have been known to carry the scepters and wear again the crowns of their ancestors. Following Cromwell, the house of Stuart re-installed itself at the Palace of St. James. In France the Bourbons returned to power even after a Bourbon head paid tragic toll to the guillotine. Later the Imperial dynasty, founded by the Little Corsican, re-established at Paris a court surpassing in pomp and glitter that of the magnificent Hapsburgs at Vienna.

Less than a year ago, Pierre Etienne Flandin, then Prime Minister of France, declared from the Tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, that unless the nation accepted a thorough political cleansing and reformation, he feared for the life of the parliamentary régime. Communism was to be feared, or, that dreaded bugaboo of French politicians since 1870, the "Man on Horseback," a real dictator, might issue orders from the Elysée.

The French Communists have increased during the past few years, notably in the cities. But the die-hard Nationalists, including the Royalists, have also secured a firmer grip. The bloody revolt of February 1934, following the Stavisky scandal, when two Ministries were overthrown, when Deputies crept like frightened rabbits from the Palais Bourbon, and "Papa" Doumergue was called hurriedly from his potatoes and turnip patch in the village of Tournefeuilles to "save the Republic" was a touch-and-go moment. The mob that stormed against rifle fire across the Place de la Concorde was divided in interests—Communist, Royalist, war veteran. A dictator, or even a King, might at that moment have become master of France.

Because of lack of coalition, the popular uprisings of the past seventy years have presented no real opportunity to the Royalists. Moreover, until now, none of the pretenders have had either the personal magnetism or the ability to inspire the nation, should the opportunity present itself. But today the situation appears to be changing. The present Comte de Paris is the ablest of a long line of Bourbon pretenders, and the twenty-one-year-old Bonaparte has startled many quarters by invoking what he maintains is his superior right to the vacant throne.

Lately the feeling has increased throughout the nation that the return of a King—or Emperor—is not the utter impossibility that it has heretofore seemed. The weakness of the present parliamentary régime has been completely aired, and the new laws to give it new health have been received with much grumbling. The nerve-racked government, facing a dangerously clouded foreign horizon, strives desperately to keep the inside of its house in order. The Royalists bide their time.

Always the French public has loved the drama of royalty. Visiting monarchs are acclaimed, and the politicians are forced to turn out the *cuirrassiers* of the *Garde Républicaine,* who make a brave spectacle with their fine horses and glittering helmets. The thousand years that France was ruled by kings remains glorious history even for the proletariat, while often the remark is heard in the salons of the upper and even the middle classes, "we want our King again."

Today it is common talk that Prince Otto of Hapsburg may ascend the vacant Austrian throne. It is probable that ex-King George, nephew of the Kaiser Wilhelm, may again reign at Athens. The return of the Hohenzollerns in Germany, while less probable, is far from impossible. The Reichswehr now rules the Reich. When Hitler has

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fulfilled his duty, the present army candidate for the throne is the Duke of Brunswick, husband of the Kaiser's daughter, Princess Victoria. In that case his son would continue the line of Frederick the Great.

These are curious as well as parlous times—this epoch of readjusting social and political conditions that followed the chaos of world war. Thoughts dwell on many matters that were not even dreamed twenty years ago. An able house painter became undisputed master of Germany. The lowliest of commoners is the demigod of all the Russias. The master day-laborer is more than King in Italy. Therefore it is not beyond the mental range to consider that the potent Prince may reign again in France.

The political right to titles ceased naturally under the Third Republic. With pretenders exiled, even minor *Princes de France* are not in any capacity permitted to serve the state. During the World War the late Prince Sixte of Bourbon, one of the ablest of his line, was not allowed to join the French army, and therefore served as lieutenant in the army of Belgium.

Socially, however, the right to titles has remained just as it was before these good Republican days when the bourgeoisie occupy the seats of the mighty. In the social register of the current year the first name is that of His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, chieftain of *La Maison Impériale*. Following the other Bonapartes comes *la Maison de France,* headed by His Royal Highness, Duc de Guise, direct descendant of Hugh Capet, founder of the Bourbon line. Had this line prevailed without Bonapartist and Republican interludes, he would today be known as King Jean, or King John, according to English spelling and pronunciation. Next in the register is the Duke's eldest son, the Comte de Paris, or the "Dauphin."

This young man is the real Bourbon pretender. His father, peace loving and aging, prefers exile to the trouble necessary in gaining a throne. The kingly designation of the Comte de Paris would be Henry VI although the last Henry to rule France was only fourth of that name. It is about forgotten that in 1875, following the tribulations of the Commune, His Royal Highness, the Comte de Chambord, grandson of Charles X, was offered the throne of France by the National Assembly of the Republic, sitting at Versailles. This arrogant young man, who was to be known as Henry V, insisted that the white flag should replace the tri-color. Then, by a single vote, the last real chance was lost for a Bourbon to wear again the crown of his ancestors.

In recent years the Bourbons have not worried much about their rivals the Bonapartists. With their newspaper *L'Action Française,* edited by the brilliant Léon Daudet, they have kept both a sense of their importance and the hope that one day they would again rule France.

On a morning last winter, however, the Bourbons awoke to read in the press of the entire nation the fact that had been almost overlooked, namely, that Napoleon Bonaparte of 1935 had reached his legal majority. For the first time in nineteen years, since the death of his father Prince Victor Napoleon in 1916, the Bonapartists had an actual leader—and perhaps a leader that might aspire to power.

Had the two factions ever been able to form a political alliance, the chances for either naturally would have been brighter. The Bourbons appeared the stronger, because of their daily paper and their band of bright young men, known as the *"Camelots du Roi"* who are in the midst of every political storm.

Both young pretenders, Henry and Napoleon, attended the University of Louvain. Treated as political equals in exile, they have been sufficiently friendly socially to satisfy the etiquette of the Belgian court. Politically, however, friendship never existed.

The Bourbons at once attempted to reach an understanding with the young man whose twenty-first birthday was being celebrated. He was found in an unimposing house, one of a row, in the Avenue Louise, Brussels, which once was an aristocratic neighborhood but where now most of the buildings are for rent. On the street side the shutters are drawn, except at the one window of a room used by the Prince as an office. At the rear is a courtyard and garden made inaccessible by high walls.

A rule of the Belgian Court for pretenders in exile, chiefly through fear of jeopardizing the friendship of France, forbids either the Comte de Paris or Prince Napoleon to talk for publication. Until he became of age the Prince never violated this order. Whatever inner flames of emotion he possessed were shut in by silence. Always he was the modest, retiring youth, cautiously avoiding political pronunciamentos. Since his last birthday he has expressed himself definitely, especially to the ambassadors of the Bourbons.

They found a slender young man, over six feet in height, dressed in a double-breasted blue serge suit, waiting alone in the study. He motioned them to be seated, while he remained standing, leaning an arm upon the marble mantel. He peered down upon them through half-closed eyelids that obscured, if it was there, the fire of the Eagle. Otherwise the features, beneath a heavy, brushed-back mop of dark brown hair, were handsome, regular, the mouth firm but delicately formed, the chin full and resolute. The skin was bronzed from out-of-door exercise.

The Prince remained silent until the mission was stated. Then, briefly, politely, but haughtily he refused any form of political liaison between the Bonapartes and the Bourbons. He was silent concerning his plans, but distinctly reminded his visitors that the last monarch of France was not a King but an Emperor. He also impressed upon them that he was only a third cousin of Napoleon III, but his father, Victor Napoleon, was son of Napoleon Joseph, who was son of Jerome, King of Westphalia, who was brother of Napoleon I. This brief flight into genealogy made it quite clear that the speaker is the great-grand-nephew of the Great Emperor, and as his only living male descendant, has the sole right to aspire to the imperial throne. The amazed ambassadors suddenly discovered that this forgotten "Aiglon" was full fledged.

The first Napoleon, except in physical stature, undeniably towered above all his race. Brothers and sisters he moved as pawns in the mighty game that he played successfully until entire Europe armed against him. His son, although born a King, was a weakling. Napoleon III in early life showed flashes of brilliant leadership, but he was flabby and afraid when he arrived at Sedan. His son, the Prince Imperial, slain in Africa, was a spoiled darling, and had he lived would probably have

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created no record of real achievement.

None of the later Bonapartes have shown any of the strong character of the genius who founded his dynasty and who bulwarked it upon the fields of Jena, Austerlitz, and Wagram. Victor Napoleon, father of the present pretender, was a courteous, gallant but otherwise inconspicuous gentleman, who after years of waiting, married the woman of his heart, the Princess Clementine of Belgium, daughter of Leopold II, and contentedly lived and died in exile.

Whether Napoleon Bonaparte of 1935 has any traits of his great ancestor remains to be known, but so far as concerns the future, the fact that his mother is the Princess Clementine, puts a new aspect on the matter. Often it has been remarked that all the daughters of Leopold II were too big for their boots, just as it might be said that the father might have ruled a large and more important kingdom than Belgium. Politically and physically he was one of the imposing figures of his time, and his daughters resemble him. Also, and more important now, is the fact that they are Coburgs, which is to say also that they are Germans. The present Prince Napoleon therefore is half French and half German, and he definitely resembles the family of his mother.

For a successful "coup d'état," which according to history usually means a sudden dash for a throne, money is necessary above everything. Great preparation is needed. Spies must be hired —and paid. Politicians must be favored with cash as well as promises. Troops, regiments if not armies, must be subsidized. Imperial or kingly decorations must be pinned over the then loyal breasts, and titles must be accorded to swell those breasts with pride.

The Bourbons have plenty of money —most of it invested in Morocco—sufficient to supply castles in Belgium situated so near the frontier that the pretender may at least gaze upon his beloved country.

The Bonapartes have money—more money than the Bourbons—and only now, more than a half century since the last Emperor died in exile, this fortune is again being used for the imperial cause. Not only has the pretender a large part of the money that his ancestor took to Elba, but his mother inherited millions from her father. Both mother and son shared also in the considerable fortune left by the late ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico. The mother is ambitious, as befits a Coburg and the daughter of Leopold II. Throughout the years she has bided her time, waiting for her fledgling to become the Eagle.

The Bonapartist campaign only now takes form in France—quietly, almost secretly, but with liberal disbursements that in the near future may provide suitable armament, both press and forum, to advance more openly the cause.

Another and more determined effort soon will be made to bring the body of the Duke of Reichstadt from the gloomy Capucines crypt in Vienna and place it beside his father in the splendor of the Invalides. Always the return of "l'Aiglon" has formed part of the Bonapartist propaganda, but never has the Austrian government seen fit to heed it. Now the situation is different. Austria is a weak state and not disposed to refuse such a request, whether made officially by France, or resulting from a popular press campaign. In case the Archduke Otto should ascend the Austrian throne, the matter would be easily arranged owing to the friendship now existing between the imperial houses. However it may be decided, it is certain that from the moment the casket passes the French frontier, its reception will be one of unparalleled emotional enthusiasm comparable only with the scene when the dead Emperor was brought from St. Helena and borne beneath the Arch of Triumph. It may well serve as prelude to the return of the living Aiglon from exile.

Scouts from both the Bourbon camp and the citadels of the bourgeoisie cross the frontier frequently nowadays to take the measure of the young man who bears the name and title that should and may under certain conditions be sufficient to thrill the nation. Try as they do to discover a dreamer rather than a man of action —a vague personality, unambitious and lacking the essentials of a ruler, they find a Prince baffling to such a degree that he still remains a political enigma.

He will freely and intelligently discuss art, literature, science. With pride he will show a collection of relics that belonged to his imperial ancestor, and then his eyes show flashes of that fire accredited to the Man of Destiny. He is perhaps still too young, despite his superior education, to express his future plans, if he has as yet formulated them, but at any suggestion concerning plans or politics, he at once, and with a slight austerity, passes to another subject. However, one leaves his presence with the distinct feeling that plans are hatching, and that perhaps before long all the world will know of them.

The Great Emperor was arrogant, disdainful, a law only unto himself, even during his early years of privation. When he was the same age as his young descendant now living in luxury at his mother's royal court, the first Napoleon wrote to his mother from Auxonne: "I eat but one meal daily, but that is good for my health."

The Prince now in exile, but who has never known a single necessary hardship, gives nevertheless the impression that he could and would rub shoulders with the masses, and after the frequent fashion of his ancestor, meet them with easy familiarity, if they line his pathway to the imperial purple. That he is by Divine Right the Prince, he leaves not the slightest doubt. If therefore, with the boundless ambition that is his heritage, he successfully follows his destiny, it is entirely possible that France may again be ruled by the Emperor Napoleon.

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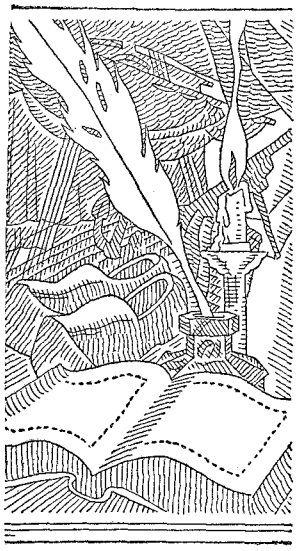
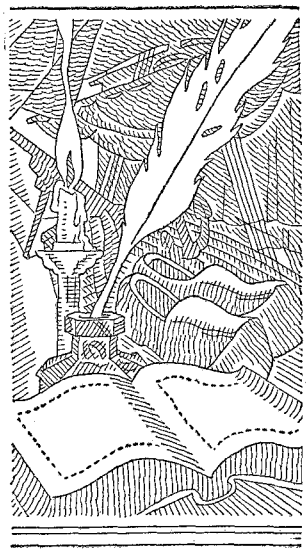


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps

Barrie on Education . . . Letters of the Wordsworths . . . The Interrogative How . . . Genuine Happiness and Complete Despair



Sir James Barrie, Bart., is a man of genius. He has written half a dozen great plays, one great novel, several great biographical essays, and two University addresses that have probably never been surpassed. I feel sure that he has also written verse, although I cannot remember having seen any of it. His *Complete Works* up to 1935 would make as fine a Christmas present as I can think of at this moment.

Open any of his books in summer or winter and you will find something to arrest your attention; but at this particular stage in contemporary political history I can think of nothing more important for every Anglo-Saxon man, woman, boy or girl to read than this passage from his speech delivered in 1930 when he was installed as Chancellor of Edinburgh University. The whole address is obtainable in a tiny volume called *The Entrancing Life*. After saying that every child born in Scotland should as far as possible have an equal chance . . .

> It is by Education, though not merely in the smaller commoner meaning of the word that the chance is to be got. Since the war various nations have wakened to its being the one way out; they know its value so well that perhaps the only safe boast left to us is that we knew it first. They seem, however, to be setting about the work with ultimate objects that are not ours. Their student from his earliest age is being brought up to absorb the ideas of his political rulers. That is the all of his education, not merely in his academic studies, but in all his social life, all his mind, all his relaxations; they are in control from his birth, and he is to emerge into citizenship with rigid convictions which it is trusted will last his lifetime. The systems vary in different lands, but that seems to be their trend, and I tell you they are being carried out with thoroughness. Nothing can depart more from the Scottish idea, which I take to be to educate our men and women primarily not for their country's good but for their own, not so much to teach them what to think as how to think, not preparing them to give as little trouble as possible in the future but sending them into it in the hope that they will give trouble.

To the rulers of most foreign countries, such a doctrine would seem incomprehensible; and if it were understood, it would seem blasphemously sacrilegious; but it is the foundation of Anglo-Saxon education. It is not inconsistent with love of one's native land.

The first volume of the *Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth*, edited by the accomplished Professor Ernest de Sélincourt, is as nearly complete and definitive as an edition could well be; though it is probable that other letters will be found. I am myself so ardent an admirer of the poetry of Wordsworth and of the mind and character of his sister, that I find all these letters interesting. How fortunate it was for the world that William could not get a job! He would have taken almost anything respectable; then he would have had a regular income with comparative absence of worry—and perhaps of poetry. Some of the most interesting and valuable of these letters are those which give us more knowledge of Coleridge; of the preparations for the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* and subsequent editions; and particularly interesting is the new light thrown on the poet's motive for writing the Lucy poems with the appearance of them unpruned. I do not believe that Wordsworth's illegitimate daughter, however much she may have filled his wakeful night hours, had much important influence on his poetry. The discovery of this French episode by Professor Harper was undoubtedly the most violent shock in literary history. "Can you believe it? *Wordsworth?*" Yet apart from its sensation as a scandal, I think Wordsworth's career as a poet would have been about the same if such a thing had never happened; even as his life went on about the same for its whole eighty years. Coleridge and Dorothy were more important than Annette.

The following letter comes to me from R. Hadlock, of Duluth, Minn., and describes a poem that I have no recollection of ever having seen, read, or heard of. When I was a boy, we all declaimed another poem by Buchanan Read, with Sheridan twenty miles away.

> What is the reason for the perverse fate that has befallen the greatest poem in all American literature, and one of the greatest poems in any literature—"The Closing Scene" by Thomas Buchanan Read? It never appears in anthologies of American poetry, it is never quoted, and apparently never read. But Read should be read! Even Edwin Markham, who is old enough to know better, in his *Book of American Poetry*, like all the others, ignores this work of genius by Buchanan Read. In a fat book of 900 pages, which is supposed to contain the cream of American poetry (there is much blue skimmed milk, alas) Markham simply cannot find room for Read's "The Closing Scene"! Perhaps he never even heard of it.
>
> It was pronounced by the *London Westminster Review* to be, "unquestionably the finest American poem ever written." But this exquisite work of art has been permitted to slip into the limbo of forgotten poetry!
>
> Hundreds of poems have been written celebrating the beauty of autumn and winter. But

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"The Closing Scene" is unique in this respect that it celebrates a time of year which is properly neither autumn or winter, but lies just between them. The glory of autumn has departed—the sparkling winter has not yet arrived, there is a dreamy lull between. Bryant calls that brief interlude between the two seasons, "the melancholy days." But how perfectly Thomas Buchanan Read understands that, "He hath made everything beautiful in his time."

Here is a letter from Perkins Boynton, chemist in charge of the filtration plant at Clarksburg, West Virginia:

Why have nearly all the modern authors adopted the unsavory and really lascivious in the context of their books? One is almost ashamed to mention having read a book, to a mixed company or to one of the opposite sex, for fear of being classed as enjoying "smut." I feel free to discuss any member or any function of the human body, under proper conditions, but I do not care to have the sexual relations paraded "unblushingly" in every book I read. Some of the Pulitzer prize winners have been grossly guilty of this offence. The authors of the following books seemed to have gone out of their ways to put in questionable situations and remarks: *Anthony Adverse, Lamb in His Bosom* (four or five pages disgusted me with that), *The Altar in the Field* (I wouldn't read that), *Heaven's My Destination* (I am reading it). Even the older authors who formerly wrote so-called decent books are following the trend.

I have a daughter who has been out of college for two years, who likes to read the books my wife and I read, but I must admit I am ashamed to read such "best sellers" either before or after she has read them. We try to maintain a standard of worth-while reading, but we feel we are sadly taken in, when we read much advertised prize-winners with such unnecessary filth in them.

What constitutes a literary gem? Should it not contain in its form of language and its vivid but true portrayal of scenes the best in ideals as well? There are so many inferior books dealing with the evil of life, why should not the authors of the higher intellectual field of literature portray the best?

I appreciate that many of the classics, although not all, dealt with sexual relations, often illegitimate, etc., but from them they did try to bring their characters to sane living, that is the principal characters who have lived in the memories of those who have read the novels.

The present day writers seem lacking in initiative in that all seem to follow the short crisp manner of expression, disregarding proper paragraphing and loose, unclean dialogues and unnecessarily suggestive situations. I am wondering why all seem to have "flopped" to this style, for it seems a backward step.

Are there none among our literary critics and intellectuals who hold to the ideas of decency in literature and who realize that their realm is one of the fields for sane, virile uplift for the public?

THE INTERROGATIVE HOW

Professor A. E. Richards of the University of New Hampshire writes:

Why do so many Maine folk use "how" as an interrogative pronoun instead of "what"? For example, in Boothbay Harbor the other day I heard this usage when I asked a woman a question. "How?" she said.

Professor Richards alludes to the similar German *wie*.

Professor A. G. Keller of Yale, who lives in Boothbay Harbor in summertime, writes as a commentary on above:

Aren't New England novels full of "Haouw?"—say, Lincoln or Howells? In twenty years I haven't noted it much up round here but I am sure I heard it a lot when a boy in Milford, Conn. Anyway, it does not seem at all strange to me.

Professor Keller mentions Italian *come*. Surely French *comment* is more polite than *quoi?* But it would certainly seem queer if one heard the interrogative *how* in cultivated society.

NOT BRITISH, BUT AMERICAN

I made a gorgeous bloomer in my list of one hundred Best Books in this magazine last June. My comment on the *Oxford History of the United States* was "Ourselves as an Englishman sees us." Wow! Charles N. Baxter, the distinguished Librarian of the Blackstone Memorial Library at Branford, Conn., informs me that the author of this Oxonian work, Samuel Eliot Morison, was born in Boston, 9 July, 1887 and took B.A. at Harvard in 1908, Ph.D. in 1912, and has been teaching history at Harvard since 1915, taking time off to serve as a private in the war, and 1922–25 was Professor of History at Oxford. "His great job at present is writing and editing the Tercentennial History of Harvard." Well, well.

From Professor Waldo H. Dunn of Scripps College, Claremont, Calif.:

Dear William Lyon:

As old travellers we found the September "As I Like It" unusually interesting. I was particularly pleased to know that your article in the London newspaper brought the cordial response from Sir William Watson. You must tell me how to secure a copy of your article. Give me the exact title and the date on which it appeared.

I have never had a summer pass more rapidly and more pleasantly than this one. Among other things I turned to a re-reading of Froude's *History of England*. I finished the twelve large volumes of the edition in which the work originally appeared. The set was given to me by Miss Margaret Froude. It belonged to Froude's second wife and contains corrections by both Mr. and Mrs. Froude, a fact which made the reading doubly interesting.

Where are the historians who can write with the ease, the clarity, the power, and the sheer compelling quality of Froude? I look in vain for such historical writing from the men of the present. And then I think of the quiet way in which Froude produced his history in contrast with the groanings of poor Carlyle. Froude was working, as you know, from original manuscripts in three different languages, deciphering for himself, doing his own transcripts, and preparing the work for the printers on his own responsibility. His daughter told me that she never heard a word from him about the difficulties of the work. When I think of such things, I take off my hat to the Victorians!

PESSIMISM

Charles D. Atkins, the accomplished Director of the Department of Education at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, sends me two citations of such interest that I am sure my readers will be glad to see them.

The nonchalance with which the great mass of humanity travels the walk of life, knowing that they face an impenetrable mystery at its end, has always been a fascinating subject. Remembering your wide-ranging career and your cheerful countenance at seventy, it would be interesting to know how many perfect days of happiness you would allow yourself in your three-score-and-ten. Franklin, you will recall, gave himself five; Edwin Booth declared he had never had one, and Bismarck couldn't recall twenty-four hours of complete bliss in his four-score. The subject touches the very core of life. My own interest in it was aroused some years ago by these words in Barrett Wendell's *Traditions of European Culture:*

"Human life is inexorably tragic—a struggle of sentient beings with an environment certain to annihilate it in every aspect of their bodily and earthly form. The law of material existence decrees not only that all men must die; so must all races of men, of beasts, of things that swim, and fly, and crawl, and palpitate; so, in due course, of that immensity which we call astronomic time, must earth itself, sun, moon and stars, and all the sensible universe. Thus conceived, human experience can truly express itself only in one vast, re-echoing cry of despair."

Excerpt from the Autobiography of "Charles Francis Adams," page 211.

As long ago as my college days I came across the closet memorandum of the Calif Abdalraham, in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and it made an impression upon me—an impression so deep, that, since, I have not wearied of referring to it. It is in Gibbon's fifty-second chapter, and reads as follows: "I have now reigned about fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to Fourteen:—O man! place not thy confidence in this present world!" I cannot undertake to number my days of "pure and genuine happiness"; and such days vary greatly with mortals. Obviously, they are a matter largely of individual disposition and temperament, much affected in their greater or less frequency by the very commonplace factor of digestion,

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or the presence or absence in one's system of uric acid. Were I, however, to undertake, in my own case, to guess whether the number of those days had been more or less than "fourteen," I might hesitate in so doing; but, more or less, I am very confident they exceed in number those of any one of my forbears.

In regard to Franklin, we must remember that he said he would be glad to live his entire life over again, even if he were not allowed to make any alterations; Julian Hawthorne said no civilized man would ever be willing to live his life over again; but Julian forgot Benjamin, who was more civilized than the vast majority of men in the twentieth century.

As my friend Mr. Atkins has asked me how many days of perfect happiness I could remember, I should say that the amount was about 10,673.

For real pessimism, I think we must go to Strindberg; I love that kind of pessimism; there is nothing dubious about it, nothing diluted:

> My wife is going blind; and on the whole she is glad of it; there is nothing worth seeing; She says she hopes she will also become deaf; for there is nothing worth hearing. The best thing about being old is that you are near the goal.—From the play "Heat-lightning."

This is surely consistent; for if life has not a single day of joy, one should eagerly look forward to absolute nothingness. Personally I am hanging on as long as possible. I should like to be a philosopher, "but cheerfulness keeps breaking in."

I enjoyed the following letter from the Honorable James R. Sheffield so much that I want my fellow-Scribnerians to share it with me:

My dear Billy:

We took the Odyssey Cruise—Corsica, Sardinia, Tunis, Carthage, Sicily, Malta, Crete, Rhodes, Constantinople, Troy (not N. Y.), swam the Hellespont in less time than Leander, visited St. John at Patmos, the works at Athos, Mytilene, Athens, Corinth, Delphi, Olympia, Delos, Skyros, Corfu, the Dalmatia Coast, and landed Aug. 3 in Venice.

The party, only eighty-five, on the cruise was very agreeable but out of your class. Too many college professors, Deans of women's colleges, and other Intelligentsia for you, but just right for me!

Recalling Robert Louis Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey* I climbed Patmos on one, sans bridle and stirrups, and on the way down my donkey driver wanted me to go to the Cave of St. John, where he wrote the *Revelation*. As every moment I expected to see St. John face to face, I thought it a waste of time—for said donkey had me literally on his neck as he tried to pitch me 1000 feet over the precipice every two minutes.

Modern Greek looks the same as Homer's Greek, but you talk it differently. Tarbell wouldn't give me a zero mark because I was less than that. At 100 degrees in the shade at Athens, I was still zero in Greek.

Well, I've been somewhat educated this summer, have had a bully time, feel like a two year old, altho I arrived at 71 Aug. 13 and am actually aching to get back to work.

By the way out of regard for you we visited Browning's palace in Venice and Rupert Brooke's statue on one of those Grecian Islands—no matter which.

We saw the out of doors performance, or part of it, of *The Merchant of Venice* while in Venice. I've just re-read the play as my Italian hearing was a bit lacking. I like it in English better. So would Shakespeare.

DANIEL PRATT OF ALABAMA

In describing a recent volume of the invaluable and indispensable *Dictionary of American Biography,* I spoke of Daniel Pratt, "the great American traveller," who was defined as "vagrant." Immediately I received a most interesting letter from Doctor Hopson Owen Murfee, of PRATTville, Ala., calling my attention to the fact that this town was founded in 1835 by Daniel Pratt—an entirely different person from the vagrant—and in this year of 1935 by act of the Legislature of Alabama they are celebrating the centennial. Daniel Pratt came from Temple, N. H., and his wife Esther Ticknor, from Columbia, Conn., so three states have an interest in this event.

In 1846 the University of Alabama honored this Daniel Pratt by conferring upon him a degree; and I have the letter from the President, Basil Manly, the grandfather of John Matthews Manly, the famous head of the English Department of the University of Chicago.

This part of American history is so interesting that I am going to quote from Doctor Murfee's letter:

> This is written lest the readers of SCRIBNER'S who look up to Professor William Lyon Phelps as our most honored and beloved Apostle of Truth and Righteousness, may conclude that this Daniel Pratt whom the State of Alabama and the United States seek now to honor with her most famous native-born sons, be confused with the Daniel Pratt mentioned by Professor Phelps in his review of Volumes XIV and XV of "the admirable and indispensable" *Dictionary of American Biography,* writing in SCRIBNER'S for May, 1935:
>
> "Daniel Pratt (defined as 'vagrant'),"—
>
> to quote the citation of Professor Phelps, who omits to mention *the* Daniel Pratt whose name and fame is known throughout the world as the founder of Prattville, Alabama, and as the genius who builded the globe-encircling Continental Gin Company.
>
> On Page 170, Vol. XV, of the *Dictionary of American Biography,* will be found a biography of Daniel Pratt of Temple, New Hampshire and Prattville, Alabama.
>
> On pages 170–171 of the same volume, Daniel Pratt of Massachusetts and a New Englander-at-large, is described as,—
>
> "Vagrant . . . incurably demented . . . for half a century he roamed the land. His wanderings extended from the backwoods of Maine and New Brunswick to remote army posts in the Dakotas. . . . His chief delusion was that he had been elected to the presidency and was kept out of office by a coalition of unscrupulous rivals. . . . This fame he owed in large measure to his devotion to the New England colleges. . . . An impressive but quite unofficial convocation at Dartmouth College conferred on him the degree of C. O. D."
>
> Thus the students of Dartmouth College hailed Professor William Lyon Phelps' Daniel Pratt.
>
> The trustees of the University of Alabama honored an altogether different Daniel Pratt with the honorary degree of Master in the Mechanic and Useful Arts—"the art of making men around you wiser, better, and happier."
>
> I am a Virginian of the household of Dorothy Madison, but I am distressed to discover that again a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.
>
> HOPSON OWEN MURFEE,
> *Director Daniel Pratt Centennial Memorial Foundation.*

In reading the letters of Wordsworth, on which I comment in this issue, one is so impressed by the family's extremely slender resources and their requests to their brother Richard to forward tiny amounts of cash from time to time, that it is interesting to observe that when Wordsworth's last surviving grandchild died on July 8 of this year, he left about $270,000. The will is also interesting.

> The last surviving grandchild of William Wordsworth, Mr. Gordon Graham Wordsworth, of Ambleside, left £53,809 gross, with net personality £53,067.
>
> Mr. Wordsworth died on July 8 last, aged 75 years.
>
> Among the bequests is one of £300 to the National Trust for the upkeep of "Dora's Field," Rydal, a lakeland beauty spot which he gave to the nation this year. It was once the property of the poet.
>
> He leaves to the trustees of Dove Cottage, Grasmere, all letters, journals, manuscripts, and documents connected with the life and works of his grandfather, and all rights, including copyright, and £100 for the upkeep of certain graves at Grasmere.

And here is an item in a European newspaper about the house in Venice where Robert Browning died, Dec. 12, 1889:

> The Rezzonico Palace in Venice, where Browning wrote *Asolando,* and where he died on December 12, 1889, will on September 10 become the permanent home of the collection of pictures, furniture, glass, bronzes, and costumes of the eighteenth century which is now housed in the civic museum of the Royal Palace.
>
> With the death of Browning the palace passed to his heirs, and from them to Count

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Hirschel de Minerbo. Some years ago it was offered for sale, but on account of the difficult times no buyer could be found. In 1931 it was bought by the commune of Venice, and since then various repairs have been undertaken.

His daughter-in-law, Mrs. "Pen" Browning, died in England, on July 20 of this year. I knew her very well. She gave me a number of valuable Browning *memorabilia* and described the poet's last illness, and how pleased he was when an advance copy of his last book *Asolando* reached Venice. He was reading it on the last day of his life. He died at ten in the evening on the day of the book's publication. They told him the evening papers in London all spoke highly of the new book; and I believe his very last words were "That is very gratifying."

The greatest literary News of the year is the announcement of a *Novel* by George Santayana.

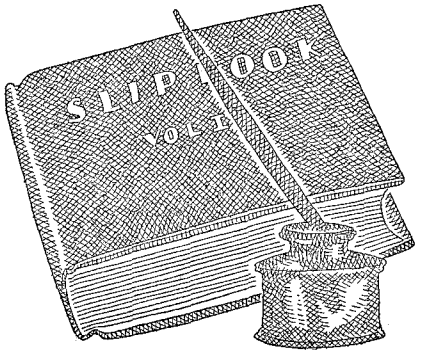
BOOKS MENTIONED WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

Complete Works of J. M. Barrie. $31.50. Scribners.

The Entrancing Life, by J. M. Barrie. Scribners. $1.

Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, ed. Ernest de Sélincourt. Oxford. $9.

AFTER HOURS



A meeting-ground for hobbyists and amateurs. What do you do to get fun out of life? Contributions should be addressed to After Hours Department, Scribner's Magazine. Those selected for publication will be paid for

THE SLIP BOOK
Or Life with Mother

ANONYMOUS

The author, a young New Yorker, has to remain anonymous not because of her mother but because of her mother's public.

I hardly dare call my collection a hobby, but there's absolutely no question about the fun I get out of it. I don't even know what I could call it. The cover of the book I keep it in is dignified only by the title SLIP BOOK —and there you have it. I collect inadvertent slips of the tongue or twists of the memory. Looking at it as merely that, it sounds a little horrid, a little mean, but it isn't a bit if you play by the rules.

For the slip has to have distinction; to be turned with an essential feeling for words; to be so nearly right that its wrongness is heartwarming, satisfying, and hilariously funny not only to those who hear, but almost always even to the person who makes it. It's the kind of thing one tells on one's self afterwards with pride, for these good slips amount almost to genius. And so the recording of them has in it not the slightest trace of malice. Many of the ones in my book I could wish I had made myself, and the person who has been my most distinguished as well as far and away my most frequent contributor, is the one who gets the most pleasure from my book. She is my mother, and the reason I write this anonymously is not because she minds in the slightest, but because from time to time she must conduct meetings, must make public speeches, and while it's one thing to be amusing in a group of friends, it's something else again to have people listening for errors when you're intent on putting over an important argument!

I must explain a little what I mean by a "good" slip. Once upon a time when I was much younger and at a very large, and, to me, impressive dinner party, my elderly hostess was telling a story to the young "ladies" while they drank their coffee in the drawing room. She began it: "One day last winter, my dears, when the snow was all covered with ground—" Naturally the young ladies thought it was funny—in the same hysterical way things are funny in church, because you can't laugh, and they sat balancing their coffee cups with that same agonizing, inner trembling that one feels in the front pew. But obviously there was not genius in that slip. It's the ordinary garden variety that any one of us might make at any time, and is completely unworthy of a place in any collection.

But when my mother introduces the new English partner in my father's firm—Mr. *Anstruther*—with the complete social poise and assurance which are nearly always a joyous addition to her remarks, and, looking up from the teacups without a trace of hesitation or doubt in her manner, says "Mrs. So-and-so, may I present our dear friend Mr. *Arbuthnot?*" Then the havoc is complete, the afternoon is made, and my book flies open. What ordinary mind would even have *thought* of Arbuthnot?

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And when one morning a friend of ours who had been staying at the house over night—a Mr. *Kyle,* this time—whom Mother had introduced without faltering several times the night before, comes down to breakfast and is greeted by my mother with bright interest, "Good morning, Mr. *Dykel* I've been wondering—do you spell your name with an 'I' or a 'Y'?"—the good Mr. Kyle himself can hardly straighten out the letters in his name.

My collection started long ago one day when Mother was helping me pack my trunk for college and told me with relish and enjoyment of one of her first slips. It was when she herself was a freshman at college. The expressman had come for her trunk and in desperation because she couldn't find her trunk strap, she ran down the hall to the elevator boy, calling "Joe, Joe, *have* you seen my skunk trap?"

Certainly that is the first entry in my book, but I have come to see, wildly funny as I thought it was at the time, that it has not the artistry of some of the later ones. After a Garbo picture a month or so ago, I asked Mother what she thought about it. I hadn't seen it myself. "Oh, Garbo was wonderful," she said, "but they dressed her abominably. In one scene she wore a hat that hid all her hair and was wound around her face like the towels in the Enoch Arden beauty ads."

There was the time, just after the publication of *Main Street,* when she was to sit with Mrs. Lewis at a dinner for Sinclair Lewis. Before she left she wailed, "What with the heroine of *Main Street* being Carol, and Lewis Carroll to confuse me, I *know* I shall call her something dreadful." And she did. At least it wasn't dreadful, but she did call her Mrs. Carol. There are innumerable such times, but I cannot enumerate them all. Soon, however, I must start SLIP BOOK, Vol. II. The latest entry in Vol. I is this:

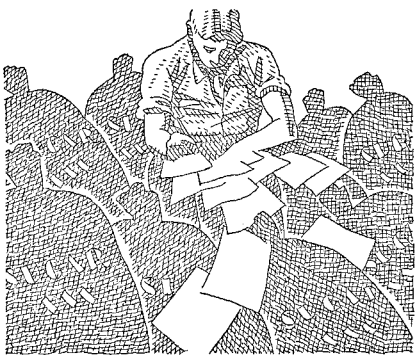
My father and I are both reading Briffault's *Europa.* Last night I was reading in bed when Mother, going by the door, started to come in to say good night. "Never mind," I called, "I'll come in your room in a minute. I suppose Father will want his book when he comes up." She glanced in, saw the bright, familiar cover, nodded absently in confirmation, "Mmm," she said, *"Eureka."*

JUST PLAIN CEMENT

It's Hard—and Permanent

By Roy Dickinson

The cabin in the hills of Mr. Dickinson, who is president of "Printer's Ink," is well known, especially in New York advertising and publishing circles. Readers of Scribner's *will remember his "Fragments from the Hills," stories and observations of his Ramapo neighbors.*



My hobby after business hours, and every hour I can steal from business, happens to be cement. Every man needs an isle of escape from the hustle, bustle, and fast pace of modern business. Mine is in the Ramapo Hills, high above the slowly flowing river. The log cabin, which has been added to year after year, is the place where I sit and listen to the song of birds on summer evenings and the quiet breeze through the woods. It is here, too, that I pursue my hobby.

My Ramapo acres are rocky ones. There are big gray rocks in all directions. I first learned to crack them with a sledge hammer, which was good exercise. Then came the idea of making something permanent out of these good-looking fragments.

I bought two trowels, cement, and sand and first started on a stone porch. To create something which was permanent and which would live many years after I was gone appealed to my creative sense and since that time all sorts of objects, an open-air fireplace, garbage burners, and garden seats have been made from cement. Now I am making a sun-dial.

I found that the American Portland Cement Association was most helpful in telling me what could be made, how to make it and all the tricks of the mason's trade.

To watch a great stone porch grow slowly under one's somewhat unskilful hands is a deep satisfaction. To build a stone wall from carefully selected rocks is a task teaching patience which eliminates petty worries.

To all of those who haven't yet discovered the hobby which satisfies them, I suggest cement. It is restful, soothing and gives permanent satisfaction.

A WAREHOUSE TRUCKER STATES HIS AMBITION

How a Would-be Novelist Became an Advocate of Leisure.

Anonymous

This author also must remain anonymous. He is a Californian, and while he can hardly be said to have a hobby or even, on the face of it, to get much fun out of life, he is busy at something beside his job.

I am a university graduate in English; also (God help us) another would-be author, as Scribner's records would show if rejection slips were recorded; also a trucker of sugar bags in a sugar refinery warehouse; lastly, an amateur labor leader, conservative to the core, but a believer in the thirty-hour week for industry. The latter calling is new. It adds extra work to an overworked man, and is, I hope, the most temporary.

So long as the status quo remains, I shall remain exactly those four things. I went to the university for the express purpose of emerging an author. My idea was to work a year or two after graduating, grub-stake myself to three years of leisure (too short a time, but chiselable) for producing the Great American Novel, and shape the remoter future according to my success or failure.

I graduated in 1930—squarely into the depression. For over a year I had no permanent job. In seven months I made seven dollars. Then I became a part-time man at this plant. I am full-time now. During unemployment I taught myself the touch (for the most part) system of typing. I should have done it years before. I wrote an impassioned criticism of the Bedaux industrial efficiency system, which criticism your magazine kept some time before rejecting.

I had begun my great novel during

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a summer vacation, tabled it to finish my senior year, and would have resumed it if I had not thought prosperity around the corner, ready to balk my writing with job-duties just as I got the novel under way. That was, in fact, about what developed, for the job did come—not what I wanted, God forbid—but a job. I tried to resume the novel during spare time, but got hospitalized for a month because of a breakdown. I then resolved to revert to the old plan: save the grub-stake up and retire to write. This time I would do three years' work in two, living in a shanty on a subsistence level. I expected to go on with my novel beginning with October 1, 1933. In July my mother had a stroke, and I had to remain on the job. Now, unless the six-hour day comes, my future is right here.

Maybe it is anyway. In fact, I told a company official: "With the six-hour day I'd be satisfied personally to remain here. With two more hours I could be a writer and still do good work for the company." When I said that, I meant it. Now I am not so sure. I have been out of this State but once. I have never been to a foreign country. I want to see other lands and peoples in the worst way. I cannot even dance. First I did not want to. Now I cannot afford to. I am not yet twenty-eight, but I see signs of moss on my back. I feel thirty-five. I have made my own living since I was fourteen. I feel a reasonably strong desire to marry, without having a definite woman in mind, and with a clear picture of the obstacles to happy marriage—for a writer, in particular.

Perhaps I am already a poet. Two "little" magazines recently printed free verse of mine. Free verse is not real poetry; and poetry is not my forte; it is ironical that my first break into print was in that form. I am aware of other ironies: I am an earnest pacifist, but my first printed poems are soliloquies by war heroes. My brother, with milder ambitions than mine, is not strong enough to handle my bread-winning job. Otherwise we could trade places. As it is, he has to keep the apartment and twiddle his thumbs.

I am not a Communist, though I sympathize with the mass idealism of Communism. I hate anarchistic agitation, which is all Communism seems to mean in my neighborhood. I see the six-hour day as the only bourgeois (if I must be ignoble) way out of Communism in America. That is why I want it. That is why I joined the union movement. Incidentally, as I said before, it might sometime give me time to write.

THE GENESIS OF A THRIVING "LITTLE THEATER"

It Began as a Hospital Benefit—and Grew.

By Helen K. Tobin

Who hasn't felt the glamor of the theater? Who hasn't been stage-struck? Mrs. Tobin tells of her local "little theater." It offers all the glamor of Broadway and opportunity for half the town to express itself artistically.

Three years ago I was chairman of a committee that produced three one-act plays for the benefit of our hospital.

Because of this I was thrown into the very center of things. I had never had any previous experience with amateur dramatics but I became so intensely interested that I found myself eating and sleeping with the project.

In the first place the cast represented a cross-section of the townspeople and I was thrown with a group I had never known before. In many cases these new contacts fairly rejuvenated my husband and me.

I should have mentioned that my husband is well used to organizing people and from the first was of the greatest assistance. In fact as I look back on it I find that I probably supplied the enthusiasm and a certain amount of ability to coordinate but he really did the work and found the workers.

There was available at a very low rental a fine old theater with excellent acoustics. The townspeople welcomed its reopening and recalled the days when John Drew once trod its boards and *The Messiah* was sung from its stage.

Our first coach was a senior from a near-by drama school and through him I had my first glimpse of a Green Room. The time came when I had to discharge the coach. This gave me new insight into the hard positions that executives find themselves in and the ways that must be studied to meet situations with the least embarrassment and fewest hurt feelings. Came the re-castings in cases where the first persons selected did not measure up. Perhaps there were a few prevarications but so far as we could discover no enemies for our future Drama League were made. Many a lesson in tact was learned. Again, by sitting through hours of rehearsals I came to understand types that I had never had the opportunity to know before. From first to last it has been the people who have interested and led me on.

So much interest was aroused by the success of the three one-act plays that it led to the organization of what became a very thriving Drama League with a membership of over two hundred.

The first year two three-act plays were given. In 1934 four more were produced and the 1935–36 season has seen four more with a total of well over one hundred different people involved in acting, directing, lighting, business management, publicity, costuming, scene building, and painting properties. It has been my good fortune to have a finger in the pie of a number of these various activities.

I feel quite sure that in no other way could I have learned in so short a time to understand people and their motives. Equally certain is it that I have become more interesting to myself at least and perhaps in a measure to others because of all these avenues of thought that the new enthusiasm opened. There have been many times when my health has been far from good but almost always the glamor of the theater has tided me over. There are so many phases of the theater to be considered that monotony cannot enter where this interest lies.

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Behind the Scenes

About SCRIBNER authors. . . . Alan Villiers in Singapore. . . . James Truslow Adams and the Constitution. . . . Mizzen gaff-topsails and the *Mary Celeste*. . . . Discussion of "King Cotton's Slaves."

"FOOL VOYAGE," **Alan Villiers's** story of the first lap of the *Joseph Conrad's* journeying across the globe, under sail, as the old explorers went, came to us from Rio de Janeiro, and was published in the July issue of the Magazine. During the early summer a cable came from Capetown, so that we knew the South Atlantic passage had been safely accomplished. Now with "Salt in My Eyes" comes the story of the struggle with the winds from Capetown across the Indian Ocean to Bali, and though this part of the saga ends with Bali, Singapore has been reached, for the article was mailed from there.

The Constitution has stepped from the dusty confines of our history books into the center of the smartest dinner table conversation, to say nothing of the warmest political discussions. Moreover, it bids fair to become a vital issue once again in the election campaigns next year and from there to work, in one way or another, into the individual lives of us all. **James Truslow Adams,** biographer and historian, in a series of articles to appear in the Magazine, takes up the history of this important document and its relation to the issues of today. Mr. Adams is now in his home in London, but plans to return to this country sometime next year to live in Connecticut.

Inis Weed Jones, author of "Man's Last Specter," is a graduate of the University of Michigan who worked for her doctorate in sociology and economics at Columbia. She taught English at the University of Michigan and at Mount Holyoke and was dean of women at the University of Washington. She has written many articles on labor and other social questions—and for the last few years her writing has been almost entirely on medical subjects under the direction of doctors.

Ernest Boyd, distinguished critic of drama and letters and Associate Member of the Irish Academy of Letters, was an editor of *The American Spectator* at the time when that magazine was staffed by George Jean Nathan, Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, and Eugene O'Neill. He has translated some of Heinrich Mann's work and has written a study of Anatole France, but in this article he turns his attention to "Marxian Literary Critics," mostly in this country.

The hunting and fishing stories of **Caroline Gordon** have received wide attention and acclaim, "Old Red" winning second prize in the O. Henry award last year, but she is now writing a long novel of Civil War times called *The Cup of Fury,* in which the Confederate cavalry officer, General Forrest, is a leading character. If one is to judge by her ability to reconstruct activities on field and stream, although following no sport herself, her novel of the Civil War will become a reality beside which Ethiopia will pale. She lives in Memphis, Tenn.

Last summer **Walter Gilkyson** visited that part of New Mexico which he describes in "Enemy Country," on a trip through the West which he took with William Yarrow, the American painter, whose murals in the Princeton gymnasium caused so much comment when they were unveiled last spring. They went also to Hollywood and Seattle and home by Yellowstone. At the moment, Mr. Gilkyson and his wife, Bernice Kenyon, are in Bermuda where they will stay until summer. They have a house in Bailey's Bay, about half way between St. George and Hamilton, where they are both writing.

O'Brien Atkinson comes of Michigan-Irish stock whose tastes led them into the army and the law. His father was a lieutenant-colonel in the Civil War and was later a distinguished member of the Michigan bar. Mr. Atkinson studied at Detroit College, at the Michigan Military Academy, and at Clongowes Wood College in Ireland. He was admitted to the bar at Detroit in 1892, served in the 35th Michigan Volunteer Infantry as a major in 1898, was Quartermaster-General of Michigan in 1900, Commandant of the Michigan Military Academy in 1901, and in 1907 "began to flirt with advertising." As one of the staff of the Hawley Advertising Company, he has specialized in insurance since 1924. He has seven children and eighteen grandchildren.

Grace Flandrau, who writes "Gentlefolk," is thinking of going to the south of France this winter, chiefly to get a breathing space in which to sort out the overwhelming variety of impressions that have piled upon her after a year in her home town, St. Paul. She is working on a novel and some long short stories.

Dorothea Brande was the first member of *The American Mercury's* staff after Mencken and Nathan and stayed there three years. She left to free-lance, missed a desk, and went to *The Bookman* in 1927 and stayed till it turned into *The American Review,* with which she is still connected, although her main work now is the teaching of fiction writing. She has written innumerable stories and articles, a novel, and a book called *Becoming a Writer.* She is finishing another book, *The Writer's Background.* "I got taken in by every 'liberal' idea, when young," she says, "from feminism to progressive education, and had to find my way back. Now I am what most persons would consider a horrid reactionary. I love writing, editing, and lecturing; I hate controversy, but discover that the mere statement of what are now my vital convictions continually brings controversy down about my ears."

The author of "Napoleon Bonaparte 1935," **Wythe Williams,** is in a position to know the situation in France. He is connected with the United Press Association in Paris and has been in touch with the European picture for a number of years.

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H. E. Wilson, assistant professor of education at Harvard, was born and educated in Illinois. He taught first at Wisconsin and then at Chicago, and now at Harvard his work is the training of teachers of the social studies. In "Political Realism in Public Schools," he regrets the picture that school children are given of government service, and to complement his view, C. Hartley Grattan, in an early issue, will tell what it really is like to be "Working for the Government." Mr. Wilson has written a variety of books, among them *Mary McDowell, Neighbor,* a biography of a Chicago social worker, and *The Fusion of Social Studies in Junior High School.* Last year, he says, he added to the troubles of American school children by collaborating in the publication of a textbook in United States history. He has written innumerable articles for educational and general magazines, and has a wife, two children, and a dog.

Virginia Black and her husband live in northern California on a sheep ranch, the isolation of which necessitates their sending their two young sons away to school. Since starting her turkey-raising venture, Mrs. Black's activities have had a wider and wider scope. She writes: "I am now completing the last of a set of wall paintings for a newly built undertaker's chapel for which the owner had planned (when the paintings should be finished) a formal opening with hot-house flowers and San Francisco's best organist. But, alas, owing to the difficulties of bringing models to my mountain top, the progress on these canvases has been even slower than that with which Leonardo annoyed the Prior, and without the same justifiable results. Too large to be kept safely in my studio barn, they have been delivered one by one at long intervals as they were completed and one by one have been stretched upon the walls of the chapel. There they have seen funerals come and go and are fast becoming an old story. When the last canvas is finally in place there will be general sighs of relief instead of a celebration. . . . We still raise turkeys on the ranch."

In connection with the last Villiers article, we have received the following interesting letter from Doctor John W. Dewis of Boston:

A MIZZEN GAFF-TOPSAIL

Sir: I have just read the excellent article, "Fool Voyage," by Alan Villiers. In casting my eye on the illustrations of the article, which are fine, too, I was much distressed to observe in the third picture on page four, a *full-rigged ship* carrying a mizzen gaff-topsail. I have never seen nor heard of such a thing in a full-rigged ship. In barks, of course, we do have a mizzen gaff-topsail, and in a barkentine a main gaff-topsail, but never in a full-rigged, three-masted ship did I ever see or hear of a gaff-topsail. If this good little ship *Joseph Conrad* (*Georg Stage*) sports a gaff-topsail, I wonder if it is not an exception.

I am somewhat acquainted with ships and ship rigging. My father was a shipbuilder and all my family were seafaring men. My father built the famous *Mary Celeste.* (It was *Mary Celeste* and not *Marie Celeste* as often misquoted.) He built her as the bark *Amazon* in 1862, and after many misfortunes and a partial wreck on the coast of Maine, he sold her to a Portland firm who refurbished her and renamed her the *Mary Celeste.* My nephew has just received a painting of this vessel, done about seventy-five years ago in Bristol, England, I think. It has been buried away in an attic more than fifty years and he has just recovered it. I have not been able to get even a photograph of the painting, however, because he is afraid I will give it, as he says, "to some New York paper." He will relent later. This vessel seemed to be possessed of the devil, finally casting her old frame upon a West Indian reef.

Edward Shenton, who did the illustrations for the article, says that Doctor Dewis is probably quite right. His drawings were made from a photograph of Villiers's ship, but she was not in full sail. It is interesting to note that the famous old *Mary Celeste* is being brought to life again in a movie which Bela Lugosi, the Dracula of filmdom, has just completed in England. The picture is a version of *The Mystery of the Mary Celeste,* which, story has it, was found at sea with all sails set, a meal on the table, and everything in perfect order, but no trace of captain, his wife, child or crew.

C. T. Carpenter's article on the share-croppers — "King Cotton's Slaves," which received wide comment from a great many Southern newspapers, has brought in also a number of letters. Tom Fletcher, of Fletcher Farm, Scott, Ark., writes:

REDISTRIBUTION OF BRAINS

Sir: I have read, with a great deal of interest, Mr. C. T. Carpenter's remarks on "King Cotton's Slaves" in your October issue. Your footnote says that Mr. Carpenter is an authority on this subject and Mr. Carpenter does not deny it. Even so, he seems to be covering a good deal of territory when he intimates that there are no honest land owners and no dishonest share croppers. He might say with equal accuracy that all lawyers and politicians were honest.

I agree with Mr. Carpenter that the share crop system, as she is played, is very bad. This system must be changed if the land owner is to survive financially and still be able to give the share cropper a job. This business of providing from ⅔ to ¾ of the assets of a partnership and getting ½ of the profits, if any, and losing, in bad accounts, a good deal more than the paper profits, cannot go on indefinitely.

Mr. Carpenter complains about the poor housing the share cropper gets and bemoans the fact that no matter how long he lives in said house, the poor share cropper has no equity in it. Nature (human and otherwise) has a habit of taking care of all reasonable demands and it is a cinch that the share cropper has, and will get, just the house he demands, both by the way he takes care of said house, and the returns he makes for the use of it. Of course, the share cropper should have an equity in the land owner's house. While other people's money is being handled so fluently, why forget the renter of houses, apartments and hotel rooms? Mr. Roosevelt is doing a beautiful job of wet nursing the tax eaters so we won't mention them.

While admitting his low mentality and his inability to care for himself, Mr. Carpenter sees a way to uplift this downtrodden share cropper and make him an honest, intelligent, and independent citizen. To do this, he would hand the share cropper a fertile farm which is well stocked with tools, implements, and motive power. This farm not to be subject to mortgage or sale. Mr. Carpenter seems to have a socialist's dream of heaven. I am a little surprised that he didn't carry his pipe dream a little farther and demand a small factory for every factory worker, a small office for every office worker, a small railroad for every worker on a railroad, etc., etc.

In putting out this socialistic propaganda about Redistribution of Wealth (other people's) and Social Security, both Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Roosevelt overlook the fact that any Redistribution of Wealth, to be effective, must be accompanied by a Redistribution of Brains, Ability, and Inclination. And be it further resolved that any man having the above characteristics will make his own Social Security.

The Houston, Texas, *Chronicle* says:

ON OUR OWN DOORSTEP

The October issue of SCRIBNER'S contains an article on the share-cropper system in the cotton industry which deserves the careful thought of every humanitarian person in the South. Written by C. T. Carpenter, an attorney of Marked Tree, Ark., who represented certain members of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union in charges recently brought against them, it is highly ex parte at points, but gives a valid picture of tenant farm conditions in the South which should touch the heart of every town and city dweller in the cotton belt states.

It points out that there are 1,790,000 tenant farmers in the South, who, with their families, constitute a population of more than 9,000,000, more than two-thirds of whom are white.

The Chronicle has long called attention to the decline of agriculture, and to the evils and injustice of the tenantry system, particularly in the South. In recent months it has been impelled to oppose the foolhardy sacrifice of American cotton exports, going on as part of the federal plan to aid agriculture; and it has likewise been forced to oppose certain executive policies of the AAA which bore

Continued in Advertising Section

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11 to 12 "	10 to 11 hours
13 to 15 "	10 to 12 hours

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Phonograph Records

By Richard Gilbert

● Music ho! . . . John Mills tells what electricity is doing for music in his *A Fugue in Cycles and Bels*. . . . Koussevitzky gives dramatic interpretation of Sibelius's Second Symphony. . . . Beethoven's *Symphony No. 4* and other discs.

A few years ago I sat in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia and, with a hundred other people, listened enraptured to the homely sounds, coming from the stage, of a carpenter sawing a board in half and conversing with his comrade in the wings, who presently walked out, crossed over, and joined him. Let me point out that these everyday noises—saw-teeth cutting wood, a hammer falling to the floor, speech, and footsteps—held the attention of the musicians, critics, and scientists, as much as if Doctor Stokowski had been in his accustomed place regaling them with the Brahms Fourth. The stage was empty. The carpenter and his comrade were really moving about in another room, on another floor of the Academy. They could just as well have been in Baltimore or St. Louis. What the listeners heard—the movement *from right to left,* as the man talked and walked across the stage, the clear undistorted timbres of speech and noise—came to them from several banks of loudspeakers placed behind the backdrops of the stage. The first public demonstration of "auditory perspective" was taking place.

Presently the luminous tone and full concert volume of the Philadelphia Orchestra came from this same empty stage—the massed violins from the left, the group of 'cellos from the right, the woodwinds, brass and percussion from their familiar positions. This amazing reproduction was in no sense similar to a radio broadcast, neither was it at all like the best sound-picture performance. It was, in fact, a facsimile of the playing of the actual 100-piece orchestra, seated upon the stage. In a parquet box, Doctor Stokowski manipulated the controls regulating the volume of music—overwhelming *crescendi* were obtained, and *pianissimi* of an ethereal delicacy. The orchestra was actually playing in the acoustically insulated foyer upstairs before microphones which conveyed its music through a newly perfected circuit to the auditorium below. A few days later, extending their wires several hundred miles, the Bell engineers entertained an audience in Constitution Hall in Washington, D. C., with a concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra, playing in its home auditorium.

For lovers of music without scientific knowledge who are curious to learn more about recent revolutionizing laboratory developments, John Mills, a Bell engineer, has prepared *A Fugue in Cycles and Bels* (D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc.). This book, in its visionary moments, may be propaganda for the wired broadcast of the future outlined above; but the phenomena recounted throughout its 264 pages bear directly upon the science of conveying sound in any form, hence it will prove immensely interesting to the possessor of a modern phonograph.

Orchestras in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia are not now giving Saturday night concerts to large audiences assembled simultaneously in as many cities as the telephone company can service. Nevertheless, it is possible to equip any auditorium to reproduce the performance of a large symphony orchestra playing in another city so that it is scarcely distinguishable in tone, volume, and perspective (a three dimensional quality not now obtainable in commercial sound pictures, phonograph recording, or radio reception) from the original concert. This feat represents, I believe, the farthest advance yet made by engineers in reproducing faithfully large masses of musical sound at a distance in time or space from an original source. Complex musical sounds and degrees of intensity had to be completely encompassed; for their measurement two convenient terms have been used: *cycles and bels* (or, in the case of the latter, the more commonly known submultiple, *decibels*). Mr. Mills covers thoroughly, with as little technicality as possible, many of the things science is doing to and for music, and the social and economic effects of electricity upon the profession. His book is not only an absorbing text on modern acoustics, but an engaging forecast of what these agencies may be expected to do in the future. The chapter on sound recording contains interesting information which, outside of the technical journals, you will not find elsewhere. I recommend this book to every collector of phonograph records.

II

The music of the Finnish composer, Sibelius, has fairly well established itself in the repertory of American symphony orchestras during the past five years. There can be no question that this belated attention is due in part to the efforts of English proponents, led by Cecil Gray and Constant Lambert, and in part to the prevalence of phonograph recordings of all seven symphonies of Sibelius. Five years ago the late Robert Kajanus, life-long friend of Sibelius, directed the recording of the first and second symphonies by the London Symphony Orchestra for Columbia. The initial expenses of their publication were guaranteed by the Finnish government. Later, a Sibelius record society was organized in England, sponsoring the recording of the Fifth and Third under the direction of Kajanus; the Seventh by Koussevitzky; and the Sixth by Georg Schneevoigt. The Fourth was made independently for Victor by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. This same company now issues a new recording of the Second by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor set No. M272).

Koussevitzky has turned out an intensely dramatic reading of the *Symphony No. 2 in D, op. 43;* the superb virtuosity of his orchestra turning to brilliant account the peculiar instrumentation which makes Sibelius's elo-

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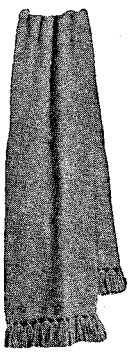

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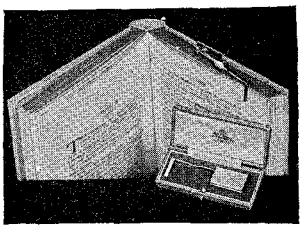

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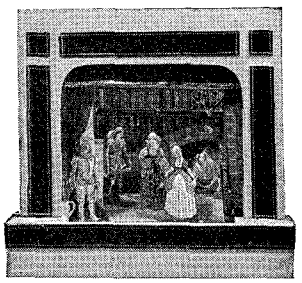

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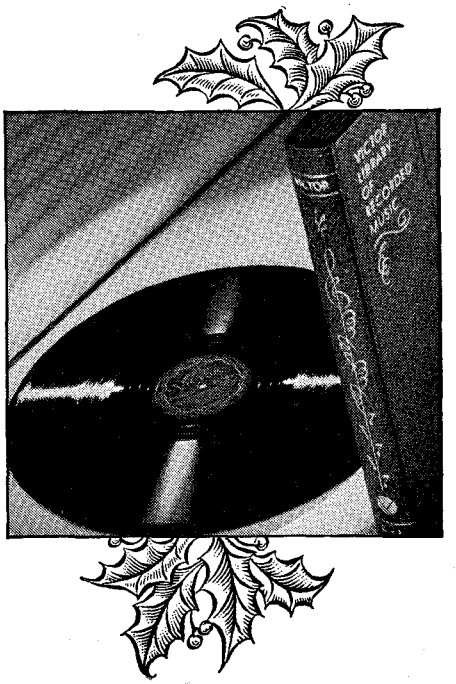
quent motifs shimmer in the tints of ice and snow. Since Kajanus's reading of the Second more overtones have been added to the range of orchestral recording; and the dynamics of the Boston orchestra have been more accurately preserved than those indicated by the Finnish conductor. Differences in interpretation appear mostly in the epic *andante:* Koussevitzky accents the bleak and more turbulent characteristics, whereas Kajanus concentrated on the darker, poignant, more yearning note. The latter evokes a Northern landscape; Koussevitzky builds a tonal edifice. If a choice must be made between the old and new recordings, inevitable arguments are: the superiority of the Boston musicians and present-day recording, for the one; Kajanus's intimate association with the composer, and his familiarity with the soil from which this virile music springs, for the other. (Recommended reading: *Sibelius, the Symphonies,* by Cecil Gray, Oxford University Press.)

Items: *Symphony No. 4 in B-flat,* of Beethoven, played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy (Victor set No. M274). The ebullient Fourth is a great relief after the surfeit of Thirds and Fifths in recordings and concert halls. The clear lines and exhilarating spirit which distinguish this less-favored work of Beethoven should recommend it to listeners who have grown tired of the more popular symphony that follows it. . . . Two superbly played violin concerti: Mozart's *D major (K218)* work, played by Joseph Szigeti (Columbia set No. 224), and Wieniawski's *D minor (op. 22)* piece played by Jascha Heifetz (Victor set No. M275). Both soloists are accompanied by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the Mozart conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, the Wieniawski, by John Barbirolli. . . . Two modern works: Honegger's scintillating and jazzy *Concertino for Piano and Orchestra,* played by Eunice Norton and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (Victor No. 8765), and Roy Harris's compelling cantata setting of Walt Whitman's *A Song for Occupations,* sung by the Westminster Choir, conducted by Doctor John Finley Williamson (Columbia set No. 226). More about these works next month. . . . For those interested in 'cello music, a first recording of Rachmaninoff's *Sonata in G minor, op. 19,* by Marcell Hubert, with Shura Cerkassky at the piano (Columbia set No. 225).



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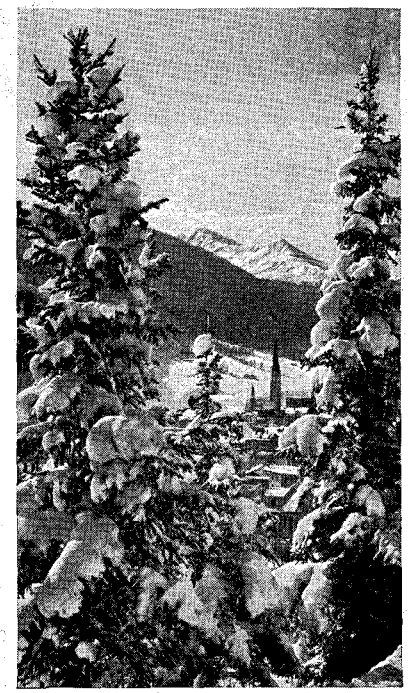
If I Should Ever Travel

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● Fairs the world over. . . . The passing of the Trocadéro. . . . Christmas in Paris. . . . West Indies and Bermuda Cruises for Christmas and New Years. . . . Winter Christmas and winter sports.



E. Meerkämper, Davos

CHRISTMAS MORNING AT DAVOS, SWITZERLAND

All the world's a fair—or pretty near it, and judging by the number of announcements which have come in during the last month or so, by 1940 the whole travel picture will be entirely changed. We shall not be riding in boats or trains, or even airplanes, but shall find ourselves being whisked about on giant ferris wheels, or swung aloft in cable cars, like pigs in a basket. There's to be the Paris Exposition of 1937, the Tokio World's Fair of 1940, the South African Empire Exhibition of 1936. 1939 will see a fair here in New York; 1938 brings an Exposition to San Francisco, the British Industries Fair comes in February, 1936, and the Finnish Industrial Fair is going on at this moment.

Because of the Paris Exposition, they are demolishing, they tell me, the old Trocadéro Palace, taking it down from its high vantage point where it has stood for nearly sixty years looking across the Pont d'Iena to the Eiffel Tower on the Left Bank. Built for the Exposition of 1878, it has never been a thing of beauty, but I'll venture that older, wiser, and even harder hearts than mine will feel twinges at its passing. For so long children have played in its shadow in the lovely park that surrounds it and all kinds of entertainment have drawn Paris in under its cupolaed roof. I played in the gardens myself when I was ten, and am glad that they at least are to remain so that small children may continue to play jackstones on the smooth sidewalks, and tag across the grass. But never again, I suppose, will any one spend Christmas Eve, listening to *Les Cloches de Corneville* tinkling its gay songs through the old brown building. There were six of us in a box, I remember. That was ten years later. Six Americans spending Christmas Eve in Paris—six, I say, by mathematical count, but as far as I was concerned there were exactly two of us in the box that night. The conversation, as I remember it, was glamorous and gay, to match our mood, but the only sentence that really comes back to me is HIS during the intermission: "Why, those songs *can't* belong in any French operetta! For years I've thought they were old New Jersey folk tunes!" And indeed the operetta, like a Shakespeare play, was pleasingly "full of quotations."

And Christmas in Paris! We stayed up late that night after the play, my sister and I, in the little hotel where my family was spending the winter, trimming a tiny tree we had bought that afternoon in the flower market at Notre Dame, and filling stockings that we were determined should be hung, even if from the handles of the bureau drawers. Christmas morning we got up at the crack of dawn to hear high mass in Notre Dame. I shall never forget walking through the morning mist along the river—a warm mist it was, that the Christmas bells and the Christmas excitement came through all the same—and how strange it seemed when we turned into the cold dimness of the church that our breath was suddenly frosty in the inside air. We looked down from the balcony on the pageant below. For "pageant" it seemed to us, all the color and brightness of the light about the altar down below us and the scarlet robes of the Cardinal—and the procession going slowly down the center aisle till all we could see in the crowd at the far, dim end of the Cathedral under the rose window, were the candles and their twinkling light on the great gold cross that led the procession. And pageant it seemed when the procession turned and came slowly back behind the great pillars along the side aisles and we saw it pass behind the old, old arches of Notre Dame—the candles, the cross, the Cardinal, the priests in black and the choir boys all in white. But understanding nothing of all that it signified, we were glad to get back to the symbols we knew—the tree, our own carols, the holly and the mistletoe we had collected at the hotel. So bound are we to the familiar! But when one finds the familiar in what is not—Christmas in Paris, friendship in Paris—the combination is fatal. It seemed no wonder to me that people had always been in love in Paris! Walking arm in arm, on a wintry afternoon when it begins to grow dark, across the Ile de la Cité, under the shadow of Notre Dame, down to the Rue Rivoli, in and out the gay crowd, past all the lighted Christmas windows; or turning from there through the gardens of the Tuileries, its avenues marked by a thousand lamps, to the great wide Place de la Concorde where the Champs Elysées stretches in a long line of twinkling lights toward the Arc de Triomphe hidden in the evening mists; and then perhaps stopping for tea and later coming back along the Boulevard St. Germain, past St. Sulpice and the Luxembourg to the Odéon and home—well, under those circumstances every man seems a god and every woman at least as mysterious as she's supposed to be, under the lights in the misty dark!

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But where does that leave us for our Christmas now? Ahhh! Well, I shall have the tree. That much I know, and with candles whose light is not dimmer by one flicker than it was in those days. And where will you be? In Cathay? In Honolulu? On the sands at Nassau or Bermuda? In California, Florida, or Placid? Your choices are infinite—and cheap! There's a Christmas cruise to Bermuda, Port au Prince, Havana, and Nassau, eleven days, sailing December 21, that costs $132.50. Another over New Year's, five days, to Nassau and the Bahamas, sails December 27 and costs $60. Both of these on big trans-Atlantic liners, and your passage can be paid for on the instalment plan.

This same line has arranged six Christmas excursions to Europe. December 6 to England, Ireland, and Scotland. December 6 to Central European countries; December 14 to Ireland and England, and December 14 to Central European countries. Or, you can:

Leave New York on December 24, go to Havana for two days, and return to New York December 31 after seven days afloat and ashore, minimum $65.

Leave New York December 19 for eleven days, see Puerto Rico and Santo Domingo, spend Christmas in San Juan, all expenses at $110 minimum.

Leave Boston December 21 for a twelve-day Bermuda Cruise including seven days at Belmont Manor, Inverurie or Elbow Beach Hotel, and spend $105, minimum.

Leave Boston December 21 for a sixteen-day Dominica Cruise, minimum $120.

Leave Boston December 14 for a nineteen-day Jamaica Cruise, from $160.

Leave New York December 20 for a twelve-day cruise stopping at Port au Prince, Cartagena, Cristobal, Kingston and returning to New York January 2, minimum $145.

Leave New York December 20, visit the Virgin Islands, St. Lucia, Trinidad, Venezuela, Panama, and Cuba, returning January 5, at $177.50 minimum.

Leave New York December 27 for a very fine New Year cruise to Bermuda and Nassau, returning January 2, minimum $65.

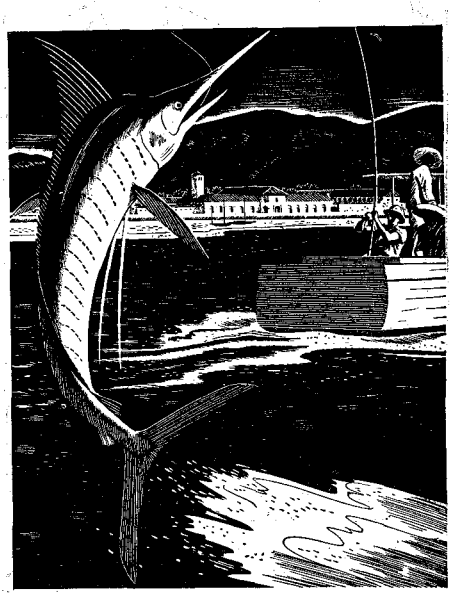
Winter Christmas

There is every possibility, on the other hand, that your bent is toward a

(Continued on page 31)

GUAYMAS

ON THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO



HOTEL PLAYA DE CORTES

We are glad to announce that our modern resort hotel, now rapidly nearing completion on the beach near Guaymas, will soon be opened. Its name: Hotel Playa de Cortés. Its purpose: to give sportsmen and winter vacationists a thoroughly modern, American-type hotel on Mexico's tropical West Coast. Its rates: $6 to $10 per day, including meals.

Guaymas is one of the most exciting places in the world to hunt and fish. The warm blue waters of the Gulf of Lower California fairly swarm with Sea Trout, Red Snapper and giant Sea Bass. In summer come the fighting Swordfish, Sailfish and Marlin.

HOW TO GET THERE

Guaymas is just a short distance across the border, on our West Coast of Mexico Route. This route meets our luxurious Golden State Limited (Chicago-Los Angeles) and Sunset Limited (New Orleans-Los Angeles) at Tucson and speeds you to Mexico City via Guaymas, Mazatlan, Tepic, and Guadalajara. *Through air-conditioned Pullman service.*

Very low roundtrip fares to Guaymas and all West Coast of Mexico points—also to Mexico City, with the privilege of using the West Coast Route one way and the El Paso Route the other.

For booklets and information about the West Coast of Mexico, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. S-12, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago. For de luxe booklet with large map in full colors, enclose 25c, stamps or coin.

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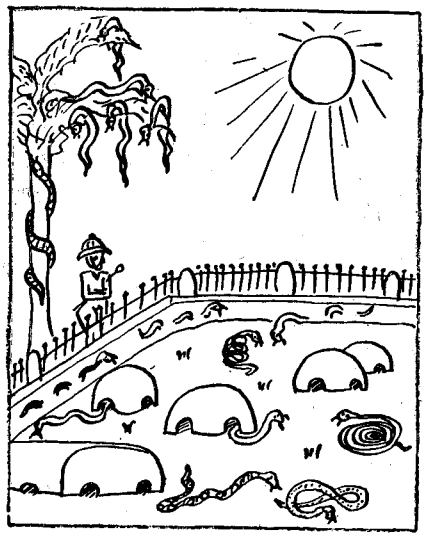
South American Adventure



On a Snake Farm in Brazil

By Dorothy Byers

PERHAPS it will be well to see the snake farm at Butantan during the early part of your stay in Sao Paulo, for you will be asked many times if you have been there, and as you will inevitably make this trip, it will save needless explanation. Arrange to go at some time other than the middle of the day, for then the snakes are basking in the sun, and seldom rouse from their lethargic naps long enough to interest themselves in what goes on about them. Knowing this, I planned my trip to Butantan for twelve, high-noon. Maybe you like your snakes lively. If so, choose some other time of day.

You will feel upon entering the spacious grounds that you are entering the precincts of some sanitarium. The large white buildings are in fact laboratories for the preparation of the venemous serum which is shipped to all parts of the world, and the white-coated attendants carry out the illusion, for like hospital internes, they pass quietly from one building to the other

A casual glance beyond the buildings and over the low, white-walled enclosures of small areas of grass, covered with small white mounds, soon dispels the atmosphere of a nursing home, and brings one face to face with the sight of slithering, crawling, creeping snakes. Snakes swimming blithely in the moat that borders the inside of the low white wall; snakes gnarled up in knots; snakes coiled up like hemp hawsers on a ship's deck; snakes twisted into figure eights—snakes outstretched in slumber —and snakes curled into fancy curlecues.

Even in turning heavenward, your eyes are met by more snakes, dripping from the branches of the trees. This reminds you of nothing so much as the long brown pods hanging on the old cigar-tree in the backyard at home. Except that there are always those beady eyes upon you—ever those spike-like tongues twitching and wagging at you. An attendant approaches with a wooden stick with strong steel prong attached. With this he disturbs the snakes, lifting them from the ground, from the water and from their cozy nests, for your approval. His legs are clad in heavy leather guards, but beyond this, his lack of protection is startlingly apparent.

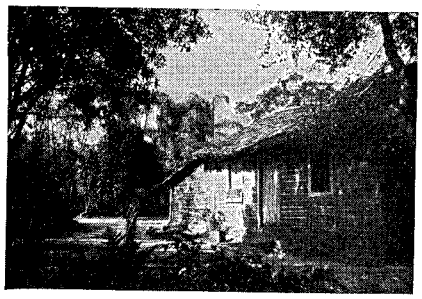
A large white sign-board invites you to enjoy the snakes, but begs you please to refrain from teasing them! I heartily complied with tht latter request, and if the snakes felt themselves abused during my stay at Butantan, I'm sure they couldn't find it in their hearts to put the blame on me.

The door of the adjoining laboratory and exhibition hall stands invitingly open, and your curiosity will compel your feet to enter. Once within the building, your eyes will be glued in fascination, however much you are repelled by what you see, to the endless rows of bottles containing various specimens of effects of snakebite—all in the name of medical science.

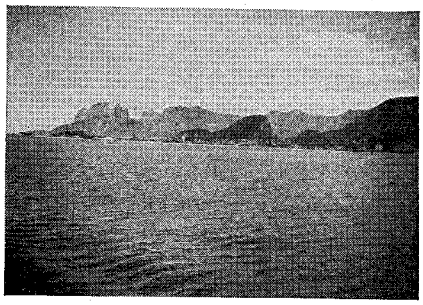
EDITOR'S NOTE

SOME months ago in the travel column, I put out a plea for information about South America: What was it like as a place to live? What was there to do? What did it look like? How did it feel? For I was frank to confess that my own knowledge—or ignorance—of that ever more popular country was confined to a few familiar and well-known clichés, of which "Rolling down to Rio" was about as informative and typical as any. The answers which came in were full of life and a tangible feeling of South America and two of them are published on this page, one in the form of text and drawing, the other, of excellent photographs.

Miss Dorothy Byers, from Kirkwood, Mo., sent me a fine article on various phases of her South American trip with many pen-and-ink illustrations like the one shown here. It was impossible to use the whole article but I enjoyed the snake farm so much I know others will too. To Doctor Therese Kaltenbacher, now with the Brazilian Legation at the Hague, I am indebted for the photographs. K.G.J.

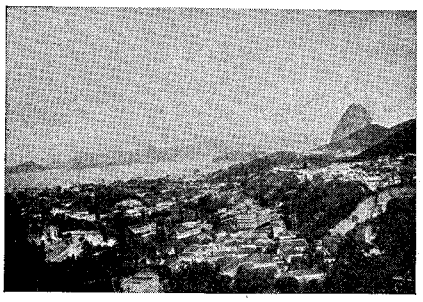


NATIVE HOUSE NEAR QUARAHY, BRAZIL



FROM THE HARBOR, RIO DE JANEIRO

PARK AND THEATER, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL



PANORAMA OF RIO THE BEAUTIFUL

A HOME IN THE BRAZILIAN MOUNTAINS

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may come in
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If I Should Ever Travel

(*Continued from page 29*)

white Christmas and all that it entails. For you on the West Coast I do not have to mention skiing in California and your other mountain States, but I doubt if there are many who know that a Christmas cruise to Alaska sails from Seattle on December 14, to be gone till December 30, which offers, besides the unique and breathtaking sight of Alaska in the winter time, a chance to see Santa Claus actually at work in the Alaskan villages, and in some cases to help him out yourself. For the object of the trip is the distribution of Christmas gifts to the Eskimos by the steamship company sponsoring the trip and at every stop —and there are ten each way—Santa Claus is greeted by practically the whole village. There are stops at Ketchikan, Petersburg, Juno, Skagway, and Seward, with several others along the way, and they tell me the whole thing is an experience you'll not forget. The minimum cost of a journey on the Christmas Ship is $120.

There are, here in the East, the possibilities of Placid, if there's snow, and of Montreal and Quebec. For those that can possibly make it, this is the year of years for skiing in the Austrian Alps. In mid-December the American Olympic team will take up headquarters in St. Anton-on-the-Arlberg to enter into final training for the events at Garmisch in February, so that the season will be on earlier than ever. In February the Federation International de Ski will hold its annual races at Innsbruck in the Austrian Tyrol when the Olympics are over. We are told that St. Anton, "located almost upon the crest of the great Alpine divide, has long been considered by serious skiers as possessing the finest terrain in Europe. The broken nature of the range itself, the absence of heavy forests, the bus service to St. Christoph, the historic hospice, now an inn, the jumps and innumerable runs, all combine to render it an excellent retreat both for the Olympic participants and for the less serious sportsmen who are expected to flock to the Austrian resorts this winter." I quote verbatim, lest in my ignorance I leave out just that phrase most cogent in the realm of ski.

And now, whether your Christmas be in Bermuda or Nome, in Paris or Petrograd, at Placid or San Juan, or whether you'll be singing folktunes by a New Jersey hearth—God rest ye merry, ladies and gentlemen!

"They certainly make you feel like a royal visitor on the Great White Fleet! I'll never forget my Caribbean cruise. . . ."

Everyone says the same about "Guest Cruises". Intimate, personalized service—"every passenger a guest"—on spotless white liners. All outside staterooms, mechanical ventilation, swimming pools, dance orchestras, celebrated cuisine.

From NEW YORK—A wide selection of cruises of 10 to 18 days—variously to HAVANA, JAMAICA, B. W. I., PANAMA, COLOMBIA, S. A., COSTA RICA. Rates vary from $135 to $200 minimum. Sailings Thursdays and Saturdays. No passports required.

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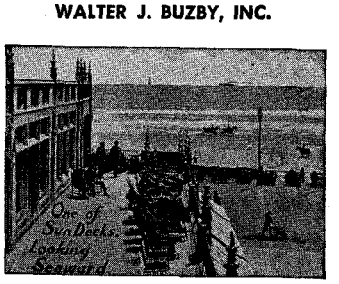

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advertising space in the Fifth Avenue buses was used by all the leading department stores of New York City for the very good reason that the buses carry shoppers to the center of the shopping district.

In one year the Fifth Avenue buses delivered to the doors of the Wanamaker store 284,294 passengers and 366,918 passengers were carried away from Wanamaker's by the Fifth Avenue buses. A survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company a few years ago showed that, based on a month's tabulation, the buses delivered to

	Passengers per year
Lord & Taylor's	378,000
Altman's	423,000
McCreery's Fifth Avenue Entrance	233,400
Best & Co.	184,500
Franklin Simon & Co.	134,700
John Wanamaker	284,290

"Sale" copy is impossible in the buses because the cards cannot be changed every night, but the buses still furnish to advertisers what is probably the best group of purchasers that can be reached through any one advertising medium in New York City; merchandise in specialty shops and department stores can be profitably advertised to Fifth Avenue bus passengers without the use of "Price Sales" copy.

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Behind the Scenes

(*Continued from page 384*)

especially hard on the tenant farmers and the very small independent farmers.

Nevertheless it has not wished to lose sight of, and has not wished the public to lose sight of, the great social ill that afflicts the South, that of a declining agriculture, and the progressive enslavement, mental and environmental if not physical, of a large part of its agricultural population. The living standards of these people are declining, their character is everywhere under attack. For their sake, and for the sake of the future type of civilization which the South is to have, we should face this evil squarely and find a method of uprooting it.

The Chronicle believes there is more kindliness and humanitarianism in the relationship between landlords and tenants than the writer in SCRIBNER'S would infer. It does not, by any means, lay the blame for the present situation on the planters generally. They are victimized by it as truly if not as seriously as the share-croppers. Neither is *The Chronicle* convinced that the proposals for improvement mentioned by the writer are the sound ones.

On one point, however, it is thoroughly convinced: The share-cropper situation in the South is a shame to our civilization; it is steadily growing worse, and stands as the chief challenge to every one in the Southern States who has an interest in social justice and a betterment of human living conditions.

This problem is on our own doorsteps. It is fatuous for us to concern ourselves about ills elsewhere so long as we blind ourselves to it.

There are also many who would dispute with Paul Hutchinson whether or not our religious thought is really going "Back to Sin." Norman Lewis of South Glens Falls, N. Y., writes:

A SET OF EACHES

Sirs: I was greatly interested in the article "Back to Sin" in SCRIBNER'S for October.

If God is the "Wholly Other" and "stands outside our whole sorry mess," then he is certainly not the creator of the universe, as he would then be responsible for it as much as if he were immanent. If he is the creator, then all the evils of existence are of his devising.

The new view in religion demands a new theology, a new religious philosophy. The key to the situation is a statement by William James that reality may exist, not as an All, but as a set of Eaches. The ultimate realities are not One. They never have been united and they never will be.

Doctor Hutchinson's able article should be followed by an attempt to define the word God as it appears in the new-old preaching of redemption.

SHARECROPPERS' HOME, ARKANSAS

SHARE *at* CHRISTMAS

EVERY day of the year and every twenty-four hours of each day The Salvation Army is serving those who need its help, without any question of race, color or creed.

Last year 7,629,520 applicants for aid—spiritual, moral and material—were dealt with by the 2,000 Salvation Army Centers operating throughout the country. Four hundred and sixty-eight thousand, nine hundred and twenty-seven Christmas Dinners were supplied to those who could not provide their own. Toys and clothing were given to gladden the hearts of 281,044 children.

WILL YOU HELP?

Send your gifts to:

COMMISSIONER ALEXANDER M. DAMON

Headquarters of The Salvation Army, 120 West Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933,
of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1st, 1935

State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK

Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared CARROLL B. MERRITT, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc.. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

PUBLISHER: Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

EDITOR: None

MANAGING EDITOR: Alfred S. Dashiell, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Carroll B. Merritt, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: . . . . None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

CARROLL B. MERRITT, *Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of Sept., 1935
Percival A. Bedford, Notary Public, Queens County
(SEAL.) Clerk's No. 75, Register's No. 3973
Certificate filed in N. Y. Co., N. Y. County Clerk's No. 51, Register's No. 7B28.
Commission expires March 30, 1937.

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